# OUTWARD BOUND.

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# OUTWARD BOUND,

OR

# A MERCHANT'S ADVENTURES.

(ARDENT TROUGHTON.)

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER,"
"THE OLD COMMODORE," ETC.

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## CONTENTS.

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# PREFACE.

Some readers will recognise the early chapters of this work as having appeared in a monthly periodical. The reception they met with was such as to induce the author to carry out the story to a much greater extent than he had at first contemplated; and he then determined, instead of continuing the chapters periodically, to present the whole to the public in a distinct form, and under a more appropriate title, trusting that it would meet with the same indulgent welcome which had been accorded to his former efforts.

# OUTWARD BOUND.

## CHAPTER I.

Is one of accounts. In the first place, it contains an account of myself, when, as a boy, I was but little accounted of men. I am transferred to the counting-house, and acquire the art of estimating—myself.

"Hereafter!" all-embracing word! Man's glory and his dread—yet, to how few a glory, to what countless myriads a dread! Hereafter! awful meditation!—avoided whilst health permits us to be gay, and too often accompanied by the affectation of doubt when disease leads the shrinking soul, in spite of herself, into the shadowy realms that conscience tells us are replete with eternal realities. The hereafter—how have I prepared myself for it? Yes—I have greatly sinned. Even here, my crime has been weighed against me. The phantom of my guilt has walked by my side, the companion of my steps through terrible years of remorse. With me it will enter the everlasting portals, and, turning upon its cherished associate, become my accusing demon.

I am weary of my life, and I call up my soul to tell me where I may repose, and she answers:—"Beyond the grave." But there is a voice that sounds, as it were, in the hollowness of my heart, that bids me live, and doubt, and tremble. Abjectly I obey.

Sin! thou glorious enchantress! In thy fresh youth, the darkness of thy countenance seemeth the excess of light, and in the morning loveliness of thy face thou art dreadful as a blood-stained maiden, elate and fresh from victory, defiance sits enthroned in thy daring eye, and pleasure and wantonness course each other in smiles over thy sunny cheeks. This, Sin, is thy glowing youth—captivating—terrible—irresistible. Arrayed in these factitious splendours, I met thee in my early days among the aromatic solitudes of the southern groves; there, whilst my young pulse throbbed in rapture to the witcheries of thy silver voice, I mistook thee for a goddess, and fell down and worshipped.

Sin! I know thee, now. In thy youth, though beautiful, thou wert an enslaving companion, in thy womanhood a stern mistress

—a crushing tyrant—but still, some remnants of thy former beauty hung about thee—thy flowing tresses had not then stiffened—thy robes were still majestic; but now—what art thou *now* in thy detested age? A loathsome skeleton clothed in silks and ermine. I look upon thy countenance, and behold only the fleshless, eyeless, skull, crowned and mocked with a diadem—for even in thy hideousness thou art regal. Thou takest precedence of the King of Terrors. Before Death was, thou wert, and, I fear me, when Death himself shall have died, thou still wilt be.

Too fascinating monster, I have struggled with thee. Thy bony hand I feel is yet upon my bosom—but I no longer walk with thee willingly, no longer find thy paths "the paths of pleasantness," and none ever found them "the paths of peace." Repentance is a glorious champion against thee, but not all-sufficient. It weeps over the debt that it cannot always pay. Expiation is the only conqueror—but it is a rigid exacter—how rigid, let the ineffable blood of the Divinity testify! I have sinned—I have repented—have I expiated? May I hope that the life-stream that flowed on the Mount of Calvary will mingle with my tears of contrition, and blot out the record of guilt for ever?

But I am not always thus. Happiness, greater than my depression, is occasionally mine. Only, and those at long intervals, do the memories of the past come over me: and have I not now enough for happiness—yea, more than enough?

What am I now? At the age of fifty, look upon this decrepit—but, let me pause—anticipation is agony—the present is torture. Let me travel back to the days of my youth, when the blessed sunshine of heaven shone, not only on my brow, but through my heart, when I was all light, and life, and love.

Upon taxing my memory for its most remote offering, it gives me no earlier recollection than a miserable and short voyage on board of a small ship, with some vague, very vague flittings of balconies, verandahs, and sunny walls. In due time, I found myself at a boarding-school, from whence I went, in the usual vacations, to spend a month or six weeks at three houses in rotation, the owners of which, I afterwards found, were the correspondents and commercial agents of my father, who, though an Englishman, was an affluent Spanish merchant, with establishments both at Barcelona and Madrid. It may be presumed that a stone, so moveable as myself, had no time to gather much of the moss of affection.

At twelve years of age I went to a grammar-school at Norwich, under the control of a master, who would have been famous for his erudition, had he not been more famous for his discipline; and the severity of whose discipline would not have been tole-

rated, had it not been for the fame of his erudition. I staid at this seat of learning until I had attained my seventeenth year. Nothing remarkable characterized this long period. I used, once every three months, to receive two letters with tolerable regularity, one from my honoured father, redundant with good counsel, the other from my loving mother, shorter, but glowing with ardent prayers for my health and prosperity; but all these good wishes were conveyed in very bad English.

During my scholastic days I had had but very little religious instruction, and I may truly say that I had picked up a most heterogeneous sort of a faith, compounded from all the various materials that had been placed before me in my classical reading, in sermons from the pulpit, and lastly, and most importantly, from the holy Scriptures.

When at school at Norwich I still paid my periodical visits to my father's correspondents, and then I could, by long practice, almost tell whether the rates of exchange were favourable or not to this country, by the degree of cordiality or reserve with which I was received and entertained.

After I left Norwich I would have said that my character had begun to develop itself, were I not conscious that, at that time, I had no character at all. Apparently, I was a compound of negatives. If I were *not* clever, I certainly was *not* dull. If *not* handsome in physical appearance, certainly *not* unprepossessing. As yet, I had evinced no decided bias for any one pursuit. Amidst the joyful I was joyous, sad amongst the sorrowful, and seemingly alive only to the present impressions. Though I had no vices, as yet, I had not warmed to the loveliness of virtue: at that time, I was correct from habit, and good from a compulsion that I neither understood nor saw. I was then often compared to a figure of wax—but neither those about me, nor myself, knew that this yielding, impressible substance, to which I had been compared, was but as an outward coating over all the elements of latent fire—wax, if you will have it so, without, but nitre, sulphur, and bitumen, within.

When nearly eighteen, I was placed as a clerk in the firm of Barnaby, Falck, Perez, and Co., the principal correspondents of my father. I was, of course, domesticated with the family of that portion of the firm, the Falcks, that resided in Lothbury. The house was certainly rather old, and the situation extremely dark. Indeed, through the winter months, we were necessitated to burn candles all the day on those desks of our counting-house that were not directly under the windows. The Falcks were a thriving race, for the old gentleman was blessed with five sons and five daughters. The sons were, like myself, common-place characters—the daughters shared among them every description of

feminine characteristic; but all merely shadowed out, not filled up.

In this place I acquired a tolerable knowledge of the foreign exchanges, and a perfect initiation into the mysteries of book-keeping. Indeed, I was growing punctilious, and a magnifier of trifles. I prided myself upon the excessive neatness of those portions of the ledgers that were entrusted to me; my red-ink lines were invariably at mathematical right angles, with the line of perpendicular of the account-book; my hand writing, though stiff, seemed, from its neatness, to have proceeded rather from the engraver than the penman; and I had as much horror of a blot upon my pages, as a waning spinster has of one upon her reputation.

Yes, I was growing a solemn trifler. With the principals of the firm I was a good young man, with my brother clerks a finical fop, with the young ladies of my acquaintance, and they were very numerous, a particularly nice young man, with a classical and romantic cast of countenance—these terms being used according to the particular reading of my describer. This is all very dull: I mean it to be so—I mean fully to convey to the reader the Lethean monotony of my then creeping stream of life—that he may contrast, and shudder when he contrasts it with that awful period when, leaping over the precipice, to become, as a fall of roaring and of mighty waters—a torrent devastating wherever it rushed, until it was precipitated into the vast abyss that is shrouded by all but the mists of death.

During my clerkship I regularly received the paternal and maternal letters; and another correspondent, about this time, was added to my parental ones. It was from my sister Honoria, whom, at that time, I had never seen. The letters were written evidently under the surveillance of her preceptors—they were extremely formal in their composition, and execrably bad in their English. If I had, at this time, any one feeling more predominant than another, it was a curiosity to know what this little lady was like. I had not this feeling with respect to my parents, though I had totally forgotten their persons. But this curiosity disturbed not the even tenor of my life, and its paroxysms lasted no longer than two or three days after the receipt of one of the unintelligible little missives that caused it.

Thus I passed my eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth year, gliding by unscathed those happy periods, though so replete with temptation, so often destructive, so often fatal. Sometimes, when the dark mood is upon me, I look back upon this state of prim innocence with disdain, and brand it with the epithet of contemptible; nor can I even now comprehend how, at that time, an awkward fold in my neckerchief, or an ill-arranged curl upon my brow, could possibly have discomposed my mind, when, in after

life, I could have stood unmoved at, and almost unconscious of, the laceration of my flesh, so stern or so apathetical had my nature become. It might be amusing, but it would be foreign to my purpose, to recount the insignificant littlenesses of my counting-house life—the stoical indifference with which I passed through the five ordeals of the masked advances of the five Misses Falck, and the still better directed tactics of their good mother, and the magnanimous self-denial of their father, that more than asked me to woo, in solemnly condemning all such manœuvring as ungentlemanly and mean, and always finishing with, "But take care, my dear fellow, for I think that Agatha may become too susceptible of your merits."

Now, respecting Agatha, the eldest daughter, who had red hair, but was really handsome withal, though five-and-twenty, down to little Mira, who was extremely small and pretty, notwithstanding the obliquity of the glances of her bright black eyes, the same language was held forth to me, with the only difference of the name of the fair, as each, in her turn, was presumed to be my favourite. In the nature of things, I must perforce have fallen to the lot of one of these dear ladies, for they were really all amiable, and who, I firmly believe, had a true, though not a passion-born, affection for me—which affection I returned them all, in a staid and sober manner. Perhaps, in time, I should have been the enslaved of Mira, for I was beginning to think it an agreeable occupation, that of endeavouring to catch the fleeting glances of a lady who squinted, when she was otherwise exceedingly pretty—and the pastime so innocent too, as it reminded me of the time when, as a child, I used to flash the sunbeams from a broken piece of looking-glass upon the wall, and amuse myself with the vain endeavours of my playfellows to catch it.

It wanted but three months to complete the time when the law benignantly permits us to write something more manly to our names than "infant." But I remember me, that, as yet, I have not made the reader acquainted with the name I then bore—it was "Ardent Troughton." I know not why the baptismal name of Ardent was given me, excepting it may be accounted for by the prevalence among the Spaniards of the custom of calling their children by some adjective, such as Pious, Faithful, Blessed, or any other word denoting some quality that they wish, or that they suppose their children may possess. Such, however, was the name that I had received at the font; and, at the time, when I was, according to law, no more than the infant, Ardent Troughton, my first name, seemed to be in ludicrous opposition to my nature. Much small wit was expended upon it, such as, I must, if I tried ever so little, be always an ardent lover, an ardent admirer, etc., till at last my persecution that way terminated in

a quite opposite direction, and I found peace and content in the *sobriquet* of Quiet Troughton.

And I *was* quiet. There was a calmness and a sustained staidness about me, that Miss Agatha Falck was pleased to call the dignity of repose. I was at amity with myself, and with all mankind. I had witnessed bursts of passion, but I could understand them only upon the supposition that they were aberrations of the intellect. Indeed, morally, so torpid was I at that time, that I found the sublime rhapsodies of Milton unnatural, and the gigantic struggles of passion in Shakspeare, disgusting. I was almost sinking into the insignificance of frivolity and imbecility, for I was beginning to grow *genteel*, and to pride myself upon it.

Among my own set I was regarded as a miracle of accomplishments, and Quiet Troughton had but to open his mouth and speak, and his opinions were always listened to deferentially. The Spanish language was my mother tongue, and a Spanish master prevented my forgetting what I had learnt so early in my native land. I spoke French tolerably well, *à l'Anglaise*, and had imbibed enough of classical learning, to make it requisite that I should diligently forget, for some years, in order wholly to deprive myself of the advantage. As to my personal appearance, at this time, it was rather advantageous. I had inherited from my mother a sufficiency of Spanish, perhaps Moorish blood, to taint my complexion with a clear brown, and to crisp up my black hair into very enviable curls, and enough of the Saxon from the English, to make my cheek ruddy, and my form large and athletic. The ladies did me the honour to say of me, that I should have been a dangerous man, were I not so quiet. Well, this quiet, genteel young man, was rapidly advancing in gentility—all in a quiet way, however, for he had already made the acquaintance of a second-rate actor, and had ordered one suit of clothes from Stultz. For some months past I had all my gloves and hats from Bond Street. These aspirations were all managed in my usual quiet way, and no one ever augured ill to me either from my new friend or my new clothes. It appeared like a solecism of ideas to suppose me capable of an excess.

## CHAPTER II.

A rapid survey of my mercantile situation. My total escape from the five syrens. A blessing. I take my leave after a hot supper, and, at Gravesend, I am first fairly launched into life.

The mercantile intercourse between his agent and my father had never been suspended during the war that Godoy the Prince of Peace had entailed upon Spain against this country. Neutrals and smugglers did that in a more extensive and circuitous manner, which the fair trader was soon to do. At length, when the European peninsula declared against the aggressive and encroaching policy of Napoleon, Godoy was banished, and Ardent Troughton, commonly named the Quiet, was recalled. The paternal mandate bidding me to return to the house of my father, though natural, and what might have been expected, fell among us like a thunderbolt. The five Misses Falck fainted in succession. The respectable lady, the mother, went off incontinently into hysterics, and, when she thought fit to recover, she exclaimed, the tears streaming over her full round cheeks, "that she was undone," though, in what manner, I was totally at a loss to comprehend. Mr. Falck almost rubbed the glasses out of the rims of his spectacles, perusing and reperusing the important document; but, rub as he would, the fatal words were there, and he felt that he had lost a son-in-law. "Such a connexion," he could not help exclaiming, loudly.

This recall caused a great sensation in every bosom of the family but my own. Even the servants had begun to look upon me as the future son-in-law, and always called me, much to the annoyance of the young gentlemen, the five Messieurs Falck, juniors, "their young master." I had so trained myself from habit to look upon all matters with indifference, that even the thoughts of again seeing my father and mother caused scarcely any perturbation in my breast. The idea of embracing my little sister certainly was, I could not tell why, more exciting. I had, to my imagination, painted very complete pictures of my parents, but I wanted both form and colour wherewith to image Honoria. I trembled lest she should have red hair, like that of Agatha Falck; lest her complexion were swarthy, like that of Miss Tabitha; that her eyes were light grey, like those of Miss Eudocia; that her figure was loose and dowdy, like that of Miss Eleanora; and, notwithstanding the pleasure I took in chasing the jack o'

lantern glances of Miss Mira's black eyes, I trembled lest she should squint, like that lively and pretty little girl. I think that I have now confessed all the emotions that I experienced at the thoughts of rejoining my own family. At that period I *was* Quiet Troughton.

I prepared every thing for my departure in my usual calm and methodical manner. My worthy host and principal could not understand it or me. He said I wanted animation, as he fell into a passion with some little arrangement that I was quietly superintending for my voyage. Mrs. Falck said I wanted taste, as her eye ran down the graduated scale of her five daughters; the sons said with a sneer, that I wanted soul, and the daughters with a sigh, that I wanted heart.

'Tis the eve of my departure. The whole thirteen, unlucky number, are seated together at the last lugubrious supper. Every one appears dreadfully affected excepting myself. I am like Lance's dog, imperturbable. The young ladies' eyes are red, and their faces pale, and Mrs. Falck does not attempt to conceal her intermittent sobs, whilst Mr. Falck looks excessively grave, and eats with a savage vigour, as if he intended to wreak the wrath of some unexpressed chagrin upon every one of the various dishes on the table. There was something quite touching in his voracity. But even this way of expressing grief, grand though it be, must have a termination. At length, when his heart, and the region of his animal economy a little below it, were perfectly full, he thrust from before him, with an oratorical flourish, and a deep sigh, his knife, fork, and plate, and extending his arm as he spoke, "My dear Ardent, this may be, nay, probably is, the last supper that we shall ever partake together." It was a hot one, for hot suppers were the fashion in Lothbury.

The young ladies sighed audibly: it was quite moving, the more especially as there was an indistinctness in the utterance of the old gentleman that seemed not unlike pathos, though it actually proceeded from his not having completely swallowed his last mouthful of hot apple-pie. He continued:

"Mrs. Falck, I'll trouble you for the brandy. Here, my dear Ardent, in the bosom of my family, my affectionate wife, my blooming daughters, my—my—my industrious sons sitting round my hospitable board, the *props* and *stays* of my old age; here in the midst, in the very pride of my domestic felicity, I will disburthen my heart of its grief—I will open the flood-gates of my sorrows."

"Now, don'tee, don'tee," sobbed aloud the fat Mrs. Falck, whilst Miss Agatha handed the eau de Cologne, according to seniority, to all her sisters down to Miss Mira.

"I will, I will: I'll open my bosom before my more than son,

and pour out the volume of my woe before him —— in one word, as I can never rise before nine in the morning—I will bid Mr. Troughton good-bye to-night."

"Ah," simpered Miss Agatha, "there is something indescribably heart-rending in the parting with an old dear friend. I am sure papa has expressed all our feelings; an expression that nothing but maidenly reserve prevents from coming from our own lips. But, believe me, Mr. Ardent, as the glorious ancient exclaimed:—'all that father has said, we feel.'"

I bowed to Miss Agatha, and quietly observed that, in all probability, I should soon return.

"Never," said Mr. Falk, oracularly, "never! You are going into the land of all manner of abominations; into a land of trials and temptations; a land of papists, a land of courtesans, a land of assassins. I see it—I see it—a land of ruin for a quiet, well-behaved young man like yourself. In one day they will filch your religion from you—in one week your heart—in a fortnight your life. Quiet, and I may say without offence, yielding and weak as you are, you will rapidly lose, in that detested hotbed of vice, your faith, your health, and your life."

I bowed my acknowledgments.

"I don't think he is yielding," said Agatha, timidly.

"Why?" said the father sternly, for he did not like to be contradicted. Agatha blushed and held down her head, but other answer made she none.

"I am sure he is not *weak*," said the pretty squinting Mira.

"And pray, Miss," said her father, "what do you know about it?"

"Mr. Ardent took me up the other day like a doll in his arms—and—and——"

"What?" said a half dozen voices at once, the maternal treble gaining the ascendant.

"He very quietly put me down again," said she, all confusion.

"Quiet Troughton," said Mr. James Falck, with his usual sneer.

"Oh, oh!" said the mother, "perhaps Ardent may return, after all."

Then the good man of the house commenced giving me a plentitude of that wholesome advice of which age is so lavish a dispenser, youth so sieve-like and so unwilling a recipient. At length, it was time that we separated. The formal leave-taking was yet to go through. Perhaps old Mr. Falck really had a little affection for me. We all rose and stood, with our heads hanging down, in a confused circle round the fire, the father in the middle. No one liked to say first the mournful word, "farewell." At last Mr. Falck spoke.

"My dear Ardent, it is my duty to say, that, since you have

been domesticated under my roof, you have been a most exemplary, a most virtuous young man. You have neither blotted my ledgers, nor tried to turn the heads of my daughters."

Then, turning with a severe look to the spot where his five sons had huddled themselves together, acting, perhaps, the proverb of the bundle of *sticks*, indicative of their characters, as well as of their strength, he continued:—"You, Ardent, have never exceeded your stipend, never stayed out late at night, never smoked, and never, no, never, called me, either to my face or behind my back, the 'old boy.' You have given the servants no trouble, and me always great satisfaction; you have been constant in your attendance, with my family, at church; the first to appear every morning in the counting-house, the last to depart. You are a just, an upright character—there are those qualities about you that indicate the elements of real greatness—you never made dinner wait. You will die worth a plum; and, if you continue your career as you have commenced it, it may not be presumption in you to hope to see yourself, one day, Lord Mayor of this metropolis. You will return to us, Ardent, and again be unto us as a son, and an example to those young men, who are hardly worthy to be called your brothers. Mind you, Ardent, come weal, come woe, the doors of my house shall be ever open to you, the smile of welcome ever ready, and, the worse you may be off, the welcome shall be the warmer. I must retire, but I feel that before I go, if I did not give you my blessing, I should not to-night enjoy the sleep of peace.—(Here the old gentleman's eyes glistened.) Be good, be wise, be prudent: adhere to your religion, yet honour your mother. Ardently espouse the interests of your father, as you have done mine: and now good night and farewell. May the blessing of God be always upon you; and don't, my dear Ardent, forget to impress upon your father the necessity of allowing our firm a further discount, say three-fourths per cent., upon the last shipment of wine, for you know it did not tally to sample."

Here my guardian was quite overcome; he wrung my hand, and, with the tear upon his cheek, he left the room. The five sons now shook hands with me, and told themselves off one by one. The most trying scene of all remained to be enacted—the parting with the mother and the five daughters fair. I wished it hurried over: they seemed to delight in the misery they averred they experienced. Miss Agatha came first; she begged me to accept from her a keepsake. It was a locket containing a small portion of her golden hair. I had a purse from Miss Tabitha, a watch-guard from Eudocia, and a pocket-book for the next year from Miss Eleanora; but little Mira held back.

"And," said I, piqued as much as my staid feelings would

permit me to be, "is my little playfellow, Mira, the last in her love as well as in her birth?"

"I have nothing to give you, Ardent; but perhaps you will take this letter for your sister, for I am sure she is pretty, and quiet, and good, like—"

"Me," said I. I caught her up in my arms, and, in virtue of her childishness, gave her twenty kisses and a warm blessing that somewhat shamed my *sobriquet* of Quiet; but I certainly redeemed my character by the decorous manner in which I touched, with my lips, the offered cheeks of the other sisters. The train at length slowly departed, the weeping mother leading it, the silent and drooping daughters following: Mira was the last. She turned sharply round, and gave me one of her inexplicable glances with her bright eyes. It certainly was exposing me to a *cross* fire, which all tacticians know to be the most galling and subduing. I made one step forward to seize her white little hand, but my natural or my induced coolness stopped me, and the step was only the precursor to a low bow as she vanished through the doorway. The next morning early I was on board the brig Jane, bound to Barcelona, but then lying in Gravesend reach.

I had all my luggage stowed away with the regularity and neatness that had now become a part of my character; and the bloated, blustering master of the vessel had already set me down in his estimation as a finikin milksop, and was, at first, inclined to treat me contemptuously, though his old and ill-found vessel had been chartered by my own father. My location on board this craft was the first real annoyance in my life; however, it did not overcome my usual placidity. True it was that the master had given up to me what he was pleased to call his state-cabin, but all the state that I could perceive that belonged to it was, its state of filthiness, and that was a very decided one, truly.

By the time that we had reached the chops of the Channel, I found that Tomkins was nothing better than an ignorant, brutal, drunken swab, and that the valuable cargo under his care, of dry goods, was in imminent danger of getting a permanent wetting, and myself in extreme jeopardy of being drowned. His mate was a better sailor, but as sulky and morose as his commander was brutal and drunken. The seamen were ragged, skulking fellows, that appeared to have been hired, as a cheap lot, by Tomkins, and the bargain to have been struck at the hospital.

The only companionable animal that I could discover in the vessel was a large Newfoundland dog; and with him, for certain very prudential reasons, his expertness in swimming not being the least important, I immediately entered into the strictest bond of amity. No sooner had we lost sight of the Land's-end, than I began to cogitate upon my own, for a shattering gale arose, and

I found that I had nothing to trust to but a crazy vessel, a weak crew, a drunken master, the dog Bounder, and Providence. Before two hours had elapsed, notwithstanding the trusts that I have just mentioned, I heartily wished that I was then perched upon the high stool in the counting-house of Messrs. Barnaby, Falck, and Co. ruling red-ink lines at the bottom of the columns, that showed so plainly in very neatly-turned figures the "tottle of the whole."

## CHAPTER III.

Plunged at once into difficulties and salt water. Find myself upon an unstable footing, and deep in a quarrel. Am cured of my sea-sickness, and take a startling lesson in seamanship.

The north-easterly wind had set in with a malicious perseverance, that could be likened to nothing more aptly than the oration of a scolding termagant, gathering strength by the mere exercise of her capabilities of blustering. It blew all the livelong day: some sails were taken in, and others blown out of the boltropes, and, when night came on, we supposed that we should have a lull, upon the strength of which supposition the master took an extra glass and turned in early, and thus, between stupidity and rum, found that lull in his cot, that was not to be found, either on deck, or in the heavens, or on the face of the waters.

The brig, as far as such a tub could be said to be trimmed at all, was in good trim. The lightness of her cargo was well rectified by the quantity of the ballast, and, so far, she had behaved well. I was very sick. If I repaired to the deck, I could not keep my footing, and below, the stench and the close air were nearly insupportable. These certainly are commonplace miseries; but they were, from my previous habits, my punctilious cleanliness, and the delicate nurture of my previous life, actual agonies.

About eight in the evening, my torments below became unendurable; for, in addition to the nauseous effluvia of the confined cabin, and the horrible creaking of the ship's timbers, I had to be irritated with the regular, loud, and stertorous snore of the brutalized Master Tomkins, who was sleeping in a sort of cupboard immediately adjoining the cabin, of which I was so miserable a tenant. To the sleepless, and those labouring under morbid nervous affections, I have understood the tick, tick, ticking of the death-watch, is a sensation that may be likened to the breaking of the wearied spirit slowly on the wheel; but which, compared

with the brutal and unintermitting grunting of my tormentor, must have really appeared music.

Almost, for the first time in my life, my irritability was excited —a strange feeling of a want and a wish to destroy came over me. I contemplated, first with horror, and then with a grim satisfaction, the diabolical pleasure that the braining of the wretch would give me. I shuddered at my own thought, yet I cherished it, in spite of myself. I wondered at my own depravity—I quivered with agitation at this sudden insight into my own heart—wrathfully, and with shame, did I confess that I was a son of Adam and a brother of Cain. "Oh!" I exclaimed, as I tossed upon my restless bed, "if this panting to destroy is thus strong upon you, Ardent Troughton, from provocation so slight, from an impulse so apparently causeless, what is the guarantee against the murderous hand, when injury tramples upon, insults, mocks you? There is a black coal smouldering with an unholy fire in your heart; quench it, and at once, or by it you will be consumed."

I flung myself from my lair, and humbled, ill, and wretched, I crawled upon the deck. The view there, and from thence, was disconsolate. The sea had increased with our distance from the land, and the ill humour and sullenness of the mate, who had charge of the watch, had increased with the sea. The vessel was holding her course for the Straits of Gibraltar, with the gale on her larboard quarter, and with nothing set but her reefed foresail and storm staysail. She was making rapid way, but the night was excessively dark, the cold extreme, and its bitterness much increased by the frozen, arrowy sleet, that drove aslant across the decks.

When I gained the deck, it must not be supposed that I was in the blandest frame of mind. As I made my appearance above the hatchway, I distinctly heard the man at the wheel say, with a contemptuous roll of his quid, "the long-shore dandy."

As I stumbled across the weather side of the little space, dignified by the high-sounding title of the quarter-deck, I came in contact, certainly not willingly on my part, with the surly mate. His name was Gavel. Yes, James Gavel, I remember was the name of this man with the unfortunate temper.

"Out of my way, sir," said he to me, pushing me aside with his arm.

"This to me?"

"Yes."

"You are rude, sir."

"I am doing my duty. You are in my way. On duty, if you were the king's son, and got in my way, I would send you out of it thus," and he thrust me over to leeward.

I staggered with the violent motion of the brig, and came with

great force against the iron belaying pins, and was much hurt. I did not feel *that* pain then. The action of the mate could not be called a blow. It was a push—a something with which to put aside an obstruction. I glared upon my assaulter, and looked eagerly round for some weapon with which to avenge the insult. Even Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, of whom I have made honourable mention, recent as was our acquaintance, sided with me. He placed himself in a hostile attitude before my person, as if to protect it from further injury, and growled defiance at my aggressor. This sudden action of the dog seemed to strike Gavel forcibly, and he exclaimed with a horrible oath, "Is every thing that breathes my enemy?"

I felt the infirmity of passion fast mastering me; but, remembering my dreadful impulse in the cabin, with one mighty effort I subdued it. What a mystic entanglement of thoughts and feelings is the human mind! For no intentional injury or insult, I had just thirsted for blood, and now, that both had been inflicted upon me, and that, in no measured degree, I thought only of vindicating my injured honour, and of simply chastising my insulter.

After the first burst of resentment had subsided, I made my way to Gavel, and, placing my hand heavily upon his shoulder, I said to him slowly and distinctly, "You have grossly wronged me. You must apologize."

"See you d——d first."

"But indeed you must. Here, upon your own element, and on a planking on which I cannot even keep my footing—annoyed in mind, and dreadfully enfeebled by a sickness that is, to you, but a source of derision, I am unable fairly to cope with you. Do not put, therefore, the assassin's thought into my head, for your sake and mine. Apologize—I even entreat you."

"Tell ye I won't. To a man as is a man, if so be as I have wronged him unlike a man, I am willing, heart and soul, to ask his pardon; but that I, a thorough seaman, should demean myself to beg pardon of a tooth-polishing, pomatum-smelling, white-handed thing of starch like yourself—no, not if you were standing over me with the stiletto at my bosom, that your d——d cowardly countrymen are so fond of using. Ask *your* pardon!—even if the point were in my heart, I would curse you, and with my last struggle spurn you. Ah! you are feeling for your knife or your dagger, are ye? Well, there is my broad chest—strike, if you dare! I may as well die by the base hand of a mongrel Spaniard, as live the cursed life I now do; for I am sick, sick, sick of the world, and all that is in and upon it."

Notwithstanding the towering passion which the principal part of this speech had thrown me into, the last sentence of it was uttered with such a touching and deep tone of melancholy—a tone

in complete contrast with his usual reckless and ferocious bearing—that I was suddenly checked in my intent of summary vengeance, though I hardly knew how that intent was to be worked out. Holding on, therefore, by the weather main rigging, I answered with a calmness that surprised myself. "Mr. Gavel, you refuse me justice because you hold me not to be a man, but, in your acceptation of the term, as something inferior to one. Your profession is not mine—nor your knowledge, nor your capability to bear hardship, nor your power of keeping footing in this terrible sea—all these, I repeat, are not mine. A man may want these, and yet have a nobleness of heart, a firmness of purpose, and a sublimity of true courage, which the uneducated cannot even comprehend. These qualities I do not, to any great degree, arrogate to myself; but I trust that I have enough of them to write myself as good a man as James Gavel, chief mate of my father's hired brig, the Jane."

"Prove it," said my adversary sullenly.

"I will prove it, when occasion offers itself—and when I have, you will confess your error—you will apologize. This is the first quarrel that I ever had upon my hands: I humbly beseech of Heaven it may be the last—it seems to be changing me into a demon."

"Well, you speak fairly, Mr. Troughton. Occasions enough will soon offer themselves. This is a doomed vessel. The death-fires were playing last night round the foretopmast head, a whole hour by the glass; and there was a strange animal seen forward by old Huggins, half fish, half hyena—it lives upon sailor's carcases, and knows better than the shark when fat corpses will be tumbling into the sea. Take that, you lubber," he continued, giving the man at the wheel a tremendous blow on the face, that covered it instantaneously with blood, at the same time seizing the spoke itself, and rapidly righting the course of the vessel—"take that, and learn to mind your trick at the wheel, and don't founder us before our time."

I was not altogether sorry for the chastisement, albeit it was so severe. The fellow was cowed in a moment, and without wiping the blood off his face, he resumed his office. In listening to the mate, he had neglected the steerage, and suffered the brig so far to broach to, as to bring the wind right abeam, and a deluging sea swept clean over her. As every thing was well secured no other damage was sustained than that arising from adding a salt water wetting to the fresh one that we were so patiently enduring.

"You think then, Mr. Gavel, that we are in danger?"

"Know it—not sorry—tired of the world. No preferment for a man as does his duty. Look at that beast, our skipper Tomkins—with his means I might be happy, and make my poor mother comfortable and happy too."

"But is he not reckoned a good seaman?"

"This is the exact case, sir; he is fit to command this or any other vessel just two half hours in the four-and-twenty—those are the periods, just before he gets outrageously drunk. Before he has had a sufficient quantity to wind him up, he is as fearful as a hare, and as weak as a spoilt lady who lives upon green tea; when he has had too much, he is as rash and as reckless as a ruined gamester, with a wife and young family; and, excepting during the two half hours that I have mentioned, he is always either in one or other of these states. But, never mind, it's all one now—his green shroud is ready for him—he'll find it wide enough, I'm thinking—he'll shortly lie in a deeper grave than his father's."

"But why all these misgivings? You know that, as yet, I am a wretched sailor, or you should not have thrust me from you as you did, with impunity. You'll have to answer for that yet. But why all these doubts of our safety? The vessel rolls, but she seems to be now in no more danger than she has been for the last eight-and-forty hours. Really, your dismal prognostications look like superstition."

"Do they? Well, call it what you like. The rats are much better judges of those matters than we—poor blind mortals that we are. This is an old craft, mark you, and was, erewhile, overrun with these sage gentlemen with long tails and black whiskers. There was not a finer colony in any vessel in the Thames, from London Bridge to the Nore light. Well, I'm blessed if I did not see them, the very night that you came on board, at Gravesend, walk down the chain cable, as leisurely and as orderly as if they had been soldiers at a parade, and take to the water in three divisions, some of the mothers and fathers taking the little ones in their teeth."

"Incredible!"

"True! One line swam on board the George Indiaman. She is a safe ship for this voyage. The owners and merchants, if they knew all, might have saved their insurances."

"Where did the other two divisions go?"

"I didn't watch. A good way down the river, I'm thinking. I should like to know myself—but I was so much taken up with the last of the train that left the brig. It was a large rat, grown grey with age. As he stood upon the last link of the chain cable, and just before he plunged into the water, he turned himself round very leisurely, and then shook his head at the craft, with quite as much gravity and wisdom as a judge upon the bench. I had a great mind to have flung a marling-spike at him, that I happened to have in my hand, only the hooker is not too well found in stores. Upon my soul, I had a great mind to have cut my stick, and walked off with them."

"So, you judge from this that we shall perish?"

"Certain: besides, we have a murderer on board."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, my own vile thoughts in the cabin rising up in judgment against me. "This is a grave accusation, Mr. Gavel?—how know you this?"

"The deed may not yet be committed, but it is predestined; and the man that is to do it, or has already done it, is now in this condemned barky."

"But if, according to your ridiculous omens, the vessel is so soon to be lost, and this murder is not committed, there can be no murder at all, since we shall all share one common fate." I spoke this with a dreadful mistrust of myself.

"Mayhap it is, mayhap it ain't. If it t'ain't yet done, short as is our time, it will still be long enough to commit wickedness to plunge us all into hell. You yourself looked just now at me as if you longed to cut my throat, merely for pushing you out of my way. I dare say, that if just then you had had a knife in your hand, you would have clapped it between my ribs—you shudder.—Why, Master Troughton, what a trivial accident only intervened between you and murder!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

My cheeks burned with contrition at this reproof from the rough and sullen seaman, but still I was too proud to betray my feelings in words, and I coldly replied, "You will give me satisfaction for that outrage when you have proved me: it is a quarrel that we will suspend, yet not forget. In the mean time, let us act generously towards each other. I have already learned to esteem your sterling good qualities,—already I know that on you only the salvation of this ship depends, if she may be saved: it is a pity that you should mar those good impressions by your ruffianly deportment."

"My ruffianly deportment, as you are pleased to call it, is neither here nor there. Concerning this matter, the craft is not to be saved, without, Jonas-like, we could pitch the murderer overboard. If he was struggling in that eddying whirl to leeward there, we might have fine weather and a quiet sea in an hour's time. I wish he was, from the bottom of my heart!"

"Mr. Gavel, you shock me! Are these the impressions of a Christian? It is meet that crime should be punished, but unmanly and unnatural to rejoice in the punishment; had I said diabolical, I should but have characterised the feeling too truly."

"Self-preservation, Master Troughton—but hark! there is a fresh hand at the bellows:—and, mark me, fair and delicate sir, how pitchy dark it is suddenly grown—you are not sea-sick now—no, fear has overcome it—lift up your head, and look over the bulwark if you dare, and then tell me what you see."

I obeyed fearfully. At first, the intense violence of the wind nearly took away my breath, and the sleet almost blinded me; but, shading my face partially with my hands, I was enabled to preserve my footing and look out for a short space.

"Another hand at the wheel. Mind your helm, by boy, mind your helm; steady so—meet her, boys, meet her—she reels like a drunken man-o'-war's-man on the Point. Well, Master Troughton, what have you seen?" he continued, turning to me, who had been fairly beaten off by the wind, and was now endeavouring to recover my breath as I crouched down beneath the weather bulwark.

All above was black, black, black; the only light seemed to be emitted from the angry foam of the vexed waters, and the horizon, marked by a pale, sickly streak of colour, seemed fearfully near us, as if approaching to compass us in on every side. "That pallid light, Gavel, from the hissing waves is very horrible to look upon."

"It is—but did you not see the corpse-lights dancing here and there, just where the opening gulfs of the waves look the blackest?"

"Describe them to me."

"Oh, they are nothing when one is used to them. They always appear to me as if, through the black depths of the unfathomable ocean, they were each lighting a condemned soul down to hell; and yet they are nothing but quivering little bits of sickly-looking blue flames, after all. They were dancing round the main-top head last night—there—there," said he, seizing my arm with the grip of a Samson, "look at the forerigging:—there they are! As sure as God is in heaven, the murderer is on board."

I gazed and shuddered. There were many small, wiry, and snaky streams of electric fire playing among the shrouds: though I knew that these proceeded from natural causes, I could not prevent the chill of superstition from creeping through my blood to my very heart; however, I mastered my fears as well as I could, and turning to the mate, said, "These blue flames, that you call corpse-lights, are nothing but indications that the atmosphere is overcharged with positive electric matter, attracted, no doubt, by the working of the wood and rope against the iron at the head of the foremast: instead of showing us that we have a murderer on board, it merely prognosticates that we shall have thunder and lightning."

"I know that too: but this comes of your book learning—you believe nothing—just like you all, with your philosophy. Why, you have philosophised away all the truths of the Bible already:—fie upon your natural causes—you will have every

thing proved and nothing believed. Because thunder generally follows these corpse-lights, it is no rule that they do not indicate the presence of a murderer on board; and because the rainbow is produced merely by natural causes, it is no reason why it should not be regarded as a perpetually-recurring miracle, placed there as a sign by God himself to all men and to all nations, that water shall never again drown the world, though it is likely enough it will drown all of it that there is in this condemned barky. However, Jem Gavel, with the ruffianly deportment, will do his duty to the last, blow high, blow low. I wish that foresail was off, but I doubt whether we have beef (*i. e.* men) enough to take it in, without splitting it to ribbons;—upon my soul, those corpse-lights are making a merry dance of it." No sooner had he uttered these words than a crash that seemed the very bursting of the heavens, accompanied by an intense and blinding light, threw us all into a state of momentary stupefaction. The maintopmast was shivered, and with its encumbering rigging fell over to leeward. The stupendous thunderclap produced a sudden calm. Hitherto, the roaring of the winds had prevented my hearing the dull, monotonous, yet angry dashing of the waves; the whole surface of the sea seemed now suddenly imbued with the voice of countless multitudes; and the moaning came up from the face of the ocean near and far, like the groans of a sinful world from their graves on the awful day of resurrection. In dreadful contrast to this universal and harrowing clamour below, all was again dark and unnaturally still above.

"All hands up foresail—clear wreck!" shouted the mate. "Now's the time—oh, for half a dozen good hands—up—up!" but before the first man of the watch below had shown his shrinking head above the hatchway, the tempest renewed its fury with a redoubled vengeance, but from nearly an opposite quarter, throwing the foresail dead aback. In an instant the brig had terrific stern-way, the wheel span round, and the man at the helm was very nearly tossed overboard by the shock, whilst the rudder was jammed hard the wrong way, which counteracted the effect that the backed foresail and the inclination of the foreyard would have naturally had to make her pay off to port. The mate and myself first flew to the wheel, but we could not move it. In less than a minute the dead lights of the cabin windows were driven in, the cabin filled with water, and Mr. Tomkins, our drunken master, was washed out of his cot, and up the companion hatchway in his shirt.

The wretch was despicable in his fears. He ran about helplessly wringing his hands, and beseeching God to forgive him. He made no effort, he gave no orders—no one regarded him. The vessel all this time going furiously astern. The water was now pouring

into her from the cabin windows, and she was filling fast—no staying below for the skulkers. The cold waves washed them out of their hammocks.

"All hands forward," shouted Gavel, "we must cut away the foremast—it is our only chance. Quick, quick, my lads,—come along, Troughton. Shall we leave the bewildered sot to his fate?" pointing to the master. "The mast will fall upon and crush him."

"Who is the murderer in thought now, Gavel? No." So we hurried him with us on to the forecastle. The mate seized an axe, and a very large and active black fellow another. Gavel cut away at the fore, and the negro at the foretopmast stay, and in less than half a minute the whole of her masts lay fore and aft upon the deck. The effect of this manœuvre was instantaneous. The brig heeled round immediately, and presented her broadside to the wind; and thus our lives were, for the present, saved.

## CHAPTER IV.

Prospects brighten—but I afterwards find that calms themselves are not always peaceful; however, I improve myself wonderfully in seamanship and oratory, and am shot at for my pains.

When we scrambled aft, to add to our misfortunes, we found the rudder wrenched from the pintles, and, held on by the rudder chains, dashing about under the counter. After a few ineffectual attempts to secure it, it was cut adrift lest it should beat a hole in the vessel's side. "She is half full of water:—all hands to the pumps." I just gave one passing thought to my father's dry goods, and, stripping to the waist, took my spell, and gloriously I worked. As we freed the vessel from the water rapidly, we had no reason to apprehend that we had sprung a leak. About midnight, there was only six inches in the pump well, and, as no immediate danger was threatened, Gavel came up to me and said with a grim courtesy, "Well, Master Troughton, I can't but say that you have proved yourself a man to-night; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am heartily sorry that I shoved you to leeward. I suppose that I must not offer my hand to a gentleman born like yourself, but I will say this, that I am heartily sorry that you ever embarked aboard this craft—for she is doomed. However, let me recommend you to go and turn in. The steward will help you to a dry suit; make yourself comfort-

able and your mind easy; for, depend upon it, we shall see how each other can meet death before many days are past and gone."

I took his advice, but not his proffered hand. I refused it from no motives of malice, but because my pride would not permit me yet to think that I had given any very great proofs of manliness. When I reached the cabin, I found the carpenter had just finished securing the deadlights, and that the steward and the cabin boy had made my berth tolerably dry. The water that had rushed into the cabin when the brig had stern way had not penetrated into my trunks, so I easily contrived to get into a complete suit of dry clothes. My sea-sickness had entirely disappeared, and I was never troubled with it again.

The master had also dressed himself, and with great assiduity was again getting brutally drunk. To his maudlin intreaties for me to join him in his debasing debauch, I returned only a contemptuous refusal, and, breathing vengeance against me, and imprecating every thing possible and impossible, he was, in the space of a short half hour, again lifted into his cot in a state of the most beastly insensibility.

Before I went to sleep I made a vow, that if ever I reached Spain in safety, the Jane was the last vessel that Josiah Tomkins should ever command, though whether I would intercede for James Gavel, I had not yet made up my mind. I soon fell asleep, and, contrary to my expectation, I slept soundly, and I awoke late the next morning in health, and not only refreshed, but almost in good spirits.

It was nine o'clock before I again got on deck. The men were slowly and doggedly clearing away the wreck that lay all about the decks, and the surly mate was kicking and handspiking them with a savageness that immediately recalled the unfavourable impressions that his activity and gallantry of the preceding night had partly obliterated. However, I did not think myself justified in using any interference; for the crew, perhaps, deserved the castigations that were lavished upon them so unsparingly. To amuse myself, having cleared away the rubbish and the remnants of rope from a small space under the lee of the quarter-deck bulwark, I called my friend Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, to me, and began to propitiate his good graces by commencing with him a hearty and rough game of romps. My overtures were most graciously received, and my tokens of friendship most warmly returned.

The weather had now settled into a steady and staggering gale (a connexion of adjectives well understood) directly from the eastward. We were completely at its mercy, and lay, as the seamen say, like a log upon the water. We had not a stick standing, with the exception of the bowsprit: yet all but the super-

stitious and sullen mate now entertained sanguine hopes that we should reach port in safety. Indeed, with the exception of the gale and the wreck before us, every thing wore a cheerful aspect. We had been driven well south, and the day was genial, the sun shining brightly out from an unclouded sky.

Notwithstanding the amenity of my disposition, I could not play with a dog for ever, and, being really ennuyéed for want of occupation, I rose, and went to Mr. Gavel, and asked him, with a becoming humility, if he could not make me useful.

He repaid me by a stare of unsophisticated surprise, and then stammered out, "Willingly—most heartily; here, lend us a hand to unbend this sail—do it thus—come, we will work together, and you can thus learn to do it in a ship-shape fashion. There is the true heart of oak in your bosom, after all; only, methinks that the tarry sinnet will soil those pretty long white fingers of your's. Well done—by the holy—that's the true Jack way. Why, the Lord love you, they should have made a sailor of you."

"Well, you see, Gavel, how agreeable I am willing to make myself—you're improving me fast—oblige me, and let me try to improve you."

"With all my heart—I'm perfect in nothing but in seamanship."

"It is in seamanship that I wish to work the improvement."

"Well, that's good—what next?—should like to hear, however."

"I want to teach you how to make the most of the force, strength—I think you call it beef—that you have at your disposal—to get the most and the quickest work out of your very ragged and grumbling crew."

"And so I do, don't I? Look at the station-book—every man knows where to go and do his duty, if he would only be man enough, and do it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gavel, they do not work for you willingly, therefore, all the work is but imperfectly done."

"Know it—the nest of lubbers! God knows, that my tongue is tired with cursing, my hand sore with hiding them."

"The very thing that I deplore—do try fair means."

"My ruffianly deportment, hah! I understand you. But I should like to prove to you that you're quite wrong."

"No, let me prove to you that I am quite right. Neither curse nor strike any of them for the next half hour—point out the offender to me—let me speak to him. If you don't like my method, you need not adopt it, I only ask as a favour that you should see it tried."

"Very well, Master Troughton, I begin to like you—go to your work. Look at that lazy, grumbling rascal, that has just thrown down his serving mallet, not only idling himself, but hindering,

with his damned lawyer's tongue, all around him from working."

I went up to the man, and said a few words in a conciliatory and kind tone, and, when I returned to my own labour alongside of the mate, to the utmost surprise of the latter, he saw the recent offender working in silence, as if for his very life, and that cheerfully, too. I had occasion to rise and address three other culprits, and with the same beneficial effects, before my half hour of delegated authority had expired. At first, the mate was mute with astonishment, and then begged me either to give him my recipe for making men, not worth their salt, work like sailors, or else to keep my authority over them so long as we sailed together.

"It lies all in a nut-shell—*teach them self-respect*, by showing that *you can respect them*. O Gavel, do you think that there is any thing that God created in his own likeness and in your's, that he meant to be knocked about, like the brutes that perish, by his fellow man? Abuse, contumely, and blows, are not the greetings that one sinner should bestow upon another. Every one of those men that you have so inhumanly buffeted, and so impiously cursed, has, like yourself, an immortal soul. Then, for the sake of that glorious privilege, that you share with them, respect it. Yes, I know what you would say, that they are debased beings —that some of them are radically vicious, and that all of them are desperately wicked. But, believe me, in the very worst of us there is much that is good—in the very best of us, there is much that is bad. Let us, Gavel, work with the good that we find in them, and, depend upon it, you will find the bad that is in them rapidly decrease."

"Well, Master Troughton, you put this in a new light. I'll try your plan. Be near me as much as you can, to assist me when I am steering right, and to check me when I am in the wrong course. In payment for which, I'll undertake to make you a perfect seaman."

I agreed to the bargain, and the benefits were great and mutual. The gale continued unabated; our prospects were, in the first instance, to endeavour to make ourselves visible to some passing vessel, and thus, to receive succour; and, if this failed, to depend upon our own resources when we had got up all our jury rigging. To effect the first, we had, even on the first day after the wreck, elevated a tall spar, which we lashed to the stump of the main-mast, and on which we displayed the ensign, union downwards. But some days had now elapsed, and we were rapidly increasing our distance from the shores of Europe, and with that our chance of rescue. On the eighth day of the gale, of our latitude, which was 31°, 50', we were well assured, from solar observations, but we had no idea at all of the westing that we had made.

The captain continued in a state of drunken stupor, equally avoided by the mate and myself. The men worked cheerfully, and on the ninth day we began to attempt to get jury lower-yards across. This was on the second of April, 18—, and the next day we had shipped a makeshift rudder. During all this I had laboured incessantly, under the directions of the mate, and thus imperfectly learned to rig a ship. I kept watch with him, I made myself as useful as I could in every department of a seaman's life, and thus gained invaluable knowledge. On the fifth of April the wind failed, the sea became smooth, and the weather delightful. At noon it was a perfect calm. Indeed, every thing seemed again to wear a smiling aspect. Even Mr. Tomkins, the master, felt the renovating influence of our changed condition, and kept himself sober the greatest part of the day, and was much on deck. He could not help expressing his admiration and astonishment at the improved condition and discipline of the crew. The men did their duty with alacrity and cheerfulness. Mr. Gavel, too, had ceased bullying, swearing, and striking. The lesson of the last fortnight had been to me invaluable. It had taught me how to make use of my resources, and the full value of the beauty of that science, known to none so perfectly as to sailors, and recognised by the humble title of "Makeshift."

We had now three days of perfect calm, during which our jury rigging was completed, even to rattling down the lower rigging. I now went aloft, laid out the yards, and soon acquired the art of reefing and furling. I also took lessons in navigation of the mate, and learned the use of the quadrant, the sextant, and the azimuth compass. Gavel smiled sorrowfully at the ardour with which I entered into all these pursuits—but said nothing whatever to repress it.

On the tenth of April a light breeze sprung up from the northward when a consultation was held by the skipper and the mate, to which I was invited out of courtesy, to decide upon what course we should pursue. We had only shipped, when we left England, six weeks' water and provisions—we now had been at sea nearly one month. Still there was no occasion for alarm. At length, we decided to run farther to south, with the present fair wind, into the latitude of the Canaries, and then westward, until we made the lofty peak of Teneriffe. We did so, and next day, at noon, found ourselves in the exact latitude of that singular mountain.

In this parallel we ran on for two days, and, making no land we began to grow alarmed. On the third day, it again fell calm, and the mate and a couple of old sailors began to surmise that we had got too far to the westward, and were now in those variable climes that are always met with before the regular trade winds are reached.

This disagreeable suspicion was too surely verified the next day, by the means of an imperfectly-taken lunar observation, made by the mate. Our situation again became alarming, and we found it necessary to put the crew upon half allowance. At this, there was a good deal of murmuring, which Gavel, returning to his old system, wished to allay with the handspike. I overruled him, and, with his permission, calling them all aft, I, in the first place, threw the whole of my private provisions into the public stock, reserving to my sole use, for the present, my wine only, and then, with a few calm and firm words, I reconciled them to the necessary privations, and was rewarded with a cheer for my exertions.

These unfortunate accidents were rapidly educating, and fitting me to act hereafter with decision in those trying and singular events with which it was my ill fate to struggle for so many years. We now kept the vessel's head eastward, endeavouring to make some one of the Canaries, but we had nothing but calms, intermixed with light and baffling winds. We made no progress on the ocean, though the progressive disappearance of our stores was rapid. I need not say that the mate, with whom I had entered into a strict alliance—friendship I will not call it—joined heartily with me in making his private stock common with that of the rest of the crew. He and I consulted together, and we now resolved to propose to the master, Tomkins, to follow our example. I have shown how much I despised, hated this man; but with a prudence, the remnant, perhaps, of the former quietism of my character, I had as yet refrained from coming to any thing approaching to a rupture with him. We debated, for some time, as to the most fitting time to make to him our disagreeable overture, but we soon found that this procrastination was useless. Latterly he had never been perfectly sober. So at noon, we quietly walked into the cabin, and told him what was expected of him. His rage was ungovernable. He heaped upon us the most unlimited abuse, and accused Gavel of being the primary cause of all our disasters; and, finally, he shouted for the steward to bring his pistols, swearing that he would shoot us on the spot, as we were in the act of open mutiny.

Before we entered upon this conference, I made Gavel swear to me that he would command his temper. This he did, if preserving a sullen and ferocious silence can be called so; but who was to control mine? It was now Ardent Troughton who spoke. I hurled at the selfish sot my impassioned vituperations, my ineffable scorn—I placed his character before him; I dwelt upon his drunkenness, his bestiality, his incapacity, his cowardice—I was carried away by the torrent of my fury. He first of all sate aghast, gazing at me with a drunken stupidity, but his eye began

gradually to illumine, the muscles of his face to assume a stern rigidity, his countenance a demoniac expression, but he sat perfectly still, with the exception that he began to handle one of his pistols with his right hand, as if unintentionally and mechanically.

The steward, a venerable and respectable grey-headed man, alarmed by the appalling look of Tomkins, crept cautiously behind me, ever and anon peering over my shoulder at his baited and deadly-looking master. But I had not yet brought my philippic to a climax, and transported with indignation, and stamping violently on the deck, I thus concluded—"Degraded brute as you are, in the scale of creation, infinitely beneath the noble dog upon deck, if we did our duty to ourselves and to the crew, we ought to dispossess you immediately of the command, and thrust and lash you in the animal's kennel, that I tell you you would pollute—handle your pistol, coward! I scorn it and you—and then feed you with the offal of the meanest in the ship; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not henceforward do your duty—if you do not share with us your hoarded stock of delicacies—if you do not keep yourself sober—I speak in the name of the crew, in the name of the owner, that has foolishly entrusted you with his rich merchandize—I speak in the name of my father, this thing we will do."

"You will, young mutineer!" was his quick reply. He lifted his pistol, and discharged it. I had my eye upon him, and leaped aside, and the ball entered the breast of the old man behind me. Ere Tomkins could reach the other weapon, Gavel and I flung ourselves upon him, threw him to the ground, and instantly bound him hand and foot.

"This is the murderer, then," said the mate to me, in a husky whisper; "we must give him the fate of Jonah, and thus save all our precious lives."

## CHAPTER V.

Signs of mutiny. A medley of horrors, wound up with something worse than chance-medley. The mate of the brig Jane turned theologian, which proves so much the worse for the master.

"Send the men here. All, all!" exclaimed Gavel, as he rose from binding the drunken and felon master. Terrible and revolting was the scene that ensued. The growling brute, whom we had just overthrown, lay bound and helpless, upon the deck

of the cabin, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his rage, and giving vent to his exasperation by the most horrid blasphemies. Also, on the deck, the poor old steward, with his silver hair, dabbled in his own blood, was supported in my arms, his life ebbing fast away from the mortal wound. I was vainly endeavouring to stanch the stream that, trickling along the deck, actually came and licked the very hand that had thus ruthlessly wasted it, and life together.

The haggard and worn-out crew assembled in the cabin.

"My men—my good, my dear men," began to whine from the deck the overthrown and pusillanimous Tomkins, "come to my relief. You see there is mutiny and murder here—I am innocent, totally innocent. It is a vile plot between the passenger and the mate to take the command from me. They have begun by murdering my faithful Wilson;" and he looked askance at the poor old man in my arms, but the dying steward neither spoke nor moved. "Up, my men, and fall upon Gavel and Troughton —up, my good fellows, and I'll give every man of you a bottle of rum."

"Liar as well as murderer!" exclaimed the sullen mate, "though dead men cannot rise up and accuse you, your own pistol will. My men, do you believe this drunken assassin? or this gentleman, Mr. Ardent Troughton, who has been so good and so kind to us all?"

"Don't know what to think," said the boatswain, luxuriating in idea upon the promised bottle of rum. "We know, Mr. Gavel, that neither you nor Mr. Troughton bore the captain any good will; now I calculate, seeing as how short we are of hands, that if Captain Tomkins means to be as good as his word, and he'll hand out the rum, I'll vote that he be released, and all this murdering affair left to be sifted out by the big wigs when we get on shore—now that's my notion."

"And mine"—"and mine"—"and mine!" said the rest of the fellows, with one exception.

"Ardent Troughton," said Gavel to me solemnly, "these are your reformed crew—the images of the Deity that it is a profanation to handspike. Not only will they lick the foot of the murderer still wet with his victim's blood, but they would sell their own souls for the privilege of getting drunk. Let the brutes have their way. There is a curse upon the vessel—it will be all one a week hence. She is doomed to destruction, and every living creature in her."

"Thank you for me," said the boatswain; "but all this lingo is neither here nor there. One man's word is as good as another's. So here goes to cut the lashings, and, my lads, we'll have a night of it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, and the boatswain advanced to release the wretched homicide, when an unsuspected impediment presented itself.

I have mentioned before, a great and strong negro, that was very active in cutting away the foremast in our late dangerous situation. Of this man I had taken less notice than of the others. I never remembered to have spoken to him. Of course, I was a little surprised to see him start out from the group of his shipmates, and, bestriding the prostrate man, seize the other undischarged pistol, and threaten by action, though not by words, to shoot the first man that might attempt to unbind him. The crew gave back, and the mate, at this turn of affairs, indulged himself with a low, deriding laugh, that seemed horribly out of character in this scene of horrors.

For myself, I was still occupied in supporting the dying steward, holding to his wounded breast my handkerchief saturated with blood. The would-be liberators and the boatswain, to use the language of the latter, were taken aback. The black had now his right hand upon the throat of the master, his left still holding the pistol, looking first at me, and then at Gavel, watching for the slightest indication from us to end this dilemma, by strangling him with his neckerchief. The mate gave the ready and self-constituted executioner a grim smile of approbation; but I motioned to him energetically not to harm the prisoner. He obeyed me immediately, making a harsh guttural sound that was frightfully startling.

At length, the boatswain said to Tomkins, "I and the ship's company are very sorry to see you hove down there, captain, and belayed to the deck. All we can do just now is to remember what's going on when this comes before the coroner. Are you, captain, innocent of the poor old man's death?"

"I am."

"Will you swear to it?"

"I will."

"So help you, God."

"So help me, God!"

Then there was a silence; when, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the dying steward half rose from my arms, and said distinctly, "Captain Tomkins shot me. May God forgive him!" and fell back dead into my arms.

"He is gone," said I, speaking for the first time. "My good men, take the advice of your true friend. Go to your different duties in silence, and, praying inwardly for the deceased, commune with your own hearts. Mr. Tomkins can no longer have any control in this vessel. The moment that we arrive in harbour he shall be handed over to the civil power, and be made to

answer for the deed that you have partly witnessed. Go, be serious—know me as your friend, and be obedient to Mr. Gavel."

They retired humbled, but not contumacious. As the negro, who was the last about to retire, passed me, he knelt down, and taking my hand placed it respectfully to his forehead and his lips, and then rose to depart; but, before he had gained the cabin door, Gavel called him.

"Jugurtha, I want you. Help me to remove this dead body, and this living lump of beastiality, into the after-cabin. They shall keep each other company. And I'll take care that the watcher of the dead shall remain sober. Away with him."

The whining supplications of the debased drunkard were most disgusting; but, in the sinewy arms of Jugurtha, he was soon conveyed to his place of imprisonment, and afterwards, with much more reverence, the body of the old man was placed beside him.

As the moans and the pitiable howlings of Tomkins were unintermitting and most dolorous, I repaired to the deck, and, in the afternoon, the weather being still fine, with baffling winds, I there dined upon the reduced allowance, and on the same sordid fare as the men. James Gavel ate nothing. He seemed absorbed, absent, and at times transported, ever and anon muttering to himself various texts from Scripture, and pious ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon his soul!" being the most frequently repeated.

About five in the afternoon he went below, and I, going a short time afterwards into the fore-cabin, principally to listen if Tomkins was still moaning, I found Gavel on his knees, praying so devoutly, with the Bible before him, that he did not perceive my entrance. I looked over his shoulder, and found the holy book open at that part that narrates the sacrifice of Jonah. I shuddered. A fear crept over me, that I too well understood the workings of his distracted and superstitious imagination. I laid my hand on his shoulder; he started, trembled, and looked up.

"This will never do, Gavel," I said, mildly. "Your thoughts are unholy, unchristian—damnable. In that same book that lies before you, there is an express command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. But fear not, I will do no murder. And, Ardent Troughton, if I did, you at least should be grateful for it. This murder, as you improperly call it, will restore you to your father, to your mother, to your sister. But fear not. The Lord himself will decide this question. I am but an instrument."

"You fill me with horror. Let us leave this unhappy man to the laws of his country, administered with due form, and by impartial judges. Do not give way to these wild dreams. We shall make Teneriffe to morrow. We may then hand him over to the

civil authorities, if we do not find a man-of-war in the roadstead. The British consul will advise us what to do."

"We shall never again reach land whilst the murderer is on board. No, not one of us," answered Gavel, doggedly.

"Well, let us then all perish together, rather than peril our souls by a contrived assassination."

"Who talks of assassination, Troughton? The word is your's, not mine. I will not soil my hand with the dastard's blood. His fate is in the hands of the Lord."

"Do not thus prevaricate with me. What is the letting forth blood? Starvation, poison, strangulation, or the cool depths of the unrevealing sea, are each as effectual. Shall even a man like Tomkins be shuffled out of the way like a loathsome reptile in our path, with no prayer—no rite—no Christian burial? Even if he be condemned by the laws to suffer death—the consolations of religion will not be denied to him during his passage to death, nor its rites afterwards. You have no right, guilty as you esteem him, to deprive him of them."

"He shall have them. I will go in and pray with him, and with the dead."

"Gavel, I swear by all that's sacred, I'll watch you. I will be a guard to this man until the laws determine his fate."

"Be so. Fear me not. I swear to you that he shall have Christian burial."

"Must I be satisfied with this assurance? May I depend upon you?"

"You may. And see, I take this sinner food."

The mate then procured him one ration, exactly similar to those served out to the rest of the ship's company, with half a pint of fetid cold water. I entered the after cabin with him. The master was in mental agony on the floor, still bound, and had removed himself as far as possible from the dead body. His haggard countenance was cadaverously pale, excepting where it was disfigured by the dark blue blotches of intemperance. He was a wretched spectacle, every muscle in his face quivering, every limb trembling.

"I have brought your food and water," said the mate sternly. "Eat, and then try to make your peace with God."

But he could not eat—he could not drink. He could only plead to be removed from his ghastly companion, and petition for his favourite rum. How ardently, how passionately, did the abject wretch pray for the draught of intoxication! His language was by turns bold, figurative, pathetic, and touching. I had no conception of the powers of his eloquence. What impassioned oratory was wasted, for the privilege of making himself a beast! To all these moving appeals, Gavel answered only by tightening the

bands upon his hands and feet, and lashing him more securely to a ring-bolt in the stern-post. His arms had been previously loosened, in order that he might, if he had chosen, feed himself. When the mate thought him properly secured, he locked the door of the cabin, and, with myself, proceeded on deck.

To all my remonstrances on this unnecessary cruelty, he was sternly unheedful. There was a light wind from the right quarter. Every sail that our jury-masts and make-shift yards could carry and spread, was extended to take advantage of it. As the bright haze of the heat dispersed, and the evening approached, cool and clear, the high and snow-white peak of Teneriffe distinctly appeared right before us, singularly and beautifully relieved by the intense blue of the sky.

There was joy came upon us all but Gavel, and the prisoner in the cabin. My exhilaration was excessive—the mate, however, grew more and more gloomy. At that moment I could have embraced my bitterest enemy. Full of this gushing milk of human kindness, I addressed the superstitious zealot in the blandest and most friendly tones. I could not move him. I talked to him of his friends, his home, of happiness in store for him, of his approaching promotion. But it roused him not. I spoke to him of his mother, and he softened. But it was only a change from the stony rigidity of despair to its weakness. I could see, by the contorted play of the muscles of his face, that he could have wept, had it not been for very shame. He thanked me with a tremulous voice for all my kindness to him—made me write down in my pocket-book the address of his mother—described to me exactly where she lived, in some bye-street leading from the Commercial Road—and asked me to be kind to her. Indeed, had he been standing on the scaffold, with the headsman near him, he could not have taken a more solemn leave of me, or bade God bless me more fervently—and we all the time nearing land with a favouring and rapidly-increasing breeze.

## CHAPTER VI.

A quick burial. Disasters accumulate, and a sad reduction of the dramatis personæ ensues. Any port in a storm; and I find that a boat is much better to be grasped at than a straw by a drowning man.

It was nearly dusk, when we found the wind had risen so much, that we were forced to take in sail. It was done cheerfully and rapidly.

"It is coming," said Gavel to me; "we are drawing near the end of this frightful chapter: before midnight we shall have learned the great secret: I am awed, but yet, I am happy."

"Nonsense."

"But I have much to do. I will save as many of you as I can: it is a bitter cup that is offered to me, but I will not, I may not refuse it."

He then again turned the hands up, still further to shorten sail. After this was done, and we were again running along under the foresail only—that unlucky foresail—he called the men aft, and spoke to them to the following effect.

"My men, we shall have hard work to-night; prepare yourselves. I know by signs that you cannot understand that, before midnight, we shall have the sea and the heavens raging. Let us be prepared. He who is below promised you each a bottle of rum; but I know that you would not now take it if it were offered to you. Let us not stand like beasts upon the brinks of our graves; but, as there has been much malice between me and you, as a peace-offering, I will give to every man on board a half-pint of spirits."

"Too much, too much," I exclaimed; but Gavel did not take the least notice of the interruption.

"Now, if there is any man among you whom I have wronged or insulted, let him come forward, and I will right him if I can. None: —well, then, I am, from my very heart, glad to see that there is no ill-will among us. Let us all shake hands. At four bells, (10 o'clock, P. M.), in the first watch, we will bury the dead. If any man thinks his half pint too much for him, let him refrain. We must not disgrace the last of poor old Wilson, for you all know that he was your's and every sailor's friend. Let us attend his burial like men and like Christians. Join me, my dear friends, as fervently as you can in the burial service—we are threatened with much calamity, for *there is a murderer on board.*"

The men were then all sent down except the man at the wheel and one look-out ahead. Gavel then walked the deck with me, labouring under a great depression of spirits. At length, he ordered Jugurtha, the Negro, to be sent to him, and then it was, for the first time, that I discovered that the poor fellow was dumb. However, the mate made himself understood sufficiently, and the dark countenance of the black grinned with a satisfaction that I thought almost demoniac.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, or, as it is nautically termed, the beginning of the first watch. By this time, I had become a very tolerable seaman; my schooling had been severe, but not only salutary as regarded my present position, but also of the most vital importance to me in my after life.

Gavel advanced to me with a great deal of respect in his manner, and said, "Mr. Troughton, will you do me the favour to keep the first half of the first watch? You perceive that the wind is bustling up into a gale; there is a good man at the wheel, and a good look-out placed forward. Do not, if you please, disturb the men from the enjoyment of the spirits that I have served out to them, without there is the most pressing occasion."

"Considering their long abstinence, they will get drunk."

"I know it; but only partly so. I speak under an invisible and supernatural control; they will be sober enough four hours hence. Do not disturb me on any account. Jugurtha and I must go and sew the dead up in his winding-sheet. You know that we bury to-night. A body should not be kept long in these warm latitudes: besides, it is unlucky, and with a corpse on board, one does not feel comfortable. Besides, I wish to offer religious consolation to the drunken reprobate below."

"James Gavel!"

"Ardent Troughton, I meet your look with a calm brow and a clear conscience. We are doomed. In spite of human skill, most, if not all of us, will go down, this night, to their watery graves. It is unsafe to let the drunken madman loose who is below. In the crisis, when the timbers part, and the cold, black death of the wave is amongst us, *can* he be saved?—ought he to be saved? and steeped, as he is, in sin, ought I not to endeavour to awake in his mind some religious thoughts? The parable of the eleventh hour is honey and balm to the sinner."

"Well, go. Do we not all want those consolations?"

"None so much as he."

He then went below with Jugurtha; and every time, as I turned aft in my solitary watch, I heard a low moaning rise out of the after-cabin, and mingle sorrowfully with the whistling of the winds that came shrieking after us as we hurried on our course.

The night was excessively dark, for the flying scud had appeared with the gale, and obscured what little starlight we might have expected. The moon was voyaging round the earth, the fickle companion of the sun, and was with him now, far beneath the horizon. That my thoughts should have assumed a sombre hue was most natural. The office going on immediately beneath me of sewing the slain steward up in his hammock, at once his coffin and his shroud, the dire events of the day, and the dreadful prognostications of the mate, which I could not, though I wished, despise, altogether lay heavily on my bosom.

I would have conversed with the man who was steering, were it not that all his attention was necessary to keep the brig from broaching to. I continually hailed the man forward to keep a

good look-out, but his monotonous, dismal, "Ay, ay, sir," did not, in the least, tend to dispel my melancholy or distract my thoughts.

As is usual in these cases, my mind ran back to the scenes that I had left, and the memory of other days came over me with a mingled bitterness and pleasure. For the first time, I felt a strange tenderness come over me for the little Mira. I dwelt upon her pure and fair complexion, and the honest yet intellectual frankness of her countenance. I recalled to mind the social board of the good old merchant, with all its luxuries, and the smiling and cordial faces around it. I contrasted all this, and much more, with the reeling and crazy vessel that was staggering on, like one just recovering from a fit—the vagabonds of the sea, who were now my companions, and, above all, with the morose and superstitious, though manly mate, with the terrible idea of murder so familiarized to his mind, that he had, by some strange and perverted manner of reasoning, sanctified it by the approbation of religion.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me, it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can.

It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lantern that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft.

By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparation, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall.

It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard.

The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sewn up in the hammock of the dead, and, if he had died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sewn up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that, with the body, is launched generally, over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board, by means of the rope attached to it.

The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off.

"Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sewed up all poor Wilson's bed-clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages."

Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service."

"Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered."

"He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open."

Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast.

In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,'" etc., etc., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untamed seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety;

and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous.

The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out,"

"Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?"

The hand that held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer!"

As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow, he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded.

After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act.

Gavel read on.

It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him.

He read on.

Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed impassible, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon

me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board."

But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the plash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.

"Man of cruel superstition! what hast thou done?"

He replied collectedly, almost calmly, "There is one more Jonah for the whale—I have buried the quick and the dead. He had the consolations of religion—he had Christian burial. There is now safety for us all—the winds will shortly cease. Hands, up foresail."

"Deluded murderer!" said I, petrified with horror. But he heard me not—he went forward to assist in reducing the only sail we had upon the vessel. In the attempt it was split into shreds. The next moment the sea rushed over us, and swept away the wheel, the two men who were steering, and the binnacle; and the brig broached to. Before these damages were commented on, our jury-masts were over the sides. We were again a wreck. All that is so awfully magnificent in a storm came down, as in vengeance, upon us. There was the battering hail, and the nimble-tongued lightning, that voiced the anger of the heavens in the stunning thunders—and the wind—O that wind!—it appeared as if it was able to have lifted us out of the water, had we not, as I fancied, been heavy with a load of sin—burdened with the weight of a double homicide.

The discomfited mate crept aft to me. He looked abject, haggard, dismayed. No longer had he the high expression of an awarder of vengeance—he was the trembling felon.

"God forgive me!" he exclaimed in his agony, "how Satan hath misled me!" At that moment I could not restrain the bitterness of my reproaches. I placed my mouth close to his ear, and shouted into it, "Is this the calm you have purchased for us, O man of iniquity? Where are we now to look for safety—with the black wave that is sporting with the dead body of your murdered captain? And how murdered? May it not be remembered against you in the fatal day! Why do you crouch here?—for you, repentance is too late: prayer is useless. Do you see that dark bounding wave that has just passed over your forecastle, sweeping with it, with as little remorse as if they were so much sea-weed, the half of your crew to the angry deeps?—this is the safety that you have purchased with the price of blood: it is the third wave, is it not, James Gavel—the third, that you sailors think so destructive? Well, there is the second, and, behold, how smooth your decks are! Do you not tremble for the third?—murderer—speak!"

"Spare me."

"Up, man, and show some of your boasted seamanship: where is now your craft of practice? Has your brain no expedient, your heart no fibre? Has you right hand forgot its cunning? Oh, yes! on your knees then, and meet your death like a felon; for we shall all perish, all—all—all—for the MURDERER IS STILL ON BOARD!"

To these almost insane invectives the shivering wretch replied not, but contracted himself into as small a space as possible, trembling excessively. I was strangely situated; crouched down under what little remained of the quarterdeck bulwark, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, on one side, the grinning Negro, Jugurtha, on the other, whilst the utterly prostrate mate lay rolled up at our feet. The dog from time to time looked up piteously, and licked my face and hands, and the black was the very personification of a stoic.

The third swell came. For an instant, I perceived a curling white canopy high over the heads of this wretched group, and the next, we were far, far to leeward in the open and dreary sea, and a little dispersed from each other. At that period I could not swim. Jugurtha was soon beside me, and the faithful Bounder too. The waves were huge and monstrous, but they did not break, excepting when they met with resistance, for they were heaving in the exact direction of the wind. I never once lost my perceptions: they were, instead of being confused by the dangers and horrors around me, painfully distinct. Bounder swam nobly. I merely placed my left hand upon his back, and I was sufficiently supported. Jugurtha swam buoyantly on my right. We endeavoured to turn and face the brig, from which we had been washed. We did so at length, notwithstanding the violence of the spray: but she was no more; or, if she existed, the few yards of distance that we had been swept from her were, in the darkness, sufficient to hide her from our view.

I now despaired for the first time. I gave one thought to my unknown parents and sister, and addressed myself to prayer. After this, I felt considerably calmed and almost resigned. I even dared, without repining, to contemplate the agonies of a prolonged death, and felt no inclination to hasten it by plunging, at once, beneath the waters.

But a temporary relief was at hand. Through the obscurity, the long-boat, that was, with ourselves, washed off the booms, came drifting towards us. Jugurtha struck out manfully; the excellent dog rivalled him, and the black first, and then myself and Bounder, were soon securely seated in it.

After a little while, we heard a human voice, and on looking over the stern, I discovered James Gavel hanging on by the rudder-gudgeon.

"Ardent Troughton," said he, "shake hands with me; you have proved yourself a better man than I—— God bless you! —pray for me—sometimes think of the poor deluded sinner, who sinned through ignorance more than hardness of heart:— you have my mother's address."

"Come on board," said I, endeavouring to haul him in by the hand that grasped mine firmly.

"Never: one murderer shall not again endanger two precious lives."

"As you hope for redemption, beware of suicide."

"I will, I do—God bless you!—I will hope, and I will swim to the last. Remember James Gavel, and your promise to his mother." Then, with a plunge, he wrenched his hand from my grasp, boldly turned his face from the boat, and struck out in the direction where the vessel, or some remnants of her, might be supposed still to exist.

In a few seconds, he was lost to my view. As my sobs involuntarily burst forth at the nobleness of this self-sacrifice, I could not help confessing, that in the self-devoted visionary all the best requisites of a hero were concentrated, and ruined by a senseless superstition and an impious and degrading notion of a beneficent Deity.

He was never heard of more.

## CHAPTER VII.

**Contains but a miserable account of accommodations for man and beast on the highway of nations.**

Immediately that I had lost sight of the enthusiast, James Gavel, I fancied that there came a lull, and that the tempest had visibly decreased. Even in my perilous, my almost desponding situation, I could not but give many regrets to the stern, high-souled, and self-immolating seaman, and I inwardly prayed that the sacrifice might not have been in vain.

After the emotion naturally attendant upon this awful incident had somewhat subsided, I turned my thoughts to my present situation. The boat had shipped but little water, and rose buoyantly upon the high, long, and unbreaking swell. It was the long-boat. —a large and stoutly-built craft, that had been used to ship the pipes of wine, and perfectly seaworthy; but, saving the thwarts, there was nothing whatever in her; neither sail, oar, rudder, nor

spar of any kind. Still, it was necessary to make our situation as endurable as possible. Jugurtha had set himself down in the stern-sheets, with his knees drawn up, and his hands resting upon them, with the lower part of his body immersed in water apparently satisfied, certainly apathetic. In this situation he remained motionless for at least twenty minutes, and Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, had coiled himself up, with evidently something of a similar feeling, under the head-sheets. I occupied this space of time alternately in prayer, and the most bitter anticipations.

But man's duties cease but with his life, and I knew that action was the best, and generally the victorious, antagonist to apprehension. By this time, it required no superstitious feeling to perceive that the storm was fast decreasing. The wind howled over the ocean in intermitting and fitful gusts, and in the hollows of the vast seas we were nearly becalmed. I roused myself, and arose.

"Jugurtha," said I to the Negro, placing my hand kindly upon his shoulder, "Jugurtha, do you hear me? My brave black brother, we must bestir ourselves, and bale the boat out."

At the first few words he was heedless, but when the two syllables, brother, met his ear, he started and trembled, and immediately one of the most intense and unsophisticated grins of pleasure divided the lower part of his countenance for a moment, showing two ranges of teeth, of the whitest and the largest, and he then jumped upon his legs as if he had been electrified. Though I talked about baling the water out of the boat, I had no idea how it was to be effected. Either hat or cap we had none; and my ingenuity could furnish no better means than the toilsome and childish ones of using the hollows of our hands. Jugurtha knew better. He had his jacket off in an instant, and, making a sort of bucket of the body of it, with my assistance, we scooped out the water manfully. In less than half an hour we were tolerable dry.

Wet and weary as we were, fatigue made her usual and uncompromising demand upon nature for sleep. So Jugurtha and I lay down in the bottom of the boat fraternally, and, as the night was cool, Bounder came and thrust his shaggy and warmth-imparting hide between us; and thus we slept in an open boat, and in the open ocean, the retiring storm singing us its mournful lullaby.

Well do I remember it, that repose was a delicious one. For the first hours my senses were swaddled with a deep, dreamy, and vague consciousness of security, a feeling of having the arms of a tangible Providence round about me; and I nestled into my fancied happiness, as does the unweaned infant into the bosom of its mother.

But, towards morning, the visions of my mind grew more distinct, and more joyous. I dreamt, ridiculously enough, that I was asleep in the best state bed of Mr. Falck, my old master, and that his five daughters were standing around me, with merry malice in their faces. Methought that I saw them distinctly, but I could not wake. They spread around this large bed a most superb breakfast, nor was there wanting wines and fruits. I strove to arouse and scold them for this their graceless conduct in being thus in a bachelor's bed-room, and for bringing about me also so many appetising and tantalising viands. But my efforts were vain; I could neither move nor speak, though I heard and saw every thing minutely. And then methought that the plump, and pretty, and red-haired Miss Agatha came close up to my bed-side, and, dabbling my blushing and burning cheeks with her very white fingers, said to me, mouthing her words like a nurse to its child, "Pretty little babe, it can't wake up, can't it?—high nonny, ho nonny, and there's its breakfast, pretty dear—it shall have some sugar if it will open its pretty eyes, bless it!" And, at every word, the sisters around were convulsed with laughter. A feeling of dissatisfaction—of the supernatural, now began to creep over my dream;—how was it that I appeared to be as marble, motionless, powerless?

"See at it," said my wicked tormentor, "how vexed it looks in its slumbers. Hush thee, my babe. Ardenty, pardenty, they sha'n't tease it—no, they sha'n't. Come, sisters dear, let us rock it, and sing to it."

And then, methought, that each of the four sisters, laying hold of a bedpost, began, despite the level and firm floor, rocking me most energetically, and that the young and little Mira, with her oblique bright eyes glistening with mirth, stood, singing at the foot of the bed, as well as she could for laughing, "There it goes up, up, up, and here it goes down, downy," etc.

I dreamt that this farce was kept up a considerable time, till at length Mira exclaimed, "Oh! the dunder-headed sleeper, it will never wake—let us try this;" and she dashed full into my face a huge jug of cold water.

I awoke indeed. The salt spray was pouring down my face. My bed of state was changed into a crazy boat; the banquet around me was the famine-stricken waves: for the fresh and merry faces, there was nothing human to look upon but the black and disfigured countenance of Jugurtha. All my companions consisted but of two dumb animals. Hope had sunk with the brig and Gavel beneath the unfathomable waves:—in the bitterness of my spirit I cursed the fallacious dream, and then turned aside and wept.

The horrors of the three next days! The years of miseries—of mortal sufferings—of infinite agonies—that they contained!

Had it not been that I afterwards rectified my calendar by that of the rest of the world, I should have believed that the sun did not set for months. What is time but the noter of sensations, of actions? Oh! those days were long, long years. But they had their uses.

Shall I describe them? my spirit faints before the task. Had I the poetry of Byron, or the prose of Marryat, I should not thus quail at my attempt. But, as I have said, those days of despair had their uses—precious and soul-preserving—however weak may be my recital of them, I feel the endeavour to describe them has all the solemnity of a duty.

The first morning was cloudless, the day was sultry, and the wind had entirely gone down. The swell was long and monotonous. Neither Jugurtha nor myself scarcely moved. We crouched ourselves as much down in the bottom of the boat as we could, to escape the intolerable eye of the veilless sun. I spoke not.

About noon, the negro made some attempts to swallow a few mouthfuls of salt water, which he had scooped up in the hollow of his hand; but he spat them out again with grimaces of the utmost disgust, and made afterwards no similar attempt, but relapsed into the state of apathy that seemed natural to him when under disasters. The dog was, this first day, the most restless of the three. He stalked from stem to stern, and from thwart to thwart, backwards and forwards, in the manner that wild animals do in their dens in a menagerie, and he would pause at each turn, and set up a piteous, a heart-breaking howl, and this he continued for the livelong day; but when the sun went down, he came aft to us in the stern-sheets, and nestled himself down beside us. He endeavoured to lick my hands and face, but his tongue was dry and rough, and the attempt was evidently painful to him. The whole of this day of glaring light and silence I was tortured with a fiery thirst. I began to envy Gavel.

How weak is the heathen fable of Tantalus, compared with what we then suffered! Before our eyes, dancing, smiling, down into its clear and immeasurable cool depths, shone the mocking liquid. What fountain gushing forth in its purity from the hard rock—what brook wantoning, splashing, and laughing, over the cold pebbles, could rival the tempting and transparent appearance of the blue waves upon the treacherous bosom of which we floated? But place it to the burning lips—let it touch the arid and scorched throat—the mockery—the agonizing mockery! Thirst is, to the internal man, what racks, and wheels, and the burning pile, are to the external. May my worst enemy never endure it in the extreme!

As night fell, the fangs of hunger were buried deeply in our bosoms, and we became wolfish—all but the noble, the generous dog. Confidingly he lay his drooping head upon my knee, with

his fine languishing eyes looking entreatingly in my face, whilst I, monster that I am, was greedily speculating upon what moisture was in his brain, what sustenance in his honest and his faithful heart.

Jugurtha read my thoughts—famine has a wondrous sympathy. His wild eyes glared at the caressing animal at my feet, which had saved my life. The black arose and stood up, and unclasping the knife that hung round his neck, after the manner of seamen, by a lanyard, he prepared greedily to enact the butcher. But, as he did so, he commenced a savage, unearthly howl, the first prolonged sounds that ever I had heard from his mouth, for his tongue had been lopped away. The dire wail might have been heard for miles in the silence of that dreadful evening as it stole along over the gently undulating water.

He advanced towards Bounder, and my heart smote me. The dog had borne me safely through the storm, and over the angry waves. He had been my playfellow, and he was now trusting me as a friend. He was our companion in misery—embarked in the same peril—and yet to eat him! How faithless, how very *human* would have been the act! I could not consent to it. Bounder himself seemed to understand the intention of the black, for he eyed the brandished knife wistfully, whined piteously, and crept still more closely to me as to his natural protector.

"Jugurtha," said I, mildly, "you are very hungry, my friend, and so am I—let us wait. Poor Bounder has been our companion in danger. To-morrow we may meet with some vessel—some relief; God has mercy for the merciful. Do you comprehend me? Put up the knife, my brother. Believe me, that we shall sleep the better for it, than if we had gorged ourselves with the flesh and blood of this good fellow."

At these words the savageness of the poor fellow's features relaxed; without a murmur he shut his knife, and then laid himself quietly down by my feet—and we again prepared ourselves to rest like three brothers.

At the ready obedience of Jugurtha, my heart was softened with a woman's tenderness, and, with the tears in my eyes, I made a solemn vow, that if the Almighty spared our lives, ever after, come weal, come woe, the despised black should be to me as a friend and as a brother, that he should eat of my bread and drink of my cup, and his home should be under my roof. How have I kept that vow? Not, alas! too well.

My slumbers this second night were interrupted, uneasy, and dreamful. I revisited, in my sleep, every banquet of which I had partaken since I could boast of memory. How unsatisfactory they all were? The promise kept to the eye was continually belied to the lips. And yet, sometimes I tasted; but, when my

dream produced this fruition, the craving that followed for more, more, more, was intolerable. As night was advancing into morning, I felt extremely cold, chilled, aguish. My companions in misery did not seem to enjoy a better rest. Bounder was evidently hunting, seizing, and devouring his prey, all night. The sleep of the Negro was stark, profound, and death-like. He was the happiest of the three.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Madness and many words closely allied. I baptize without a fee, having my own burial in prospect on the same cheap terms. I fancy that I have really died, and grow conceited upon it.

Morning came, and the fire-darting sun, and the suffocating heat, and the all-consuming thirst. Our parched and strained eye-balls scanned our bounded horizon, but no friendly sail, no speck, no succour appeared. Blue and overpoweringly bright was all around us—above us beamed forth intolerable day. Famine had become gaunt in the features of Jugurtha—the dog was restless and feverish, and I was nearly mad with hunger, thirst, and a thousand bitter hallucinations.

I was, I fear me, growing delirious. I fancied I saw land—cool bowers—fountains playing—and then some vast three-decker would come sweeping by, and when I was upon the point of hailing the winged monster, to entreat her not to run over us, the phantom ship would vanish. But the most frequent delusion was, that I could perceive bottles floating past us, doubtless filled with some agreeable and cooling liquid, none of which could I ever reach. The day previous, I had been depressed, and almost silent; this day, I felt an irresistible impulse to talk, but when I looked upon Jugurtha, his countenance appeared so stern, so famine-sharpened, that, for a long time, I resisted the temptation.

It might have been about two hours after noon, when the black suddenly sprang upon his legs, as if no longer able to endure the tortures of his hunger, and made most impressive signs that he would kill and eat. Thirst, at that moment, was my predominant affliction. I did not believe that the blood of dog could quench it, and my aversion to the shedding of the stream of life, even though of an irrational animal, was just as strong as ever.

"Jugurtha, let us not kill. No good has yet come of it. Captain

Tomkins killed the steward, and then Gavel killed the captain—and God was angry, and destroyed the brig, and all that was in it, but you and me, and this poor dog. You understand me—you savey—we will sleep to-night—to-morrow morning, God no come to us, we kill Bounder, and eat—savey so?"

He nodded in assent, and I now found that I was the better understood when I spoke to him in the abbreviated jargon common among negroes. I almost felt that, in withholding Jugurtha from feeding upon the dog, I was doing wrong, and not following up that immutable and divine law of self-preservation that God has planted in our bosoms as a bar to suicide. However, I determined that I would restrain him no longer than till the following morning; and that I myself, however loathingly, would partake of the revolting meal. It seemed as if the negro had determined to obey me unto the death; and thus my heart grew more and more towards him. I bitterly regretted that he could not converse with me. Still I continued to address him; for the mania of much speech was upon me; and I thought, also, that my words might, in some measure, divert his thoughts in our melancholy strait. Thereupon, the following remarkable monologue ensued.

"Jugurtha is a good man."

He shook his head mournfully in the negative.

"Jugurtha does not love to shed blood."

Another unequivocal sign of dissent.

"But Jugurtha good man—he loves his white brother—and he will do for that love what his white brother bids him."

He came and kissed my hand affectionately and respectfully. I was much moved.

"For why does my brother love me, his white friend, so well?"

He stood up, and with the most eloquent pantomime that I ever beheld, he made me understand more fully than words could do, that he loved me for my kindness to himself and to his shipmates, and that I, of all men, had never spurned nor insulted him. I now found that conversation was not difficult.

"How came you, Jugurtha, to lose your tongue?"

He lay down in the bottom of the boat, upon his back, imitated the passing of bands or chains over his arms and legs, then took out his knife, and went through the action of excising the member of speech.

"In the name of the merciful! who, who?"

But his pantomime could not spell a name; I endeavoured to get it from him by interrogatories.

"Back man in Jugurtha's country?"

Replied to by a dissenting and indignant shake of the head.

"Buckra body?"

A savage and vindictive assent.

"But who, who could dare do this in a civilized country?"

This poor Jugurtha could not explain.

After this, we were for some time silent, when the idea struck me like the flash of a sunbeam in the darkness of a dungeon, that Jugurtha, my elected brother, standing as he did with me on the very threshold of death, might not be a Christian. If so, what a duty had I to perform—and in a space of time, how short!

I questioned him. He knew nothing of God or of redemption—he had never prayed. He had no idea of an hereafter; or, at least, so I understood him by his action; for when I asked him where he would go to after death, he expanded his arms suddenly, so as to imitate the bursting of a bubble, and, expelling the breath violently from his mouth, he then passed his hand impatiently across his face.

"Jugurtha," said I, "the great Being who made that sun, and you, my friend, and me, and all things, made them in love, and for love—to be happy with trials here, and happy without trials after we are dead, for ever, and ever, and ever. You hear that, Jugurtha:—now, the great Being did not make us all with his own hand, but by his eternal law; but he made the first man and the first woman with his own hands himself—our father and our mother—and so, Jugurtha, we are all brothers and sisters—never mind colour—that come from hot sun in one country, from cold weather in other country."

Jugurtha seemed to understand me very well, and so I proceeded.

"But your first father and mother, and my first father and mother, too, whom I told you God made with his own hands, behaved very bad—did what God told them not to do, and told falsehoods, and thus sin came upon them, and upon all the race, and upon you and me, and death, too, which before sin came, was not, so, for that, we all must die."

At this announcement, the negro seemed very miserable; but this feeling I soon removed, for I continued, in this familiar manner, to explain to him, not the mysteries, but the facts of the resurrection of man, and then the ineffable and loving sacrifice of the redemption. I opened his soul to the eternal beneficence: I exalted him to immortality, and he wept genuine tears of joy.

This was not done in a moment: I had to repeat and to re-repeat—but I wearied not. I forgot my hunger and my thirst, and that I was desolate on the lone waters;—if his body was lost, I panted to save his soul: of a surety, I had then the gift of tongues:—as yet it was inspiration; and, just as the sun was setting—may God pardon me if the act was impious!—I baptized the negro with the salt and bitter waters that were destroying us, and that I thought so shortly would prove our graves.

After this ceremony, imperfect only in form and not in spirit, I prayed with him through the short twilight, and then we lay down much comforted and resigned to die, if God so willed it.

It was evident to me that the negro was sinking fast. He was much older than myself, and had toiled more, previously to the foundering of the Jane. For myself, I was labouring under over-excitement; I had spoken too much; my mind began to wander. Jugurtha was no longer the shipwrecked and dying negro, but the imperial Numidian that had battled so long with all-subduing Rome: yet I could not conceive how it was that the mighty warrior lay so quietly and so attenuated at my feet.

"Up, son of Manastabal!" I wildly exclaimed, "the Roman legions are upon thee! Why sleepest thou here? Marius, with his cohorts and his eagles, are upon thee. Charge with the Mauritanian horse—call to thy comrade, King Bocchus;—but I remembered not that thou art dumb:—a pretty king, truly!—how wilt thou plead before the Roman senate against the injured and much-wronged Adherbal?—thou wilt murder him:—very well—but have I not just baptized thee in the name of the blessed triune Deity?—and we have promised to have no more blood. Jugurtha, methinks that thou art but a sorry king after all:—what, dead?—yes:—I know that it took six days to starve thee to death, and I thank God, I have not yet seen my third of starvation." And thus my senses rambled.

I can just remember that the thought struck me amidst my coming madness, that, to hesitate longer to devour the poor dog would have been an indirect suicide, and that I was fumbling for the knife of the prostrate black, when I fell off into utter unconsciousness.

The next morning, when the sun was two hours old, I awoke, or, perhaps, I should rather say, recovered from my long swoon, mad, but with a blessed, a heavenly insanity:—the memory of it will never leave me:—it was burnt indelibly into my scorched-up brain by the seething sun. It must live while I have life; perchance, after the death of mortality, it may prove something more than a mania vision.

I arose from my recumbent posture, stiff and weak, but sweetly tranquil in mind. I looked around me, and it was calm. Even the long and measured swell of the day before had gone down. At my feet lay the negro and the dog. Pulsation was going on in each, but they were both insensible. My attempts to rouse Jugurtha produced only a lethargic motion of impatience, and I soon forbore to disturb him. Hunger, thirst, anxiety, terror, the fear of death, every feeling had disappeared excepting that of a delicious weakness; it seemed to me as if my being had travelled back to its very earliest unsinful childhood; it was an effort too much

for me to stand, so I reclined upon one of the fore-and-aft seats in the stern-sheets of the boat.

The silent stream of bliss came over my sense of existence so gently that my gratitude was vividly aroused, and I burst forth into unconscious hymnings: "Glory to thee, Everlasting;—I am here!" I exclaimed rapturously; "dost thou call for thy servant? Lo! I am ready: on the misty beam of thy sun will I ascend, and kiss the footstool of thy throne. Bountiful! I bless thee: my tongue is weak, and there are no words from my lips that are meet for thee. Who shall measure thy love, thou Illimitable in mercy? The shining bosom of thy sea is glorious in the resplendency of thy heavens,—but what is it? or the orbs that wheel everlastingly through thy firmament,—what are they? But as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, as a drop in the vast ocean, compared to the vastness of the conception of thee, even in a worm like me. Unutterable! Mysterious! none can comprehend thee; even those about thy throne are lost in awe; we know thee only as an eternal and unfathomable, illimitable principle of love. Take me to thee; lap me in the shadow of thine all-embracing wings; teach me my song of praise, that I may sing it, and my heart be glad."

I uttered rhapsodies like these, and my bosom dilated with unspoken aspirations too glowing for words;—hour passed after hour, and then, when the beams of the sun came slantingly from the heavens, methought that misty spirits travelled down them from above as on an etherial road, and they came walking on the waters, and crowding around the boat, where I lay as on my death-bed. I know it was illusion all; but how vivid, how all-glorious did those beings appear! At first, I discerned them but faintly; I passed my hands over my eyes; I attempted to rub out from them those heavenly appearances, as so many spectra that were the vain creations of a disordered organization.

But they would not depart; they pressed round and smiled upon me. Some of these beautiful shadows fanned me into coolness with their ambrosial wings, raining down fragrance the while. Each moment, they became more palpable, more real, and then a symphony of many mingled voices stole gently along the surface of the waters, and though the words were in a language never heard by me before, yet I understood them intuitively and at once, and the chorus seemed to say to me, "Brother spirit, come to thy mansion above."

And anon, the boat had changed to a cloudy car, and the figure of Jugurtha stood afar off in vast proportions on the waves, and seemed like some giant ascending into view over a far distant hill; and gradually the space between the blue water and the blue heavens seemed to decrease, nor knew I whether the one de-

scended or the other arose. At last, they fairly mingled together, and were as one; and then vast volumes of golden mists were slowly unfolding in the centre, like the ivory doors of a glorious temple, and, at one sudden burst, light the most transcendant flashed upon my brow, and entered into my very heart, which knew it at once to be the essence of the Eternal, whilst, from the four corners of the universe came reverberating thunders of harmony that syllabled out to my whirling brain the word ADORE! and then, stunned by this excess of light and of melody, I fell down senseless even where I had stood.

At that moment, had my soul actually passed away, what a glorious euthanasia!

## CHAPTER IX.

I undergo many strange metamorphoses, and, from being the skeleton of a dried-up merchant, become the skeleton of a regiment. Jugurtha shares the honours, and Bounder the plenteousness, of my present estate.

But we must now return to the severe, to the biting realities of life.

When I next became sensible to external objects, it was with a feeble, childish, and idiotic perception, but, at the same time, a truly comfortless one. Vague and indistinct visions of ship's beams, of tarry effluvia, and of strange and unfriendly faces, all dimly seen through a kind of suffocating twilight, were the first things upon which I employed my thoughts, and memory began slowly to withdraw the dark veil from between me and the past, and then the scene of what I thought my triumphant dying presented itself vividly, and afterwards all the sad occurrences of the foundered ship and my drowned companions marched in mournful array before my mental vision.

I now began to ascertain that I was in the hold of a large ship, and that I was recumbent upon a black and tattered blanket spread on the coiling of the cables. I looked upon myself, and felt disgust at the filthy rags with which I was covered, and I shuddered when I viewed my embrowned and skinny hands, and the shrunken sinews of my withered arm. I knew myself, and was wretched. I felt extremely hungry, and yet, at the same time, an irresistible disposition to sleep, to which I gave way, and was once more buried in oblivion. When I next awoke, I found myself much renovated, and, what added considerably to

my happiness, on the one side of me there was the watchful Jugurtha, and, on the other, the faithful Bounder :—I embraced them both.

In a short time, preceded by several men bearing lanterns, a party of gentlemen, accompanied by several ladies, were assisted into our dungeon, and they clustered round us with looks of as much commiseration as curiosity. The surgeon—and who does not, when ill, know a surgeon instinctively?—approached me and felt my pulse, then the beatings of my heart, after which he turned to the company, and said in very excellent Castilian—

"After all, this hideous and loathsome skeleton may live."

What a lesson for the vanity of Ardent Troughton, who, but a few weeks before, thought himself so handsome!

"Let me look at him—nay, nay—withhold me not;—I am proof against ugliness:—hold up the lantern to his face, my friend :—I have an interest in him. You all know, cruel men that you are, that you would have abandoned them as dead, had it not been for my whim;—the light higher—Jesus! what ghastliness—yet its eyes are monstrously large and fine, as I'm a Catholic! Can it speak, or is it dumb, like the two others?"

All this was uttered by a Spanish lady of radiant beauty, and, as I gazed into the sweet harmonies of her countenance, I drank in health and strength, as from a fountain of life.

"Lady!" I replied in Spanish, "the wretched merchant thanks you. Oh, give me but the air and the light of heaven :—the life you have preserved shall be devoted to you."

"There," said she, with a glorious and triumphant smile, "there; when I picked up a riven and a sapless weed upon the ocean, I acquired a devoted—which of you all, gentlemen, Spaniards though you boast yourselves, have made me a speech so gallant? By all means, Captain Mantez, let him have better accommodations."

"Has he any civil or military rank?" said the commander, tossing up his head, so as to give the crown of it, against the low beams, a smart admonitory rap.

I answered shortly in the negative, and the proud Spaniard turned round abruptly and disappeared.

My fair advocate next turned to a rough-looking man. "Surely, you, who being second in command, have a cabin so spacious, can afford room in it for this poor man, and a decent change of raiment also."

But the first mate did not appear to be much pleased with this appeal. However, he growled out to me as graciously as he could, "Are you a seaman, signor?"

I shook my head.

"You see, Donna Isidora, that my clothes would not suit him,

and my cabin is but just painted;—he will do very well here until we let go the anchor."

So he departed to perform his duties, leaving, like the Levite that passed by on the other side, the most important duty unfulfilled.

Donna Isidora, at these repulses, smiled somewhat bitterly, and now seemed determined to try, in malice, how far this inhospitable spirit would be carried; so she turned to a very effeminate and elaborately-dressed man, with two watches, or rather a watch-chain and appendages hanging from each fob, and said to him, "Well, count, for the honour of the ancient Iberian hospitality, you ought to take him into that after-cabin of your's which you have fitted out so luxuriously, and of which you are so proud."

"Is he noble?—is he an hidalgo?—has he never ridden upon an ass?"

"I think I heard him say that he was a merchant;" but, before the lady had finished her compassionate speech, the man with the old escutcheon was hobbling up the after-hatchway.

The three ladies who had accompanied Donna Isidora began to titter, and to show signs of being much amused. My champion now looked round with an amiable perplexity, in which there was, I could not help thinking, a great deal of malice, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"The Virgin be praised! here comes the padre. Take care, holy father, for this place is rather of the darkest—mind how you step—benedicite!—now you are safe, so you need hold and press my hand no longer. In good season have you come, holy father. My stray drift of the ocean turns out to be a Spaniard—Spanish, are you not, signor? You see, he assents—a Spanish merchant, who has already devoted his life to me."

The ecclesiastic snuffled out a sigh that might have been construed by those around either as the plethoric or the amorous—for the priest was very fat, and, for a celebate, very inflammable.

"And, in order to make the offering of some value to me," she continued, "you must assist to prolong it, by yielding up to him a part of your excellent berth, and procuring him some sort of decent habiliments."

"Why, beautiful daughter, if you would sometimes step into my humble cell, and watch the amendment of your protégé—for you know that I am vowed to works of brotherly love and charity—if you would step in—"

"Of course—of course."

"I have some excellent conserves—the nuns of Santa Marguerita are illustrious confectioners—may purgatory be short to

them!—and there's some noyeau from Martinique—than which only one thing is more delicious that can meet the lips," and he moistened his own most significantly. "Yes, daughter bella, charity—but I have said fine things about charity after mass—we will take the poor publican in unto my cell. Son," said he, addressing me through his nose, "doubtless thou art a child of the holy mother church, and a devout Catholic?"

"No, holy father," I replied, firmly, yet respectfully. "I am not. I was bred a Protestant."

This indiscreet avowal had a sensible effect on all around, and even the tender-hearted ladies, with the generous Isidora, recoiled a step from my miserable lair. The priest affected to be horrorstruck, lifted up his hands, and commenced muttering something in Latin, in which the words, "de hereticos—damnati sunt—in sæculis sæculorum," were very audible.

He then turned to the lady, and this imitator of the good Samaritan continued thus: "You see, my daughter, how impossible is this thing. The wretch—the horror—the thing abhorred, is chained to Satan to all eternity. It would be sacrilegious to touch him—an impiety, a sin against Heaven to relieve him."

"Unless he repent," said my gentle patroness.

"Unless he repent, and be converted—but till then—"

"Till then, he must be fed, and clothed, and tenderly administered to, to enable him to live, and do that same good work of repentance and conversion."

"I gainsay it not, my daughter; but ill would it become me, to take, as it were, into my bosom a heretic, and a contemner of truth. Now, lady, this poor dumb negro, who never heard, probably, of the name of the Saviour, is ten millions of times a superior being to this Lutheran monster—he is no Protestant, and I may therefore assist him."

"I beg your pardon, reverend sir, he is also a Protestant, for I baptized him myself, after the ritual of the reformed church, as well as I could remember it, when I thought him dying in the boat in which you found us."

At this bold disclosure, the priest actually fled as fast as his weight would permit, crying out with horror, that I believe was unfeigned, "Blasphemy! blasphemy! a sin against the Holy Ghost."

During all this there was an eager spectator of this curious scene. It was the surgeon, a sallow and a dark-browed man, who seemed to hold his thoughts in bonds, and that looked with contempt alternately upon both the priest and myself. However, whilst the divine was preaching charity, the silent surgeon was himself nourishing me with sago.

When I had finished this recruiting preparation, I thanked him

warmly, and then added, "Compassionate signor, though, as yet, you have not spoken to me, and your looks have not encouraged me, it is from you only that I have received substantial benefit; all that I ask from the hospitality of this ship is the plainest food, fresh air, and a sail upon the half-deck; and when I reach my home at Barcelona, for this trifling succour every party concerned shall be amply repaid."

"God forbid," said Donna Isidora, "that you should think so meanly of us! Speak, Julien," said she, turning to a very young and a very handsome man, upon whose arm she was leaning, "speak to your unfortunate Christian countryman, and let your own nobleness and Castilian honour supply you with words."

The youth repaid her for this confiding speech with a look eloquent in affection, and then, turning to me, said, with a slight tremulousness in his tone, that proved his heart was touched, "Stranger, and my friend—I welcome you to my board, to my wardrobe—to all I possess—tell me not who you are till you part with me in health and in peace—I will, till then, recognize in you only the dignity of misfortune."

"And your own own," said I, grasping his extended hand. "But, noble Spaniard, the wretch that thus lies degraded here before you, will presume to make terms with you, and, without a compliance with them, he cannot avail himself of your generosity. From these associates," pointing to the negro and the dog, "I have vowed never to depart—for know, illustrious signor, we were three days together starving in the midst of the ocean, and did not eat each other."

"Do you hear, Isidora," said Julien, "they did not eat each other? The reason is good."

"Oh!" said she smiling, "the plea is unanswerable."

"We shall be somewhat crowded, signor, certainly; but as you did not eat each other, why, we *must* make room. O Isidora!" said he, as he was retiring with the lady, "do not smile at the poor merchant's plea. It was something—it was much—that, in a situation so horrible, the white man spared the black; but, that both should have spared the dog—by heavens; it was magnanimous! That merchant shall be my friend."

Sweetly did those words fall upon my crushed spirit. I was rewarded, yea, more than indemnified, for all my past sufferings.

In a very short space of time we three were removed into the ample and airy cabin of Julien, all our wants attended to, and nothing left undone that, under the circumstances, could add to our comforts. In fact, the whole berth was given up to us, the proprietor sleeping elsewhere. He visited me continually, and the lady Isidora looked in most graciously sometimes. One thing,

however, puzzled me a little; each visit that they paid me caused them to gaze with increasing astonishment upon me; but their astonishment was mingled with symptoms of genuine pleasure and triumph.

After I had been the inmate of this cabin for about a fortnight, during which I and my suite had eaten enormously, Julien and Isidora gave me the flattering intelligence, that myself and companions seemed, to be totally forgotten by almost every one in the ship, and they begged me for the present to deny myself the pleasure of walking the decks, at least during the day-light, stating, as one of the principal reasons for their wish of my adopting this line of conduct, that we might avoid the enmity of the ecclesiastic.

Of course, to benefactors such as these, I could deny nothing. So I became, in some sort, a willing prisoner in my cabin. At this interview, I gained the intelligence that the ship in which I was had formerly been a Spanish sixty-four, that she was now armed *en flûte*, and, though not regularly commissioned, was commanded by a captain of the royal navy of Spain; the other officers and crew being similar to those employed in the merchant service. It had come from Lima, and had on board of her many passengers, and a considerable quantity of troops of the line. She was also richly laden, and I understood that there was no small degree of apprehension on board as to her meeting either with French or English cruizers. Indeed, at that time, every Spaniard was liable to be accosted in the bombast of ancient Pistol, "Under which king, Bezonian—speak, or die?" For, at this crisis, Joseph was reigning at Madrid, and Ferdinand, though in France, together with the English, was reigning over most of the provinces. Don Mantez, the commander, had, therefore, till he reached Cadiz, resolved to be all things to all men. However, he had not much occasion to make use of his diplomacy, as the English cruizers alone were upon the seas, and to these only had he to give an account of himself.

Don Julien had learned incidentally from my conversation, that I had come from England, and, when the ship met with the first British man-of-war, he was considerate enough to ask me if I wished to communicate with her. As my intentions were to get to Spain, and to Barcelona with all despatch, I declined the offer. Whether this proceeding made a favourable impression upon him or not, at that time I could not tell.

At length we arrived off Cadiz; and heaving to, several boats, containing various military and naval officers, came on board, and, for several hours, the decks, both above and below, were crowded with persons in brilliant uniforms, for an arrival like our's was an affair of some singularity, and of consequence to the

Spaniards. Just at this time, Don Mantez, the captain condescended to remember that he had taken my miserable self, and my as miserable suite, on board. Consequently, he sent for Julien, as he afterwards informed me, and addressed him thus.

"Don Julien de Aranjuez, I understand that you have been harbouring in your cabin that miserable, beggarly, and heretic Spaniard that we picked up at sea with the black and the dog. I have nothing to say to it. Your cabin for the voyage is your private property—you certainly have paid for it handsomely—but it is my duty to put on shore these miserable infidels; from their appearance, they must be the lowest of the low—let the blackguards depart."

"Don Mantez, none such are now on board. I certainly have two friends in my cabin, and to whom, with your permission, I shall give a passage to Barcelona."

"Don Julien, you are heartily welcome. Will you and your friends dine with us to-day? As we shall not sail eastward until seven this evening, his excellency, the governor and suite, will do my poor board the honour of their presence. And so you rid yourself as soon as you could from your mendicant pensioners. Truly you were wise. We shall see you at three o'clock."

Julien, accompanied by his blooming cousin Isidora, now entered their cabin, their countenances radiant with mirth and self-satisfaction. After a few compliments between my lady preserver and myself, Julien rather rudely pushed her out of the cabin, and then, immediately opening one of his large iron-bound chests, produced a magnificent costume of a colonel of hussar cavalry.

"Here my friend, quick, dress yourself in some of these, my vanities,—leave nothing: I order it. And here, my black merry face, whip me on this embroidered jacket—now the Turkish trousers and red boots; put this muslin turban on a little on one side. He'll do—he'll do. Here Sambo, look at your manifold beauties in this glass! Holy mother! but he seems born to it!"

When Jugurtha beheld himself in the mirror, he pranced about with delight, and much to our confusion in the confined space of the berth, whilst the mutilated remains of this tongue made a shrill, vibratory sound, not unlike the clashing of cymbals.

When I had finished my toilet, Julien walked round and round me with pride and satisfaction. "Ignatio! but you are superb. Three weeks have done the wonders of years. I hardly dare let Isidora see you! My life for it, you are a gentleman—and you'll be an excellent Catholic soon, for 'twere a pity that a man with so noble, so distinguished an air, should be a heretic. Now, my dear sir, it is the only confidence I will require of you till we separate. What is your lordship's appellation!"

"No lord, good Julien—in sooth, but a simple gentleman—by name, Ardent Troughton."

"Ardent Troug—Troot—Trotoon—it is dangerous to the teeth—it will never do—the name is positively impossible—at least to the mouth of any thing but a Saxon. Do me the singular favour to repeat it."

"Ardent Troughton."

"Ah! it is downright barbarous, and should be English; but by your air—your complexion—your speech—English you cannot be."

"No," said I, "I am native-born of Spain."

"It rejoices me to hear it. But we must make your name more Spanish. What think you of Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla! Will you remember it—Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla?"

"I will try."

"And you have lately arrived at Cadiz from a secret mission to the court of Persia, with your mute; and you are now desirous of visiting, before you return to finish your negociations, your château near Barcelona."

"And his excellency the ambassador's luggage."

"I have taken care of that in my cabin. Now, steal out, and mingle with the crowd of poking fools in uniforms and canonicals, that are thrusting themselves in every corner of the between decks, and take care to come on the quarter-deck with the largest bevy of them that you can. I'll go before to receive you."

"Jugurtha," said I, as I left the cabin, "stick close to me, and when I speak, do you salaam me, as in your own country."

The negro grinned a willing assent from ear to ear.

I and Jugurtha soon, in the imperfect light of the between decks, mingled unnoticed with the crowd of curious visitors, and my accoutrements jingling harmoniously, I ascended to the quarter-deck. No sooner had I gained footing upon it, than Don Julien stepped forward, and, taking me very respectfully by the hand, led me up first to the governor, and then to the captain, introducing me as "His Excellency Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla, lately from the court of Persia."

We bowed to each other diplomatically, arms were presented by the guard, and the band struck up with the constitutional air.

I was then led to the ladies, and bland smiles and honeyed words met me from all quarters. When presented to the Donna Isidora, she drily remarked, "that she had seen somebody very like me before, and that she thought my complexion had been a little spoiled by exposure to the sun."

No one recognized us, and Jugurtha and I were the admiration of every body. The captain only was a little annoyed that I should

have come on board without being perceived. The day passed merrily. All was gaiety, and courtesy, and gallantry—we dined under an awning of flags on the quarter-deck, and Jugurtha waited assiduously, and with tolerable expertness, behind my chair. About six the party broke up, the visitors went on shore, and sail was made upon the vessel.

When every thing was put to rights, sail shortened and trimmed for the night, the passengers, the military officers, and myself, retired with the captain into the state cabin. Father Xavier, the priest, was most attentive to me, indeed; he divided his discourse between the Donna Isidora and myself. We then had some very good music, and singing that would have done honour to any amateur party.

Taking advantage of a pause in our amusements, the captain approached to where Isidora, the padre, and myself, were seated, and, after several compliments and apologies, begged to be informed in what manner it had escaped his notice when I came on board.

"Indeed, Don, I've no recollection of the matter: it has quite escaped my notice, too. But I suppose," said I, with all the *nonchalance* of a superior, "that some of your people handed me up the side."

"I am sure of it," said the lady archly.

"But truly grieved am I, that I was not at the gangway to receive you."

"But I do not think that you were so remiss. However, I did not much mark my reception. Was the gallant captain present when I first made my appearance on board, lady?"

"Most certainly; and in a detestable humour. He swore awfully. It was a happy thing that you did not hear him. I would not have answered for the consequences."

Don Mantez began to twirl his mustachios and look pugnacious, as well as mystified, when his tormentor, perceiving that she might carry her banter too far, said, "Do not, captain, suppose for one moment that when the Don came on board, you lost sight of your natural character; you acted up to it:—the gentleman, for reasons that I dare say he can explain, came on board under an impenetrable disguise, and from a very humble conveyance."

"Consequently," said the captain, "I am pardoned for any unintentional neglect," bowing very low.

"Completely," said I, with a patronizing air, and the conversation dropped.

It may be well supposed that I enjoyed the liberty and the fresh breezes now at my command, and, instead of retiring to our cots, Julien, Isidora, and myself, grouped ourselves apart upon the poop, and conversed till long past midnight. I then prevailed

upon my kind host to forego his scruples, founded upon his chivalrous notions of hospitality, and to listen to every particular of my life. He did so with an attention the most absorbed, and parts of my narrative beguiled his beautiful betrothed of many tears. When I had finished, they both extended to me the hand of friendship, and were profuse in their offers of assistance. Alas! they little knew how much themselves stood in need of it.

They were both descendants from the same noble Catalonian family, possessing large estates in South America. The cry of independence, accompanied by all the ferocities of a civil and exterminating war, had long been raised in the American possessions of Spain. Don Julien had commanded a cavalry regiment —had fought,—and now that the struggle seemed all but hopeless, was bringing his beautiful cousin, and much of their mutual wealth in specie, to their native country. After their espousals and the placing of his wife in a situation of safety, it was his intention either to join the struggle for Spanish independence at home, or again to go to America, and discover what might yet be saved of the paternal estates. They had in their infancy resided in the vicinity of Barcelona, but though they could remember the names of several of the families in the city, they had no recollection of that of my father.

The disguise that Julien had compelled me to assume was still persevered in—none were in the secret but ourselves and the faithful domestic of the cousins, who had supplied all our wants whilst we were confined to the cabin ; and it was generally thought throughout the ship that the two wretches that had been picked up at sea had stolen away in a shoreboat at Cadiz, for some very good reasons best known to themselves, but not over-honourable to the parties. As to Bounder, he, fattened up as well as his companions, had the whole run of the vessel, and became a general favourite. Indeed, Captain Mantez had expressed his intention of keeping the fine animal, against which I vehemently entered my silent protest.

After a short and prosperous voyage, we cast anchor outside of the harbour of Barcelona.

## CHAPTER X.

I find the usual disadvantages of duplicity. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but they sometimes make foolish men. I ruffle mine at my departure, and arrive, at length, in no very amicable temper, in my native land.

Behold me looking from the decks of the ship upon the mountains of my native Spain, and the towers and the spires of my paternal city; my heart, my feelings, all my associations, entirely English. There stood Troughton, formerly known by the lamb-like epithet of Quiet, flaunting in a red-hot and gaudy military uniform, attended by a still more gaudily appareled mute, health throbbing with all its tumultuous wishes and aspirations through his veins, whilst a latent fierceness of temperament was gradually and surely bracing up his heart to that rigidity that makes the will zealously obey the passions, and work out sternly all their wild decrees.

Though my position was, at this period, a little awkward, I did not, at first, find it unpleasing—it was romantic enough, and, to others, I might make it as mysterious as I chose. The apparent colonel of cavalry, and the announced (though not by myself) envoy extraordinary, returned from the court of Persia, was, it is true, no more than the supercargo of a vessel and its lading, both of which were, no doubt, held in equilibrio, far down in the bosom of the fathomless sea; penniless, and without vouchers as to my identity, I felt some reluctance to present myself in my father's mansion. For what had I to bring him in lieu of all his expected wealth? Nothing but a horrible story of shipwreck, sufferings, and death.

As I reflected, this loathing to seek his mansion and his blessing came upon me so strongly, that I grew first alarmed, and then very melancholy, accusing myself of wanting those sweet and natural affections, which make the substratum of almost all the happiness of this world. My thoughts grew bitter, as I was pensively leaning over the taffrail; and, no doubt, the expression of my countenance reflected them accurately, for I was roused from my sad reverie by the gentle pressure of the hand of Donna Isidora on my shoulder, who, with her gallant and gay young lover, I found was standing by my side.

"When," said she, smiling, "will his Excellency Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla choose to cast the cloud from off his brow; and condescend to permit the Barcelonians to sun themselves in his presence?"

"Ah! when indeed?" said Julien. "We have been some time endeavouring to rally our energies before we dared approach your excellency. What hosts were you destroying in your imagination? or whom were you condemning to death, in the black tribunal of your thoughts! You were looking both fierce and frightful."

"Fierce, but not frightful," said the lady; "but it is my will that you do not look fierce. I have some rights in you—you are my waif—mine by the right of what the English call flotsom and jetsom—for none but myself would have picked such a withered weed out of the water."

"Isidora!"

"True, Julien; but you are nobody. You know very well that, notwithstanding your proud look, Captain Mantez would not, do all that you could, at your intercession, have had these poor folks brought on board."

"Why?" said I, sharply, for the first time breaking silence.

"Because," said she, hesitatingly, as if ashamed that one who might call himself her countryman should be so inhuman—"because he thought, by the construction of the coffin—(a boat I think you call it, which contained you)—that you were English."

"Ah! did he indeed? May Heaven forget me, if I remember not this!"

"Ardent Troughton," said my monitress mildly, but emphatically, "I fear me that your thoughts are evil—I never saw you so disturbed before. My friend, reflect upon the awful fate of that brave James Gavel, over whom you have so lately made me weep. I did not wish, by my jesting, to call upon your brow a spot so large and so red. If you will not permit me to claim you wholly as my bondsman, still I have my right of salvage in you—an eighth, I believe—so I shall select my share and take your face—so unruffle it, if you please."

"O! not the face," said I, vehemently, "but the arm; and in all honourable and brotherly service, the heart also."

As I thus spoke, Julien shook me cordially by the hand, and the almond-shaped and large dark eyes of Isidora swam in a brilliant moisture, through which a strange and lambent fire seemed struggling. I did not understand it.

"Well," said Julien, laughing, "now that we have finished our heroics, will your excellency condescend to embark? Captain Mantez waits to take leave of you in his cabin. The first cutter is manned for you alongside, and your suite is already in the boat."

"And the dog? no inconsiderable member of what you are pleased to call my suite."

"O! the captain has taken that fine animal into especial favour —he intends to keep him."

"Then, Don Julien, he shall keep me—we go together. But, really, in all sincerity, and indeed in all sorrow, I am truly grieved that I ever assumed this disguise, and am eager to throw it off. Had I known your intentions in thus tricking out me and poor dumb Jugurtha in these false colours, I could never have lent myself to the generous deception. You know that you introduced me as the Persian envoy before I was aware of your purpose, and I could not compromise you. My heart, to its very core, thanks you for your benevolent motives—and loves you for them, too, my dear Julien—but let me rid myself of this disguise at once, if it be possible."

"It is not possible."

"Then am I truly sorry for it. You are an hidalgo—noble by birth, and of high rank in your country's military service—I am nothing but a merchant—not yet even that—for my father may choose to continue me, for some time, in his counting-house."

"You a clerk in a counting-house, with that lofty and haughty air!—that very military look!--the thing is absurd; but really, Ardent, you are unkind thus to force upon me your self-disparagements. I have taken you as my friend—we are equal. I confess to you that this masquerading has become a little awkward;—but we must still persevere in it, till we have got you on shore; you may then shake off my despised finery, the envoy will vanish on a secret mission, and Signor Troughton may disclaim for ever, in a sober suit of black, all acquaintance with Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla; but, for my sake, leave the ship in full honours."

"For your sake, any thing."

Julien thanked me by a pressure of the hand, and Isidora, still more eloquently, by a glance of those beautiful eyes, that might madden the wise, and make the mad tame, so benignly soft was their expression.

At this moment the valet of our thrice-puissant captain came on another embassy, to invite us to a farewell collation in the cabin. Conquering, for the sake of my noble friends, the great dislike I had taken to this commander, I entered his cabin, received with a dignified suavity the place of honour, drank the necessary toasts, and made the customary speeches.

But there was one below that welcomed me with heart-cordiality, and that was poor Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, who was, much to his displeasure, chained up in one corner of the cabin. His expressions of delight at seeing me were frantic; and when I was about to depart, they became, by their violence, incommodious to the company. Indeed, the priest, Xavier, had cursed him through all the forms of the Catholic church, for, in going the length of his chain, Bounder had, in his evolutions to approach me, twisted it round the right leg of the ecclesiastic,

fairly wrenched him from his chair, and flung him prostrate upon the deck beneath the table.

"That dog seems strangely attached to you," said Mantez, as we were rising.

"He was more strangely attached this moment to the worthy padre," I replied.

"May the brute be macerated into ten thousand pieces of undying agony!" said the Christian priest: "the abomination has rasped of the skin from my shin, from the knee to the instep—see how the blood is oozing through my worsted stockings—I must to the surgeon's. A curse upon the beast, and upon—all those who laugh at the sufferings of the church of Christ."

"You see, Don Mantez," said I, "that the poor animal has been anathematized by the very patient and apostolic father—no good can now come upon his devoted head—he will bring misfortune to all, wherever he may be. So, with your permission, I will even take him on shore with me."

"Not so, your excellency—I have taken a fancy to the dog, and cannot part with him." Then, looking sternly at the padre, he continued—for the captain was a bit of a Tartar, "if the good father has cursed the dog, he shall uncurse him—if he has placed a ban upon his head, for his own pleasure, he shall take it off for mine—and for whatever fees the church may reasonably demand. No, no, we will keep the dog; and when the fine fellow gets a little more tame and used to us, let me see the man who will dare, then, to excommunicate and damn him to hell. In any thing else I should be most happy to oblige your excellency."

"But the dog is mine."

"Your's!"

"Yes—I——"

But here I was very seasonably interrupted by Isidora placing her hand playfully on my lips, and exclaiming, "Don Trompe Hilla, when I get on shore to my uncle's, I will indemnify you for the failure of your request, by giving you two pugs and a poodle—the latter as well trimmed as our gallant captain's whiskers."

"Ah, señora! you may say any thing," said the captain.

"I have said too much," thought I; "and yet cannot give up my noble friend, upon whose back I rested in the wild sea, when I was struggling hard with death."

"Will you sell the dog?" said I, forgetting that I was not possessed of a single farthing. The captain looked seriously offended.

"When I sell my honour, not till then," was the laconic reply.

I could do nothing more without betraying the *ruse* of Julien, which might have been attended with unpleasant consequences to my generous friends; so Mantez and I bowed to each other stiffly enough, and each wishing the other the moderate wish that

he might live a thousand years, we all repaired to the deck previously to our going in the boats.

But, as I ascended the quarter-deck ladder, the piteous, the almost human howl of the deserted animal, went through my bosom like the cry of a drowning brother. I hurried into my boat with Don Julien de Aranjuez and Donna Isidora, and there I found Jugurtha waiting for me. Before we shoved off, Captain Mantez was also seated in his barge, the dog howling all this time, so as to be distinctly heard, and my choler rising rapidly.

I looked forward, and there I saw my mute, in his oriental costume, fumbling with the poniard that he carried in his vest, and looking with more than a demon's hate at the captain. I had seen before, but had not much remarked upon, similar looks that the negro had bestowed upon Mantez. But now, sitting as he was, directly facing me, he made me shudder, by the more than infernal spite that contorted every feature.

Now, Spanish seamen are not very expert in the management of their boats. It was blowing rather fresh, with a little ruffling sea, and the two boats did not free themselves immediately from each other, but were dropping together astern, and I was all this time agonized by the howling of the dog. In spite of all my endeavours to keep down my passion, the black drop of blood in my heart was fast expanding itself, and driving me into fury. At one howl, more piteous than any I had yet heard, forgetting the risk that I ran, and my two noble-hearted preservers, between whom I was sitting, I started upon my feet in the stern-sheets of the boats, and lifting my hands in a menacing attitude, I shouted, "Mantez, by G—d I must and will have that dog! Men, pull on board."

The boats, at this moment, were almost clear of each other, when Jugurtha, the moment I spoke, with a savage shriek of joy, reached over, and seized hold of the gunnel of that in which was the commander. Mantez also started up in an ungovernable rage, and, as well as he could, from the multiplicity of his oaths, ordered the men in our boat to put us on shore immediately.

This, however, could not be done by the crew whilst the negro grappled so firmly with the bow of Mantez's own boat. The confusion in both boats was very great. Isidora leaned back in a state almost of insensibility, and Julien was vainly employed in attempts to make me sit down. The crews of both the barge and cutter, imitating their commander, began to swear also, and then was the contention of voices, the splashing of oars, and the vociferating of contradictory orders by every one. Jugurtha, however, held on, and thus both boats drifted astern, directly under the windows of the cabin, the boat that contained myself and friends still being the outermost.

Mantez must have been dreadfully enraged indeed, for he actually took his cigar out of his mouth, in order to enunciate his curses the more emphatically. We had not thus drifted many yards astern of the vessel, than, remembering the uncommon strength of the dog, I cried out at the top of my voice, "Bounder! Bounder! here, boy! here!"

I had hardly finished my call, when I beheld the faithful animal, like a flying griffin, with his iron chain trailing behind him, darting through the window-sashes of the cabin, the glass spinning in all directions, and in consequence of the height and the projectile force that he had given himself in the leap, he came into the water with a tremendous splash, close to the quarter of the boat where Captain Mantez was still standing and passionately swearing; and before he had time to recover from the effects of this sudden shower-bath, Bounder was in the boat, and, overthrowing every impediment to get at me, the captain was crushed down in the stern-sheets, drowned with water from the saturated hair of the dog, and the chain dragged ruthlessly over his face, blooding his nose and blackening his eyes. With another spring, which he took from the face of the prostrate commander, he was in the boat, and at my feet, lavishing upon me every token of rapture.

At this, Jugurtha gave his shrill, metallic-sounding shriek of triumph, and, letting go his hold of the other boat, clapped his hands for very pleasure. At the sudden fall of the captain, the crews of both boats indulged in a prolonged shout of merriment, which was more than half derision, and the boats were some distance asunder before Mantez arose, and displayed his countenance, covered with blood. He spoke not. Looking at me fixedly, he clenched the fist of his right hand, then extending his thumb, he pointed it, with several jerks, significantly downwards.

"Ardent Troughton," said Julien, "that man will assassinate you."

"Never fear, Julien; I will be on my guard."

Just then, so pleased was I with my triumph, that I cared for nothing. However, no sooner did my feet again touch the Spaish soil, than more serious ideas occupied my every thought. Without any mutual explanation, instead of endeavouring to find our respective homes, we went to the English hotel: and in what foreign town of note is there not one that rejoices in that denomination?

## CHAPTER XI.

Being almost purely descriptive, may only be glanced at by those who suppose that they know every thing, or those that think they already know enough; and, as these two classes compose the entirety of the reading public, the pages of this chapter will remain the cleanest in the work.

After Julien had seen his luggage, that the boat's crew had brought from the boat, safely stowed away, and that Donna Isidora had retired to make some repairs in her toilette, for Bounder, in his joy, had wetted us all thoroughly, we debated long and anxiously upon my future proceedings. What was the result of these deliberations, the sequel of this auto-biography will show.

Shortly after our arrival at the English hotel, and when I had just got Jugurtha and Bounder properly housed—indeed I may say concealed—a lumbering, heavy, and gilded vehicle, drawn by five mules, drove up to the door, and a solemn, though kindly-looking, old gentleman alighted. Of course I was too wise to make my appearance, seeing that I was so shortly to shake off my dignified titles. However, I had a good view of the Don from the window. In about half an hour he drove away, taking with him Isidora and the old female cousin of many removes, who had attended her on ship-board, and served her at once as a companion and scandal-scarer.

"That old noble," said Julien, "who has just taken my cousin home with him, is named Don Manuel Alvazez, and is maternal uncle to us both. You know that we are orphans. Isidora has, like most of the daughters of the improvident hidalgoes of this distracted country, no fortune whatever; what little remained of her father's patrimonial estates, her two brothers have long dissipated. And I, Julien, excepting a few small bags of doubloons, am no better off. I learn from my uncle, that our French King of Spain, Joseph, has not only seized my hereditary and only estate in old Castile, but has actually given it to one of his generals. Spain is now no country for me."

"Why, dear Julien, did you not accompany your cousin to your uncle's?"

"What! and leave you here! I informed him that a friend of mine, a fellow passenger, expected a cartel from Captain Mantez, and that, in honour, I was bound to see you through the affair."

I could only reiterate my sense of the many obligations by which he had bound me to him. We spent the day together at

the inn, and Mantez, though he must have known from his boat's crew where we were, sent no challenge.

As the evening approached, I entreated Julien to leave me, asking him only to lend me the most quiet suit of plain clothes that he possessed. I well knew that he was languishing for the company of his beautiful cousin, and I pointed out to him that I could not long support the fictitious character that he had caused me, so unintentionally on my part, to assume.

" You know, Julien," I continued, " that I will not go to my father's, until I can prove to him that I am my father's son."

" Well, Ardent," was his kind reply, " I know that, in all this, you will act with that solidity of judgment that you possess. Come with me to my bed-room, that I may take leave of Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla."

I was soon attired in a well-fitting suit of sables. The heavy black whiskers were shaved away, the fierce mustachios and the favori disappeared, and, involving my neck in a white handkerchief, I was again almost disguised. In the meek civilian that stood before him, Julien could no longer recognize the *militaire*, bearded like the pard.

" I can now," said he laughing, " well understand why you were once called Quiet Troughton. You appear as calm and as thoughtful as a stoic philosopher. I am sure, without they look steadily into your face, none of the crew of the ship from which you landed, not even Mantez, would recognize you. But we must furnish so respectable a person with pocket-money. Here, take this bag of doubloons; it is a small one truly, but it will last you until you are recognized by your father."

" We will not mar," said I, " the tranquillity of our perfect friendship by any great pecuniary obligation. I will take ten only of these; it is enough—not another word—I will give you an order for them on the house of Falck and Co. in Lothbury. But you must allow me to antedate it—there—I assure you that it is negociable."

" I take your security, Ardent, only in order that I may relieve your mind. But it strikes me, that as you have told me that you have been in the habit of corresponding, at intervals, with your family, that you might identify yourself to your father by means of your autograph, which, I see, is by no means a bad one, and decidedly English."

" No, I cannot take this step. I cannot submit myself to the cross-examination that a wary merchant might deem necessary; and when at length I had struck a balance in my favour, to use the language of the ledger, to be acknowledged doubtingly, and perhaps treated with caution until some person shall come, or circumstance transpire, to verify my *ipse dixit*. Now, Julien,

the only favour that at present I ask of you is, to tell the people in the house that the military officer, his man, and dog, have suddenly and privately departed for Madrid, and to stay here just one half hour after I have taken my departure. Give me your address. I will not fail to acquaint you at the earliest opportunity of my whereabouts."

After this, I immediately went out, and purchased for Jugurtha a seaman's jacket and trowsers, and having returned and equipped him in them, we both went and made our *adieux* to Don Julien. I then cautioned the negro fully as to his conduct, forbidding him, on any account, to rove about the streets, and to take care to keep, for the present, Bounder in-doors with him. Having waited till it was tolerably dark, we went forth in search of another inn. This we soon found; and having, with much difficulty, procured two dark, private rooms, one for myself, and the other for my attendant, and ordering supper at nine o'clock, I was determined again to change my habiliments.

As I sate at the window of the hotel where we first alighted, which was situated in the principal street of the town—a noble one, certainly, of more than a mile long, broad, and handsome, and ornamented with a row of tall poplars on either side—as I sate at this window, when towards evening the inhabitants began to emerge from their dwellings, I observed many groups of young men in very tattered and much-patched long, dark cloaks, and large, battered cocked-hats. Their appearance was decidedly clerical, and this was increased by their not hesitating to beg of the better-dressed persons whom they met. These cloaked gentry, Julien had informed me, were students from the University of Valencia, who had begged their way from their college, to enjoy, during the heats of summer, the cooler atmosphere of the sea-washed Barcelona. I had an excellent view of many of these future lawyers and doctors; for, in this street, the middle of the road is appropriated as a lounge for foot-passengers, whilst the carriages passed to and fro on both sides close to the houses.

As one of these students I determined to disguise myself. Sallying out from my inn, I had not wandered far before I came to a frippier's, and was soon accommodated with a cloak and hat, at a very small disbursement indeed. I then purchased the ample national cloak, and returned to the inn, supped, and slept.

The whole of the next day I occupied, dressed as a student, in perambulating the town, looking into the various churches, threading its narrow, though clean streets, and in vainly endeavouring to recall to my recollection some spot that had been familiar to my childhood. One circumstance gave me a little uneasiness; I made several inquiries for the abode of the English merchant, Signor Troughton; but none either knew it, or the

name. This did not, however, long prey upon my mind, though I should have felt a deep satisfaction in gazing even upon the walls that contained my father, my mother, and my sister Honoria; upon all of whom my fancy had been strangely at work.

In these wanderings I occupied the morning, and at two o'clock I went and dined at the *Mesa Redonda* of the first hotel of the place. Little as I care for these things, I found the dinner ample, good, and various, and the company very promiscuous. There I learnt all the rumours of the day, among which the retreat of Sir John Moore, and the asserted advance of another body of French forces upon Catalonia. Every one spoke cautiously, excepting those who were decidedly of the French party. They, indeed were clamorous enough. I listened to, and treasured up, every thing I heard.

In the afternoon I visited the public walk, which was crowded to excess; and this was the first time that I had a fair opportunity of scrutinizing the Spanish ladies, arrayed in their graceful national dress. They certainly made a most pleasing impression upon me; and, though they were all attired so nearly alike, that they might have been mustered into a goodly regiment, I asked for no variety to break the uniformity. This costume consisted, at that time, of a plain black silk gown, sitting tightly to the figure, and wondrous and wisely short in the skirts—for the Spanish soil is trod by feet, and beautified by ancles, that would adorn the courts of heaven—and the coquettish and aggravating mantilla, falling gracefully over the head, now partially veiling an eye that would, however, still dart its fire through the meshes of the dark lace, and now setting off the pure and transparent brown of the throat of some, or contrasting with the delicate whiteness of the skin of others. When you add to this, that each lady bore in her small hand a fan, that seemed really to be the legitimate wand of the Graces, now languidly opened, coquetting with the zephyrs, now closed with a sharp report, at if awakening the allegiance of love to a fresh sense of its duty, now waving away from the presence a bore or a *pesado*, now beckoning around the lovely owner the modest youths, who waited only for the gracious signal to come and pay their adorations, in the soft utterance of their "pasiega senoras." As the Spanish *lechugina* can do any thing with her fan but cool herself, she generally employs it in the warming of others.

Then the walk of these *señoritas!* How in heaven do they manage it? Talk about dancing as being the poetry of motion —what poetry? Perhaps an artiste, who lives on the toes and heels of his fellow-creatures, will tell you that in the epic is represented the stately minuet—in the ode, with its strophes and antistrophes, is figured out the quadrille, with its variations and

sets—that the Bacchanalian song is nothing more than a Scotch reel set to words—that a tender anacreontic is only a bad imitation of the valse—and that there is no poetry in the world that can adequately express the energy of an Irish jig, with the exception of the mad lyrics of some modern whiskey-drinking Pindar. Yes, we may grant that dancing *is* the poetry of motion; but the walk of a true Spanish lady is something more. Old father Earth must be in ecstacies at having such sweet little pit-a-pattings soothing his aged bosom, when the Spanish donnas condescend to walk upon it.

I looked upon my countrywomen, and grew proud.

But this monotony of costume did not extend to the male portion of the promenaders. There was the stout and tall Catalonian, with his gay and variously-ornamented jacket, with his lawless gait, and his mountaineer look: his wide and loose trowsers bound to his waist with his red sash, from which emerged the haft of his cuchillo, (dagger-knife,) to every male Spaniard as necessary as the fan to the lady. Nor did the long white cap, hanging half-way down the back, *outre* as is the article itself, alter or deteriorate from his picturesque and martial appearance.

Crossing him with a haughty stare, or passing him with an ambitious stride, appeared the swarthy Andalusian, even more gay, and a great deal more refined. Not so tall, nor so broad as the Catalonian, his slender and graceful figure seemed formed only of layers of muscles. Evidently of Moorish origin, his bushy whiskers, black as the darkest shades in the raven's wing, add a graceful terror to his darkling features. The Andalusian is, with all this ferocity of appearance, decidedly a beau. He is attired *point device*—nothing like carelessness in any part of his equipment. You can discover no flaw—no soil in his light and small jacket, not a particle of grease or dust in his tonish-looking figured hat; whilst his breeches and gaiters, wrought all over with curious figures, seem, so closely do they fit him, as nothing more than an outside and elegantly-tattooed skin.

But this superfluity of gaiety, and lavish expenditure of colours, were strongly contrasted by the primitive simplicity of the Valentian peasant, that actually, *sans culottes*, passed, unconscious of a blush, among the brilliant knots of Barcelonian fashion. The honest man wore nothing but a single and simple white garment, by no means so neatly finished, or so tastefully worked, as a Kentish smock-frock, which, lashed round his waist, reaching nearly to his knees, left his sun-burnt, mahogany-coloured legs bare, his feet bearing sandles of the rudest construction. He also wore a white cap, but neither was it full or pendulous, like the flowing vanity of the Catalonian.

The scene was also diversified by the various uniforms of the

military, the wide-spreading hats of the *canonigos*, and here and there, by the beggarly garments of the Carmelite monk, the rope-cinctured grey vest of the Cordelier, and the rosy gills of the jolly Benedictine. But, at this period, monachism was in ill odour, and the brethren moved through the crowd stealthily, casting around them such looks of alarm, as plainly proved that they were not yet ripe for martyrdom. The beggars were bold, vociferous, and elaborately disgusting.

As I looked in silence on this scene, which had all the variety and *bizarre* appearance of a masquerade, my joy in my native country, which the sight of the females had inspired, was materially diminished; so I strolled forth from this peacock-pacing crowd, who were thus, in full-blown vanity, displaying their fine and their nasty feathers, beyond the lines that surround Barcelona, that I might satiate my gaze upon the noble range of mountains that rose behind the town, and which, extending from north to south, as far as eye can reach, are covered with verdure to their very summits.

There was peace, and even exaltation, in the contemplation. Musing on the singularity of my position, and generally disregarding the heartspoken salutations of the country people whom I met, the sun had nearly hidden himself behind the hills before I thought of turning my face homewards; the consequence of which was, that the evening, with its misty and purpled twilight, had gathered round me, when I found myself under the high promontory, on which the extensive fortifications frown, that command the harbour and awe the city.

When I was fairly within the shadow of this cannon-clad hill, it had become so dark, that it was hard to recognize even an acquaintance, and I found, what wanderers are generally apt to do, that I had lost my way. Luckily, I discovered a person enveloped in the usual cloak, and, touching my cocked-hat respectfully, I advanced towards him, in order that I might receive directions how to gain the nearest gate.

"You are welcome, Sir Student," said the gentleman, "in the name of St. Luke, and the other holy evangelists," thrusting a Spanish dollar into my hand. "Now leave me, kind sir, for I would be alone."

## CHAPTER XII.

My piety is awakened; but I go to the wrong church. My devotions are less satisfactory to me than I anticipated. Cathedrals were built more for sinners than for saints.

By the voice of my accoster, mentioned in the last chapter, I immediately knew the speaker to be my benevolent young friend Julien, and mutual explanations and congratulations ensued. He had but a melancholy tale to tell me, for his affairs were in a much more desperate condition than he had supposed, and he had chosen the solitary spot in which I had found him, in order to ruminate upon them without interruption. Our conversation became serious, and when we entered the town, we had left worldly, and were discoursing upon immortal, subjects.

Instead of seeking our respective abodes, we paced to and fro till nearly midnight, under the shade of the old cathedral. In this conversation we laid bare our very hearts; and, as the impression it made upon me had great results upon my after-fate, I shall give a short abstract of it. After we had mutually acknowledged the fathomless love, and the unbounded beneficence of the Creator, and produced some very fine hypotheses upon the existence of evil, which served only to entangle our senses as in a net, Julien, leaning a little more heavily on my arm, to make what he said sufficiently impressive, said—

"Ardent, a state of perfect, unalloyed, and eternal happiness, is inconceivable to the human sense. Bliss, the most ecstatic, the most pure, must, to be appreciated, have something with which to contrast itself. Nothing can measure itself by itself; so, contrary to what many divines have promulgated, I am inclined to think that, in the blissful state of our after-life, the memory of the woes and tribulations of this miserable world will be permitted to us; consequently, the good man who has suffered most here, must necessarily have a greater portion of happiness hereafter—but I have not advanced this, Troughton, as a dogma of faith, but merely to introduce a subject that has many times given me much pain, and of which you, my dear friend, are the unconscious inflicter."

"I! Tell me what you mean immediately."

"Through the horrors of that dreadful shipwreck that you have described to me so vividly, you must, in mind and body, have endured the greatest pangs of which humanity is capable;

that these pangs were such, that state of exhaustion in which you were found sufficiently proves. When you were taken on board our vessel, when your bones had recovered their flesh, your cheek the glow of health, and your mind its serenity, I did expect a greater show of gratitude."

"I ungrateful! O Julien, you crush me to the earth! you annihilate me! Rather than you should think so, I would kneel at your feet, and beg you to slay me."

"Not to me—not to me, my Ardent! You owe me nothing. Look up to your heavenly Protector! Could any thing that the mind of man can conceive be more like the contrast of immortal happiness and mortal misery, than this representation of it that you suffered and enjoyed in the sea, and in the ship, below? and yet you never acknowledged this great mercy in conversation, in public prayer, or, I fear me, in private devotion."

"With shame I confess I did not—you search my heart cruelly."

"Not cruelly—but most kindly—most lovingly—most brotherly. Isidora and I did not look for this hardness of heart."

"Julien, I am debased before you—to-night, in the solitude of my chamber——"

"It will not suffice—do it—yet it will not suffice. Do you see this noble fane?—observe how heavenward its time-worn pinnacles aspire. See the glorious moon rising above them, in transcendent purity, like a justified soul, that has just thrown off the trammels of the grave. Is there not a holiness shed round this spot—does it not enter your heart?"

"It does—but the difference of our faiths?"

"What of that?—are there two faiths in gratitude? If the varieties of faith be varieties of errors of man—if God be truly sought, he will pardon them for the sake of the love he bears him, that made him sacrifice his own Son for man's salvation. Come to him with an honest thirst for truth, and in purity of spirit; and though your intercessions may rise from the foot of the altar of a Roman Catholic church, depend upon it, that they will be acceptable."

"O, Julien! surely you do not wish to convert me?"

"God forbid! If we Catholics are sinners in our multiplied rites and ceremonies, I ask you, a sinner yourself, to come to-morrow and kneel amongst us. The fumes of superstition that you think do, and that I candidly confess may surround the prayers that we utter, rest assured, that if these prayers come in a contrite spirit from the heart, ere they reach the roof of that holy building, in the eye of the All-merciful, they will be purified. This noble pile is dedicated to God first, and next especially to Nostra Señora de la Mar. To-morrow, at noon, there will be a grand procession to her honour. All sea-faring men, who

have made vows in the hour of danger, will come and bring their offerings to the Virgin. Ardent Troughton, for the sake of your friend—for the sake of your immortal soul, enter with these devout men; for who has been more miraculously preserved than yourself?"

"I will."

"And smile not, Ardent, at the many absurdities you will see. They are not of the spirit, yet they assist a sluggish soul to awake to a sense of piety. The tinsel, and the banners, and the frankincense, and the relics—look upon them as types or as vain things—it matters not, only be there."

"I will."

"And do not despise the humble offerings of the weather-beaten seaman."

"I will be there, Julien; and will also bring my offering—a repentant and a subdued heart."

Each of us were moved; we bade God mutually to bless us, and sought our homes.

That fatal promise! Better had I perished with James Gavel, in the sea, than I had made it—better had I died that night, when I had recommended myself to Heaven, than to have kept it. Fool that I was to listen to the well-meant sophistries of my friend! What had I to do with this popish masquerading? With wilful blindness I rushed upon my fate.

The next morning, when the flush of enthusiasm had subsided, bitterly did I repent having made the promise to go and worship in a Romish church. I remembered me of almost the last words that the good old merchant Falck had spoken to me at parting. Still I held my promise to be sacred. I resolved so much to abstract myself in prayer and pious contemplation that the passing pageantry around should be lost upon me.

Having written a full account of all my adventures to my late principal, my father's agent, Mr. Falck, and detailing to him exactly my present position, and requiring him either to send out one of his sons to arrange matters, or such vouchers as would fully identify me with my father, and enable him to recover the insurance upon the lost brig Jane and her cargo, about noon I repaired to the church of Nostra Señora de la Mar.

On my way thither, I passed by the procession, but I studiously avoided looking at it, and entered the church, where I was almost alone. I knelt before the superb altar-piece, and I trust that, for what I there did, my Protestant friends will not condemn me. Thus, having kept faith with Julien, though the illiberal may think that I endangered my own, I was about to depart, when the clangor of musical instruments and the loud braying of trumpets arrested my steps.

The wide doorway of the church was immediately filled up with a dense and gorgeous procession, of which it would be idle to describe all the details : suffice it to say, that it was a mixture of grandeur and absurdity. Various saints, both male and female, rudely carved, highly rouged, and dressed after the most recent fashion, were borne in cars on men's shoulders : there were relics and there were banners in profusion. Towering above the rest was a colossal figure fourteen feet high, meant, Heaven only knows by what association of ideas, for St. Joseph, for it was dressed in a vivid and light green coat, breeches of the most eye-irritating crimson, and yellow Hessian boots, whilst upon his head he carried the true Spanish hat, adorned by a splendid white plume. The skill of the sculptor in wood not being at all equal to his piety, the whole figure was misshapen and the countenance ludicrously ugly. However, as this worthy saint carried his face so high above the heads of all the others, the devout spectators bowed their's down the more lowly to him. Among other vanities, I noticed that there was, in the centre of the pageant, a highly-decorated and lofty but untenanted car.

But there was one part of this procession that had in it a touching interest, and that was some thirty honest-looking sailors, who advanced, in the midst of this mummery, up the aisle, to lay their offerings at the feet of our Lady of the Sea. Stern and rough as were their features, there was not a dry eye among them. They were grateful; and gratitude is a prayer and an incense that the Omnipotent will always accept. It is true, that they thought more cunningly to propitiate that awful Being by offering at the shrine of the Virgin Mother wax candles of various sizes, little waxen and tawdrily-attired saints, and, what the pious padres valued much more, sundry small canvass bags of silver coin. Still, in this part of the ceremony, and in the deportment of the mariners, there was something imposing. Not one of them who had not been snatched by the hand of Providence into safety from the gaping deep, or the horrible death of the wave-lashed rock.

Though this honest crew were flanked on each side by some bushels of decay-eaten bones, all gifted with the power of miracle working, and were surrounded by a band of brawny fellows, each carrying an immense wax candle ten feet high and of a proportionate thickness, the unlit end of each of these candles being fixed in a socket on the knee of the bearer, and belted, for more security, round his waist; though a thousand other fooleries equally grotesque and ridiculous accompanied this exhibition, I felt no inclination to mock, no disposition to deride.

The offerings of these worthy fellows were received on an immense octagon-shaped silver plateau, carried by eight priests,

in snow-white vestments. When each votary had deposited his tribute, I thought that the show was over, and again rose from my knees to depart. Would that I had gone! Would that I had thenknown I stood upon the crisis of my fate!

A sudden and triumphant peal of the organ fixed me to the spot. The lofty and carved gothic roof shook to the harmonious echoes, and the ground vibrated under my feet as if it partook of the divine melody. Then rose the choral hymn to the Virgin Mother—the young, the beautiful, the blessed! As the spirit of purified love they saluted her—with endearing, familiar, household expressions, they called upon her for her intercessions. They intreated that her beneficence might breathe over the sea, and that, as she herself had been mortal, she would still remember them in her beatified immortality. True it is that this exulting hymn was chaunted forth in rhyming monkish Latin; but it expressed the sentiments clearly, forcibly, and tenderly, and the music was sublime, and the choir excellent.

At each verse, the eight priests ascended one of the marble steps of the high altar, bearing with them the plateau of offerings; and on every step, as they gained it, they bent on one knee, lifting up their eyes with looks of devout supplication towards the altar-piece, which represented the Virgin with the halo of beauty and innocence around her.

My eyes were directed towards her countenance, which was exquisite; and I almost deemed that such an ineffable expression of graciousness deserved the idolatry that was paid to it. In the mean time, the acolytes surrounded the altar, and the officiating ministers with the fragrant smoke of frankincense, which, gradually spreading over the whole building, ascended in graceful volumes among the rich carved work of the roof, and finally threw a haze of sublimity about the procession, that deprived it at once of incongruity.

The scene began to make upon me a painful impression:—I trembled—my heart fluttered—the tears were in my eyes—I was strongly tempted to relieve the oppressive rapture that overpowered me by a wild shout; when, as the priests had gained the highest step, and they, with the picture, were almost lost in a glorious cloud of fragrance, organ and choir rang out in reverberating peals of tuneful thunder—*Ave Maria, hallelujah!*

A strong light burst forth from behind the altar-piece, and a living, a breathing divinity seemed to descend and bless the offerings.

It was jugglery—it was enchantment.

All the congregation were prostrate in an instant—I fell on my kness, but I bowed not my head. I was fascinated. Every faculty of my being had rallied to my eyes. There smiled before

me the impersonation of faultless beauty; but it was a beauty that seemed to have been created with my own soul from the beginning of all time, and, now first ushered into mortal life, demanded the long-withheld sympathy, the adoration and the love of the slave that was called with it into being to serve it.

How this prodigy of excelling loveliness was attired, I knew not; by what trick she was conveyed through the opening canvass of the altarpiece, or in what manner, after receiving and blessing the offerings, she was borne to the triumphal car in the midst of the procession, near as I was, I never sought to discover; all that I know is, that, when she was paraded round the church, I kept as close to her as possible, with my eyes fixed upon her radiant countenance, overturning in my progress every body who stood before me, without my seeing them when on their legs, or noticing them as I strode over them when prostrated on the marble pavement.

Three times did she make the circuit of the church, gracefully actioning out blessings to the crowd around her. Regardless of the buffets and the blows that I received, I still kept my position near her. Once, as she gently turned her head, our eyes met. I hate to talk about basilisks—language has no words, poetry no numbers to express the Omnipotence of the attraction of that gaze —though her blue eyes were softer than the down on the youngest seraph's wing, they drew my soul to them with a power stronger than death. I could not take my gaze from off them; nor could the young and beautiful victim remove her regards from mine. Nor do I know how long this fixidity of looking would have continued, had not my trampling down those near me excited so much attention, that I was instantly cast forth from the line of procession by a couple of stout huissiers.

But there was nothing tender, nothing consolatory, in the gaze of this imitation of divinity. I could read nothing in her eyes but an awful and deep speculation, a feeling of wonder and of terror-awakened curiosity. Ere I had regained my position near her, the exulting hymn broke forth once more, the fumes of the frankincense again arose, the altar-piece was veiled in clouds, and, borne through the accumulating mists, the representation of the Virgin Mother disappeared.

My strained eye-balls watched her to the last; and, when the folding canvass, which I could just perceive through the smoke, closed upon her, I knelt down near the rails of the altar, and, burying my face in my hands, I closed my eyes, and encouraged my mind to linger over every feature that I had lately looked upon so rapturously.

The organ, in melodious tones, sighed itself to silence; the procession and the crowd gradually retired; at length, the nu-

merous priests departed one by one—yet I heeded not all this, nor knew that I was alone.

Thus absorbed, and still in the same position, I began to tax my soul for an answer—but she was bewildered. "Can this be love? so suddenly? was she really mortal? I know her intimately—I have conversed with her—I have watched her—prayed with her—rejoiced with her—but where? Either," said I to myself, bitterly, "I have two existences, or I am mad. Quiet Troughton! O that I had never left my high seat in the dark counting-house in the city! This insatiate heart can now never be filled with content—never again know peace. Love her?—no—that is not the feeling. I only know that I am wretched." And I again sank into a painful reverie.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Those who look for adventures often find more than they seek. I am introduced to the bosom of my family, at the cost of some pains. The family circle, as yet, but made up of angles.

How long I remained entranced, I know not; but I was at length aroused by a smart slap on the shoulder, and, on looking up, I saw Julien's countenance smiling above me.

"O!" said he, "what alone at the foot of the altar? Certainly you are the most devout man in Barcelona. Have I unintentionally made a convert of you? But, seriously, how do you find the ceremonies of our church?"

"Detestable! would to God that I had never witnessed them!"

"This is ungenerous, Troughton. Perhaps you allude the more particularly to the living representation of the Virgin Mary. The practice is of great antiquity, and many are roused to devotion by these excitements, who otherwise would not have a religious idea in their lives. The wise and the truly devout see no harm in these typical representations. But, as a solemn piece of acting, did the Señorita look the character?"

"She was too divine. Who is she?" and I trembled whilst I asked.

"The only daughter of a Spanish trader, whom the good king Joseph has driven from Madrid, after having squeezed him as you would a sponge."

"Spanish! her golden hair, her transparent complexion, her radiant colour, and her rounded form—how unlike is all this to

the graceful, but tawny and meagre beauties of Spain! She cannot be Spanish, Julien."

"O! you don't know your countrywomen. All the pure blood is squeezed out of twenty Spanish girls, to make one fair creature like the Señorita; consequently, the dark beauties are unfairly dark, the fair ones unfairly fair. No; she is thoroughly Spanish, and the acknowledged beauty of Barcelona."

"But her name, good Julien, her name?"

"She is called the Trottoni—a very merry and devout little Catholic, I assure you."

"Yes, and you made more than an angel of her to-day. Pray, sir," said I with bitterness, "does this being, who is all but celestial, dress in the usual mantilla, and wear your Spanish, and peculiarly abbreviated petticoats?"

"Exactly; or her beautiful ankles would have much reason to complain."

"And she can wanton with her fan too, no doubt?"

"No woman in Barcelona manages that indispensable more gracefully."

"Good—very good—and she is kindly-natured, too; and will, perhaps, condescend to light the cigar of a handsome caballero, and, after a few gracious puffs, hand it to his mouth."

"It is the custom of the country, Ardent. She did me that especial favour last night."

"The devil she did! But I like this—it does me good—infinite good."

"Would it not do you more good to be introduced to her? I met her at a tertulia, after I left you last night. I will take you to her house to-night, if you will."

"Never! never! I will not destroy the illusion. I have seen her only as she ought to be seen. Let us change the subject. I feel that I shall spend but a short, yet weary life, in chasing an *ignis fatuus*."

Having resisted the pressing instances of my friend to accompany him, I repaired to my silent lodgings, to resist, by reflection, the wilfulness of a too sanguine temperament, which I felt was fast hurrying me to misery, perhaps to insanity; but I could not rid myself of the vision of the Virgin Mary, and the torture of the horridly grotesque idea of seeing her with a lighted cigar in her mouth.

The reader of course will perceive that I had fallen in love for the first time, that I did not know it, and that, being awkwardly placed, I was petulant and unreasonable. Who ever knew love to improve the character of either man or woman, excepting in the eyes of the beloved object? For myself, I grew impatient and irritable, rarely leaving my lodging until it was dark, and

then I usually strolled out with Jugurtha and Bounder along the sea-beach, assuring myself that I was the most unfortunate of men, and doing my best to prove my assertion.

A fortnight had now elapsed, and I was daily growing more morose and melancholy, during the whole of which period I had never seen either Julien or Isidora. The few inquiries that I had made, convinced me that my father and family were not at Barcelona; but my anxiety to see them had now long passed away.

At length, I ventured to go and take a lodging for myself and suite, beyond the walls of the town, as I should thus be liable to less molestation, and I might prolong my excursions with my two companions through the whole of the night, without fearing the annoyance of the sentinel, or the suspicions of the good townsfolk at my midnight rambles.

It being now nearly the end of July, the weather proved intensely hot, and my suburban retreat became very grateful. It was certainly a miserable cottage, but, thanks to the cares of Jugurtha, we were much better fed than lodged. I thus lived in more than retirement, for it was almost seclusion, until the 3rd of August, when my energies were once more most strangely brought into play.

The night was dark and clear, and there was spread out above us one of those delicious Spanish summer skies that is felt in every nerve as well as seen. On this particular night, we had made a much more extensive excursion than usual. Jugurtha and myself were well armed, for in Spain every body arms, and as to our companion Bounder, it was his custom never to disarm. We got into unknown paths, and, disregarding the law of trespass, we went where the fragrance of the dew-steeped orange-flowers was most tempting.

At length, we suddenly found ourselves close upon a long, low building, very unlike the villas of Spain, but resembling a good deal the cottage *ornée* of England. Good manners bade us immediately retreat; but the faint sound of music and song not only wooed us to stay, but to advance also. Who would not rather be invited than coerced? So we crept nearer to the mansion, and, as the windows, which reached the ground, were open, we had a tolerably distinct view of what was passing in the principal room. It was a domestic scene, with nothing picturesque about it. We were not near enough to distinguish the features of the small party, which consisted of an elderly gentleman, a woman in the prime of life, and a very young lady.

The old gentleman wore a well-powdered wig, and was very busy at a writing-desk, sorting and docketing a variety of papers; the middle-aged lady was busy with a tambour frame, and the

young female, who was singing to the eternal Spanish guitar, had her face shaded with her mantilla, and her figure partially turned from the only light, which was a large and shaded lamp, burning on the desk of the busy old gentleman. The apartment did not seem to be too well furnished, yet there was that quiet air of home over the whole scene, that was exquisitely soothing to my feelings.

As to the singing, though I heard it plainly enough, I did not much notice it, for the pealing hymn which I had so lately heard in the church of our Lady of the Sea, was continually ringing in my ears.

Gradually approaching nearer and more near to the French window, and my attendants at but a little distance from me, I did not pause till my right hand actually rested upon the frame. In this extreme propinquity, something of romance, and the peaceful associations of past days, were making my heart restless; and forced me back into the well-furnished drawing-room in Lothbury, and with those (to me) lost Pleiades, although there were but five of them, the Misses Falck.

And the voice of the young songstress—I began to note, then to like it, and, as some of its low and earnest tones, sweeter and clearer than the sweetest and clearest notes of her guitar, came in the richness of their melody to my brain, I began to find that which I had before unheeded to be exquisite. I longed to see the face of the singer that was still drooping over the guitar. It was not long before I was cursed with that worst of comminations—a gratified wish.

A cadence peculiarly, thrillingly sweet, from the younger lady, aroused the elder, and she started up from her working with that usual Spanish, but to English ears, impious expletive of "Jesus!" and ran to kiss the brow of the singer.

I had just time to mark that the matronly lady was "beautiful exceedingly," in the shadowed richness of Moorish female voluptuousness, a darkness of beauty that comes often more sweetly than light to the bosom of man—I had, I say, just time to mark this, when the little bustle behind him caused the white-wigged gentleman to look up and round from his multifarious papers, his mild and faded features beaming with tenderness.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed fondly.

She immediately arose, and, in a moment, her white arms were twining around his age-stooped shoulders, whilst the elder lady stood near and bent over them. It was one of those ebullitions of intense affection that bursts forth (O how rarely!) in the solitude, which is not loneliness, of the domestic circle.

But, then, what was all this to me? Nothing. At that moment I saw without noticing it. It was only in after years, when I

thought and rethought over this scene thousands and thousands of times, that all these precursory minutiæ struck me.

Alas! what was it to me? For, at the moment that the young female had so playfully seated herself on her father's knee, she shook aside her hair, that fell around her like wavy corruscations of golden light, which seemed to flash among the folds of her black mantilla, and thus suddenly unveiled to me the all-heavenly loveliness of that countenance that I had so late prayed never to be permitted to see again, or if seen, never again to cease to see —the countenance of the mimic Señora de la Mar—she to whom I had seen crowds of adorers bend the knee—for whom I had heard the organ peal forth its hallelujahs—the personification of the Virgin Mother.

Why was it that my first impulse was to assure myself that my dagger was still safely nestling in my bosom? to look hurriedly at the locks of my pistols? Did I contemplate death to her or to myself? The action was involuntary. I next, without any assignable reason that ever I could discover, plucked forward Jugurtha, and pointed to the group; the negro placed his broad flat nose in contact with the glass, and extended that already too extensive mouth, of which he boasted, into a grin of unimaginable rapture at the scene. The dog also approached, and joined the gazers.

In this situation I had just time to ejaculate one short prayer that a troop of banditti would burst open the door of the apartment, that I might fall upon and slay them; when the mother, turning her face towards us, perceived the strange and somewhat hideous spectacle of the negro's visage, that seemed glued to the window.

There was a shrieking, and a rushing, and a calling for servants indoors; and I had just time to start away, when we were suddenly surrounded by armed men, and, before I had time to disengage my pistols, I was forced down upon one knee, and the poniard of Don Mantez was gleaming over me. Then all had been lost—and long, long years of miserable struggles spared me, had not the faithful Bounder been more watchful than ourselves. Before the blow could fall, he was at the assassin's throat, and I had gained time to seize the uplifted and armed hand. In the mean time, with his heavy cutlass, Jugurtha began to bestir himself demoniacally, really keeping a circle of assailants at bay.

However, this could not last long; they gradually closed in upon me and my opponent, till, at last, we were all urged, with a tremendous crash, through the window into the apartment, where stood the astonished old gentleman, his affrighted wife and daughter, and his paralyzed domestics.

After we had rolled into the room, I had easily possessed myself of the weapon that had been lifted against me, and arose. But Mantez was in a miserable predicament. Bounder would not let go his hold, and the black cravat of the prostrate captain alone saved him from instant death. As it was, strangulation was fast supervening. Jugurtha had been surrounded, and his arms were held forcibly back by his four opponents, the strength of all of whom was hardly sufficient to secure him. But of these, he seemed almost regardless. All his looks, his gestures, pointed to Mantez, whose head was being beaten violently against the ground by the infuriated dog, while his face was fast becoming lividly black.

In the mean time, finding myself personally free from all molestation, I placed myself in the middle of the room, drew forth my pistols, cocked them, and glared suddenly round, to see whom, in my wrath, I should first sacrifice. But in this murder-searching circuit, my eyes fell upon the superb mother, and the lovely and now pale daughter : my hands dropped beside me, and I exclaimed loudly, "No—not here—not now—not in this presence."

No doubt but that the ferocity had passed from my features, for the old gentleman walked up to me fearlessly, saying, "Signor Scholar," (for the reader must remember that I was dressed as one,) "you alone, of all these intruders, seemed not to be wholly possessed with the demons of murder. Can you not relieve the honourable commander from the fangs of that dreadful animal?"

"Why should I? the villain just now attempted to assassinate me."

"You made resistance," said the best appointed of the four, who had more than enough to do to restrain Jugurtha. "Know me—I am the head alguazil—I come to arrest that person disguised as a scholar, as a spy, an impostor, and a vagabond, lately calling himself Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla, and for other crimes, on the oath of the most honourable the Commander Don Mantez; so, sir, whatever be your name, call your dog off, and come directly to prison."

Here there was another violent struggle on the part of the hampered Jugurtha; and the alguazil, as well as he could for want of breath, said, "Signor Trottoni, I command you, and your servants, in the name of the authorities, to abet, aid, and assist, in capturing that impostor with the pistols."

"You had better not," said I, turning to the demanded aid. "The first two who advance upon me die."

"In the mean time," said the elder female in an agony, "the monster is destroying the noble captain. Generous stranger, I beseech you to call him off, or shoot him."

"I should be happy in all things," said I, bowing to her, "to oblige so august a lady, excepting in this trifling matter." This I said, of course, in Spanish; but I continued bitterly in English, "Monster! Heaven judge which of the two is the monster! let him be devoured piecemeal—the cowardly assassin."

"You speak English," said the old man, in English also, much agitated. "In the name of the God of all mercies, who are you? Speak, and speak the truth."

"Signor, I am no spy—no impostor—no vagabond—no criminal—but Ardent Troughton, a wrecked merchant."

"Of the brig Jane?"

"The same—lately commanded by one Tomkins."

"Then, sir, I order you on your filial duty to call off that dog. I am Troughton the elder—your savage companion is slaying the affianced husband of your sister."

This was said with so much quiet dignity, that I instantly obeyed. In a moment the dog was crouching at my feet. At that time I understood nothing—I knew nothing—I did as I was bid—I acted mechanically. I was stupified, and yet I had a dull sense of agony, attended by a consciousness of deep crime, that thrilled to my marrow—a feeling like that of the condemned during his heavy and yet image-crowded sleep that will herald him to execution. At that moment, had I been commanded to turn the muzzle of my pistol to my own head, I should have done so passively—shall I confess it?—almost eagerly.

Jugurtha, whose character was made up of the most implicit obedience and attachment to myself, seeing that then I no longer wished the destruction of Mantez, ceased to struggle to free himself, and then the officers freed him of their own accord; and they, with the assistance of my father and his servants, busied themselves in resuscitating the strangled captain, in which they did not succeed, until much time had elapsed.

For myself, during these operations, I retired to the gloomiest corner in the apartment, and, with my pistols still in my hands, I leaned back against the wall in sullen bewilderment. The first use that the captain made of his recovered animation, was to exhibit the deadliness of his rage towards myself; but, as he could not openly assassinate me, he was compelled to restrict his malice to the ordering that the alguazil should immediately take me to the city jail.

## CHAPTER XIV.

My defence. The fatted calf is killed; and I find myself still in the land of the living.

As yet, no explanation had taken place in the family party so strangely assembled; the hurried recognition between father and son having been made in a language totally unknown to the elder lady, and but imperfectly understood by the younger. Neither of them knew the relation that I bore to them. My father saw that some elucidation could no longer be postponed, for, with increasing strength, the passion of the naval commander also increased; whilst my determination to sacrifice him the first moment violent hands were laid upon me was but too apparent, from the determined and scowling expression of my features.

Mr. Troughton, with a grave suavity, and gently, and with really a graceful courtesy, forcing Don Mantez back upon the sofa, said to him, "My dear Roderic, I will be answerable for the safe custody of that young man. You cannot harm him, and at the same time be *my* friend. Grieved to my heart am I to see that your first meeting is amidst the wild commotion of evil passions. Pray oblige me so far as to desire your escort of police to withdraw. They shall be satisfied every way. Of a truth, men so honest and so disinterested ought not to be taken from the quiet of their homes without some testimony to their virtue. Receive these few pieces, and depart. I will be answerable for him whom you would have made your prisoner—and so also will your illustrious employer, Don Mantez; will you not, Roderic?"

"Upon sufficient reason," growled forth, from his swollen throat, the amiable son-in-law elect.

"Truly, truly, upon sufficient reason."

The alguazils grinned, bowed, and departed.

The old gentleman, having cleared the room of his own domestics, and carefully secured the doors, placed himself with considerable dignity in a chair, at the head of a large table covered with green baize. Having motioned his wife and daughter to seats, and placing Mantez on his right hand, he carefully smoothed out some sheets of paper before him, re-adjusted his spectacles, and, taking up a pen very leisurely, mended and nibbed it. The whole proceeding looked very like the commencement of a trial, and, I fear me, I looked not unlike a culprit, or a robber taken in the fact, with arms in his hands.

I regarded all these proceedings from my dark corner in mute dismay, my arms hanging listlessly down, with a loaded pistol in each hand. On one side of me stood Jugurtha, panting with the exertion of the late struggle, and making, as he breathed heavily, an unnatural hissing through his teeth; and, though he stood perfectly quiet, the ferocity of his countenance, so hideous when rage-excited, had not subsided. He had folded his arms, with his naked cutlass crossing his open breast. On the other side of me was my faithful Bounder, still agitated, now rubbing himself against my legs, now lashing his own sides with his magnificent tail, and now looking fixedly in my eyes, eager for the signal for a fresh onset. Certainly we must have appeared a fearful trio.

At the time, I was unconscious of the disadvantageous impression that I was making. A mist was upon my understanding, and a heaviness like that of some newly-awakened remorse upon my heart. During the formal, and somewhat tedious, preparations of my respectable parent, I gazed on the group before me with sullen stupidity.

At length, the elder Troughton having made all his arrangements, which I had not then the sense to understand were so much prolonged in order that all parties might rid themselves of their excitement, he addressed me, whilst a quiet and a sly smile mantled over his features, thus:

"Will you permit me the favour, Sir Scholar of Valentia, to introduce you to *my* family, and to *your's?*"

I merely bowed, for my impetuous feelings, were rallying back to my bosom, and the strangeness of my situation, with all its doubts and suspicions, was made manifest to me.

"My dear Julia, and you, Honoria," said my father, "you know how much I dislike the exhibition of all violent feelings. If you think that you cannot control your's, you had better retire, for I have a very great suspicion that that tall young man, with the angry countenance, in the ragged scholar's cloak, and doubly armed, is our respectable, and, as Mr. Falck so often writes to us, our quiet son, Ardent Troughton."

"Let us stay," said the ladies, with one voice.

"Do not agitate yourselves," he continued. "Mind, there are some questions to be asked, some doubts to be resolved, before we can receive him to our arms. We certainly did not expect to find in *our* Ardent Troughton so wild and bandit-looking a young person."

"St. Anthony! he is beautiful as an angel!" said the noble matron, springing up in her chair, and extending to me her arms.

The mother's heart spoke out.

"My brother! my brother!" sobbed out poor Honoria, hysterically.

I was greatly, solemnly, affected.

"This will never do," said Mr. Troughton. "Wife and daughter, think you that my heart, like your's, does not yearn to embrace my son, my only son, whom for weeks we have mourned as dead? But how comes this person? He bursts in upon us like a thief in the night—his hand upon the throat of the man to whom I am about to give my daughter—he comes, denounced by this worthy hidalgo as an impostor and a common cheat. Should the son of Edward Troughton come thus?"

"It is enough that he is come," said the agitated mother.

"Signora, is it *he?* Even now, unprotected as we are, he distrusts us. Even now, his fingers are on the locks of his pistols. Sir, will you be pleased to disarm?"

"Do not torture me, O my father!" said I, gradually arousing myself from my stupor. "Do not torture me. I have suffered much, very much. Pity me. Did I now obey my heart's promptings —had I its dearest wish fulfilled—I would reverently kneel at your feet, bow down my head before you, ask your blessing, and die. For me, happiness is no more. Not many months have passed when I was proud to think that you would have been proud in your son—that your bosom would have swelled as you supported yourself on my young arm where men were most assembled, and said, 'Behold him!—this is he, my long-expected son.' I left England with a bosom that was all joy—I was elate, not with hope, but certainty. Father, I have suffered much, and much I must continue to suffer."

"Nonsense, my dear Ardent," said Mr. Troughton, relaxing all at once into the father and forgetting the cautious merchant. "Am I nothing to you for happiness? This noble lady, this blooming, blushing sister, so fearful and so smiling? Are we, Ardent, all of us—are we nothing for happiness?"

"Every thing to make a man blessed, who deserves such blessings. But this our first meeting should be strictly private. Before I disburden myself of all that I have to relate—before I pour out the emotions of my soul on the domestic hearth—let this stranger—this man depart," said I, looking upon the captain loathingly.

"Impostor, I shall stay—wretch of many disguises—you shall not impose upon these, my honest friends!"

At this outburst of violence there was another commotion. Jugurtha and Bounder each began to prepare to do what they thought their duty. Even my mild father appeared shocked, whilst the Señora and Honoria loudly reprimanded Mantez for his rudeness.

When silence was again restored, I said, "Let him stay. It was in mercy to him that I entreated his absence. We will con-

trol before him the sacred feelings that make the domestic happiness—that he does not deserve to share—shall never share!"

I spoke this with vehemence, and turned my eyes now, for the first time, upon my sister, tremblingly awaiting the effect of my prophecy. But my words conveyed no meaning to her—her swimming eyes were bent upon me, wistfully beaming with the holy rapture of a sister's love.

This was an awful crisis. Even over the placid brow of my father I perceived the mantling stain of emotion. I commenced a relation, from the day that I embarked in the unfortunate brig Jane, of all that I had undergone.

As I proceeded in my eventful narrative, my bosom expanded —my nerves thrilled—I became eloquent, impassioned. I felt a rapt pleasure, intense and melancholy, in pouring out my many, my wonderful, sufferings. I related our hardships, our destitutions—the agonies of the long gale, the brutality and the death of Tomkins—the high-toned feelings and the insane superstitions of the noble Gavel—the impious murder that he committed in the name of religion—his remorse, and his heroic death. I eulogized him—I called him my friend—I bewailed his death like the death of a brother—I shed fond tears to his memory—and then I told of the madness of thirst and hunger that I had endured in the open boat—of how quickly we wasted away into things like shrivelled-up mummies—how soon, owing to our previous long-suffering, Jugurtha, and I, and the dog, found relief in the similitude of death—how miraculously we were saved, against the wish of the man sitting before me, whom I withered into nothingness by my heart-sprung scorn as I spoke—and then I glowed again into enthusiasm, as I dwelt upon the high character of Don Julien and his affianced Isidora. I told of my doubts, my distractions, after I had landed at Barcelona—of my unwillingness, without proof of my identity, to present myself before my parents —of my having seen Honoria in the church of the Lady of the Sea —of the means that I had taken to procure the necessary vouchers —and, finally, I brought down my narrative to the very moment that found me once more in my own, my domestic circle.

Profuse were the tears that were shed by my noble mother and my gentle sister during this ample relation; and long before it had been concluded, Don Mantez had sneaked forth, threatening and cursing.

Grave, and solemn, and long, when I had finished, was the blessing I received from the good old man—fervent was the embrace, and very tender and heart-touching the murmuring of the fond love of my mother—and wild and ecstatic was the pleasure of that too beautiful sister, who was now weeping on my shoulders, now kissing me with eagerness, now caressing Bounder,

and now shaking hands with the grinning Jugurtha, who well understood every thing that had passed.

For a short space the bliss of my family was complete. My father surveyed me with a father's pride—already he began to testify for me a respect that bound my heart still more closely to him. I had been lost, and I was found; I had been mourned as dead, and I was restored to them, improved, chastened, in the glory and vigour of young manhood; a stay and protection to them in adversity; in prosperity a being on whom to expend the overflowings of their affections, and reciprocate with them that purest of all earthly pleasures—domestic happiness.

After the first tumult of my emotions had subsided, my father began to chide me gently for the morbid sensibility that I had betrayed in not immediately seeking him, and trusting to the impulse of parental love for acknowledgment; and he endeavoured, with a pleasant ridicule, to laugh me out of my supposition that I was henceforward to be one devoted to misery. In order the more powerfully to arouse me to a more healthful state of feeling, he told me that he had, at my age, sudden fits of despondency, but they only lasted until he was threatened with some real evil. He pointed out to me that the best elements of happiness were around me, and that it was not only foolish, but impious, to foster a melancholy that would, whilst it undermined my own, endanger the happiness of those who deserved not misery from my hands. I assented to all he said, and vowed mentally that such good counsel should not fall unprofitably to the ground.

We parted that night a peaceful, a much-rejoiced family. I resolved to be happy; I resolved to purge my bosom of the "perilous stuff" that I had received into it too eagerly. I resolved—I prayed for assistance. My sister—such a mere child, too—scarcely fourteen—I became composed. My passionate admiration, my sudden love, had been bestowed upon a stranger.

"Now," said I triumphantly, and I spoke with the conviction of truth, "the stranger is no more, and no more is now the frantic passion that I had so madly and so involuntarily conceived."

I was comforted with these thoughts; I felt myself forgiven; I grew calm;—I had now a holier feeling to cherish, and I vowed to cherish it;—an innocent, a beautiful, a young, a very young sister to watch over :—I swore to perform the duty in all sincerity, in all conscience, in all sanctity : and yet the thought of her marriage with Mantez was to me as wormwood, as a consuming and burning coal upon my vitals.

I need not relate how, the next day, the fatted calf was killed. Friends poured in upon us with their congratulations, among the most conspicuous of whom were Don Julien and Isidora. Don

Mantez was again with us, with his brow smoothed into courtesy: his professions were the warmest, his apologies to me the most profuse, his offers of friendship unbounded, and he himself laughed more heartily than any one else on the mystification that had been put upon him by my friend. But still I hated the man thoroughly, unboundedly. God pardon me the great wickedness! but this passion of hate seemed to be another and a stronger vital principle. I cherished it with an ardour with which the poet cherishes his first young love.

Well, if we live in this world, we must also smile in it; and thus this assassin and I mocked each other daily, and often all day long, with hypocritical grinnings. Much had he the advantage of me. I could not always control the covert sarcasm of alluding to the bravo's stiletto—all which only made him smile the more blandly. Seldom, after our apparent reconciliation, did he permit a muscle of his yellow countenance to betray for me aught but respect the most profound. Oh, he had a great mind; when he perceived, and he perceived it at once, that any allusion to his future affinity with me caused me to wince, he refrained from speaking of it altogether, at least before me. Many and sharp were the tortures that the smooth villain thus spared me.

## CHAPTER XV.

A description of family arrangements. By dint of severe thinking, I act most thoughtlessly; and, for want of proper religious principles, intend to devote myself wholly to religion—as a monk.

But we must, for a time, take leave of these workings of the evil passions, and turn to the dry details of business. Mr. Troughton formally took me into partnership with him. We signed long and word-tortured deeds together, and sealed them, and duplicates and triplicates also, as if we were not father and son, but Jew and Christian striving to overreach each other. I found his substance to be much greater than I supposed; but it was precariously situated. He had been plundered mercilessly by both the parties who were then striving for the pre-eminence in Spain. True it is, that each, when they took his wealth, gave him bonds and acknowledgments that promised restitution in more peaceful and prosperous times; but, were these times ever to return, he was sure to lose half, even were the conquering party to prove honest; of course, the reduced faction, which would then become the re-

bellious one, instead of paying the debts that they had incurred, would be themselves plundered to the uttermost.

Taking this state of things into consideration, my father very wisely intended to wind up his concerns, realize all the property that he could, and seek greater security in America, having already, as a preliminary, purchased a very large estate in Louisiana.

He had, for some years, professed himself a Catholic, and translated his honest English name of Troughton into Trottoni. Indeed, he was sedulous every where to pass for a native Spaniard; and as such he was esteemed by all who did not know him very intimately. He was a shrewd and careful man, with warm affections, and a high notion of the dignity of the character of a merchant. He loved wealth certainly, and he loved to amass it; he had an indomitable perseverance, well figured out by the spider, the web of which, destroy as often as you will, so often will the indefatigable mathematician reconstruct his lines. Such was the case with my father, and many times had the half, even the greater part, of the fruits of his toils been swept away; but he never desponded, but assiduously recommenced with greater zeal his labours.

Nothing was more foreign to his purpose than the intention of retiring from business. He wished to have a safe location, a shelter from oppression, and the protection of a stable government, from whence to radiate his commerce over the face of the globe: he thought that he had found such in the place in the one to which he intended to remove.

My mother was a fine specimen of a noble Spanish lady. She was well descended, but of a poor branch of the noble house to which she belonged. She possessed high feelings, and was thoroughly Spanish. She was much attached to her religion, passionately fond of its processions, and completely governed, though she knew it not, by a little and very old monk, her confessor, who, in his turn, was governed by an inordinate gluttony. As Mr. Troughton still, in some measure, kept up his English habits of four substantial meals *per diem*, and of having a well-plenished larder, the good padre was piously attached to our house and all it contained. Under no other roof in Barcelona was there such feeding.

My sister had been educated, but not secluded, in convents, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another, wherever the family might happen to be, her father always having her home at least once a week, generally on the Sundays. At this period she had just attained her fourteenth year; and, according to the custom of the country, it had been arranged, she neither consenting nor dissenting, that when she was sixteen she was to be married to

Don Mantez. Till that period she was to continue her education in such religious houses as might be most convenient by the nearness of their situation.

My father, having only waited for my arrival to depart for America, had been greatly disturbed in his arrangements by my non-appearance. Every thing was now again put in progress; the very ship that brought me to Barcelona, the Santa Anna, was chartered for our passage and our merchandize, and the hated Mantez was again to command her for the voyage out and home.

Don Julien and his lovely cousin, now our constant visiters, having realized what they were able from their shattered fortunes, had also determined to go out with us, establish their household gods near us, and adopt America for their future country. We fully expected, before they embarked, that they would marry, but, owing to reasons which we could not understand, and occurrences of which we were ignorant, though their love seemed in nothing to abate, they were evidently in no hurry to bind themselves indissolubly.

Mantez, also, was our constant visiter, lavishing his *petits soins* on Honoria, who seemed to receive them as a matter of course, and really ordered him to do her various biddings as if he were her menial. It was fully evident to me that the well-springs of her tenderness had not yet been opened, and that she knew not the nature of any love beyond that of her family.

Having now detailed my position, and the outward circumstances by which, at this period, I was surrounded, I must continue the history of my feelings. I had struggled hard, and had persuaded myself that I had conquered. I *had* conquered. I looked back upon my past conduct, and discovered how much I had erred, had sinned. I began to perceive, for the first time, the beauty and the rock-like firmness of trust there is in a rigid moral conduct—that it is our duty to watch against the least inclination that may lead us to swerve from rectitude, either by warming with passion or listening to the whisper of pride. I found that, with me, pride had been my first temptation: instead of shrinking at appearing before my father in the humility of my poverty and in the uncertainty of my identity, had I sought his roof at once, even had I been suspiciously received, what miseries should I have avoided!

But I took a false pride for my guide, which directly led me into the arms of passion, and thus had nearly wrecked my peace for ever. "But," I exclaimed, as sadly and alone I paced my apartment, "it was but a small offence. Must I then, through, perhaps, a long life, weary myself with a never-failing watchfulness, lest I make one false step? Am I, with this wild bosom glowing with delicious aspirations, to pause, and ponder, and in-

vite into it the icy coldness of age, ere I dare the fruition of a single joy? Must I examine every pleasure that is offered me until my scrutiny make it loathsome? Must I walk through the world as if my path were beset with pitfalls and bristling with thorns? Must I confine the free breathings of youth with the steel and the compressing breastplate of caution? Must I always act upon reason, and never upon impulse? Must I make life such a continued and painful trial, that death shall be the less fearful? And when, alas! I have done all this, what shall be my reward?—the greatest happiness possible to man here. But this continued state of struggle is not happiness;—true—but there is an hereafter, that, at least, is worth struggling for—live for that."

And so I determined. I watched my thoughts even before they had fairly sprung into birth. I chastised my spirit into humility: I was obedient—careful—seeking to do all manner of good, mild of speech, wrathful never, often in prayer, crushing every rebellious inclination, most assiduous in my duties;—the man with the pistols, the fierce dog and armed negro, were forgotten. I was again called quiet Troughton—all commended me; every one said that I was an honour to my father and a blessing to my family; parents wished for such a son, and mothers such a husband for their daughters.

But all this time peace came not to my bosom—I was miserable; a settled gloom spread its horrors over my soul—I began to cry out in my anguish, impiously to cry out, "There is no joy in rectitude of conduct!" and thus rectitude was no longer mine.

"Where and what is my disorder?" I exclaimed, one evening fiercely. "I have subdued myself, and yet my own heart is in rebellion against me."

I will not trace out how gradually darkness gathered upon darkness within me—how my father mourned, and my mother and sister—*that sister*, mourned over my declining health.

At length, the conviction came strongly upon me, that my nature was so utterly sinful, that it was a duty that I owed to society to immure myself in eternal solitudes; so, impressed with this idea, one morning, a few days before that on which we had appointed to embark, I told my father that I felt myself quite unfit for the world, that I intended to change my religion, take the cowl, and commence my noviciate as monk immediately.

We were at breakfast when I made this irrational resolution public. Of course, every one was surprised, but the announcement was received with very different feelings by the parties assembled. Such was the bigotry of the country concerning religion, that though they were warring to the knife for political freedom, they hugged their priestly chains more closely, and wore them proudly too, as their best ornaments.

My father's chagrin was great, yet he dared not give vent to it, with the full torrent of the indignation that I saw was rising to his throat. My mother, therefore, took up the discourse, and gently persuaded me to pause, before I made any determination so very rash, though she could not but express her pleasure at my seeing the errors of my former heresy. The little monk found time, between the huge mouthfuls with which he was comforting himself, to applaud my resolution, and my sister wept.

The reader can well understand that my motives for swerving from the Protestant faith, of which, by-the-bye, I understood not accurately the distinctions that separated it from that of the church of Rome, were not religious, but misanthropical. Indeed, that form of faith could not be very repugnant to me, which I saw so heartily embraced by all those that were most dear to me. Merely wishing, as I did, to fly from myself, it was little matter where I found the refuge. Moreover, a dark suspicion began to bewilder me, that I was doomed for the profanation with which my wild passions had insulted the Catholic procession, and the celestial representation of its principal ornament, the Virgin, to all the expiatory penances of the very church that I had invariably shunned or scorned. To my father's cautious remonstrances I replied thus :—

"Which of the two is the nobler character, he who, distrusting his spiritual strength, in flying from temptation, flies from the wrath to come—or he who boldly meets it, struggles, and conquers, or failing, draws upon his head the fearful and everlasting curse of his temerity, I will not pretend to determine. But fervent, piteous, and soul-touching is the ejaculation put into our mouths by the intercessor, 'Lead us not into temptation.' As God only can know the weakness of man, *he* knew it. I have been lately acting the warrior against the bewitchingness of sin. Dreadfully, O very dreadfully, my father, am I suffering in the contest. I will presumptuously play the hero no longer. I confess my weakness, but I will not be made captive—I will fly."

## CHAPTER XVI.

I dispense with my religious call, and seek the boatswain's. We all commence a new life, and embark for the new world. I have a dreadful suspicion verified.

"Really, Ardent," said the considerate old gentleman, "you speak exaltedly : from what sin, from what temptation, are you

to fly? are you not here, in the bosom of a virtuous family, loved, almost idolized—here, at least, nor crime, nor shame, will ever enter. What do you suspect?—who is plotting against your peace? Come, come if you must fly from the follies of a world, to which, after all, we are much obliged, take refuge, Ardent, in our abounding love."

I shuddered. My stately and my kind mother had, during this short conversation, sate with the perplexed look of a diplomatist, who has just been counter-checked by a head a little more wily than his own, when suddenly her eyes glistened, and a light like sunshine broke over her brow, and she exclaimed, with the joy of a successful solver of a problem, "Holy St. Sylvester! how stupid we have all been—the boy is in love!"

"He is in love," said Honoria, starting up, and giving me a most frank and sisterly kiss. "I am so glad! dear, dear Ardent!"

"I deny it utterly," said I, with energy and solemnity—"I deny it. Honoria, you know, or at least, by my conduct, you ought to have known, that I am a very reserved person : I am your brother—your older brother; and thus I stand in the place of your second father. I do not like these freedoms—they are very distasteful to me. I beg of you not to repeat them."

The poor child burst into tears. She did but shed the bitter waters of an insulted affection, whilst it seemed to me that my heart was weeping blood.

"I must confess," said my father, addressing himself to me, "that I think your conduct harsh—indeed, you have bestowed but little attention on your sister; you, who used to write to her so playfully and so lovingly withal—your's, Ardent, and I am sorry to say it, is the only heart upon which her affectionate nature has failed to make an impression, for she is a good, a blessed child;" and genuine triumph shone in his eyes. "Come to my arms, Honoria;" and she flung herself into them, and there she sobbed away her little griefs.

Father Gorbellazo, having now satisfied his not easily-appeased appetite, and having cleared his throat with an ample glass of rich old canary, crossed himself and commenced.

"Brethren, I have a great duty to perform—a stray sheep is crying outside of the fold—a soul is to be saved—a heretic to be converted. My son Ardent, your intentions are holy, and the saints will bless them. You will make a goodly monk; but let me now examine you parenthetically upon your opinions of our seven sacraments."

"O," said I, carelessly, "I was not thinking about the dogmas of your faith—it is the holy seclusion that it affords that I covet. What signifies a sacrament, more or less, provided the heart be

regenerated? They do very well in England with two. I assure you, that there are very good folks in England."

The monk crossed himself, and muttered low a Latin prayer—my mother crossed herself, and looked frightened—my sister crossed herself, and looked upon me affectionately. Don Mantez crossed himself, and clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword—the only single instance of hostility with which I had been for some time honoured—for he always went about *en militaire*, and looked upon me fiercely, as if I had put on him a personal insult—but, amidst all these crossings, my good father looked only cross.

After all these ceremonies, the religious man rose up to curse England, and all the heretics therein: very unctuous and fervent was that curse. After having done this, to the much contentment of his heart, he became wondrous placid; and when my father, to whom all this scene was particularly annoying, wished me to go forth with him to the counting-house, he, the priest, commanded, actually commanded me to stay—in order to undergo the process of conversion.

My father retired, but my mother seemed much edified, so she ordered Honoria to bring her work, and hear the exposition of her faith; and, as my sister stayed, the gallant lover remained of course. Well, we had a long polemical argument, and the very tenets that I was just before going to abandon, I found myself defending with asperity; and, at length, when the smooth Mantez, in order to encourage what he considered to be my desire to apostatize, said, in his softest accents, that by the time that I had performed my noviciate, and had worn the tonsure for a year, it would be the very period when I should bless him, by blessing and officiating at his union with my sister, I became more Protestant than ever, and my faith became as firm as the granite rock that is embedded in the earth's centre. Never more did I entertain the idea of becoming a monk.

But the dire conflict with my own soul was not to take place in Spain. After my controversy with the monk, my mind became better regulated. I do not like to speak of these things, but I sought the quiet of my own chamber, and, calling in the aid of prayer, I communed long and vigorously with my own soul. I was comforted—I felt myself no longer an outcast—I flattered myself my involuntary sin had been forgiven me. I then determined to seek occupation, and I found more than enough.

At this epoch, the French arms were triumphing in Spain, the factious in Barcelona became daily more bold, and the French troops were fast concentrating round the city. Our situation was becoming critical. We had much merchandize to embark, and a vast quantity of household goods. There was no time to be lost—and Don Mantez was equally active with my father and myself.

He had to man a large vessel of nearly a thousand tons, at a time and on a spot when there was a great consumption of the human race. They were used up rapidly, to speak in the language of a gallant general. Seamen were carried off, per force, to become soldiers, and soldiers were entrapped to be turned into seamen. Vagrants, malefactors—none came amiss, so long as they had tolerable health and bodily strength. Consequently, we at last got a crew of one hundred and fifty-nine persons, not including the captain, made up of all nations, and professing among themselves all manner of trades.

The ship, the St. Anna, the same which brought me to Barcelona, and which was to bear us and our fortunes to the new world, as I have before stated, had been a Spanish man-of-war of two decks, and then mounted sixty-four guns. She was a very stout vessel, but rather old; and short for her size. She had a large poop that came well forward on the quarterdeck, which afforded a lofty and a very commodious cabin. There was also a fine cabin on the main-deck, and very good accommodations in the gun-room; that is, on the deck on which she used to carry her lower tier of guns. These guns were now removed, and all the port-holes well caulked in. Her lower masts were stout and taut, but the topmasts, and all the topgear, were disproportionately small. When fully equipped for sea, she had a huge and lubberly look. I must also mention, that her bowsprit was exceedingly large—large even looking upon the vessel as a man-of-war—the gibboom, and all beyond, insignificantly diminutive.

Owing to what I had undergone in my voyage out, I could now look upon her with the eye of a sailor; and I augured that she would work badly, and, if she fell in with an awkward sea, roll heavily. She was painted outside gaudily, but in a slovenly manner. In board she was in a filthy state, with the exception of the cabins appropriated to the passengers. The cleanliness of these I myself looked after. When laden and ready to start, she was brought down beneath her bearing. Woe to her in the gale!

I am thus minute in describing this ship, for many and fearful were the scenes acted upon her deck, and in her cavernous depths. We—for I may now use that consequential plurality, as I was co-partner with my father—had purchased five-eighths of the vessel, an excellent bargain, as my father thought; the other three-eighths were the property of Don Mantez. The number of dollars that we paid for our shares of her certainly did not seem very considerable, when her tonnage was regarded. Indeed, had we not stepped in, the ship would have been broken up, and thus, for a space, Don Mantez would have seen his "occupation gone;" for she was much too large for the then crippled state of Spanish commerce.

We have made our adieus, shaken hands and embraced, and done all that was proper to those we were fated to see no more. The St. Anna having been plentifully spargified with holy water, and a little waxen image of the Virgin placed in a small shrine, with a lamp burning before it, amid the pumps on the lower deck, she was warped out of the harbour, and early next morning we embarked. There is something solemn and freezing to the soul in the first act of expatriation: my father had adopted Spain as his country.

As the boat conveyed us to the ship, I observed him narrowly: there was a sad resolve upon his countenance; his wig was a little awry, a wonderful thing in a man of his punctilious habits; and, though he only needed them when he read and wrote, he wore his spectacles. I think it was to conceal his tears. His wife was almost helpless with grief, and Honoria, divided between crying and praying, sometimes performing both together.

The only beings who seemed to enjoy this embarking, were Jugurtha and Bounder, both of whom I have too long neglected, but others did not. The dog was the pet, the playfellow, and often the wrestler with Honoria: for hours they would disport together. Never was strength excited more gently on the part of the brute—never did gentleness appear more strong than on the part of the lady. Her least look was a law to the animal. Very great is the power of suavity.

The negro had been well fed and clothed, and served me as my general attendant: he also had become a universal favourite. The fellow's good-humour was not to be shaken; though, it must be confessed, he was prodigiously ugly, even to those with whom ugliness is a beauty, he was liked by all his fellow-servants, and the females were not the most backward in this display of attachment. I do believe that he might have married the handsomest among them. However, both he and the dog snuffed up the marine air with undisguised delight. At length we placed our feet upon the planks of the fatal vessel.

As we ascended to the quarter-deck of the Santa Anna, Captain Mantez received us with a courtesy that was strongly tinged by arrogance; and when he perceived Honoria standing with her small hand buried in the clustering hair of the dog Bounder, who, as if conscious of the honour, stood bridling up, and looking majestic, under her caress, as the young lion of the forest, he could not help saying, with some bitterness, "that it was against all maritime custom to take dogs on board."

"Captain Mantez," said my father, quietly, "we have chartered this vessel, to say nothing of our ownership."

"Signor Trottoni, I spoke on this subject only as a matter of discipline. That useless live lumber, too, the dumb black, is, I suppose, also to be a part of the cargo?"

"They, both man and dog, are under my protection," said my father.

"They are my favourites," said my sister.

"They are my friends," said I, looking indignantly at the commander.

"Come, come," said Mantez, feigning a complacency that belied the tumult in his bosom, "let us not embitter the first moments that you are under my care by altercation. Will you permit me to escort you into the cabin, whilst I proceed to get the anchor up?" And offering his arm to the ladies, and followed by my father, he disappeared with his company under the poop.

The quarter-deck being now left perfectly clear to my dark companion and myself, I thus addressed him: "Jugurtha, you are a good man. Do you understand me? You are my friend; but this captain is not your friend, nor my friend. He is a wicked man. Do you know, good Jugurtha, what I mean by a wicked man?"

As I uttered these last words, a fiendish expression of intelligence mantled over the night of his countenance; he stood erect —he seemed to grow more lofty in stature—he looked around him with a dignity not at all incompatible with the ferocity of his then excited features; and, finally, taking and opening the large clasp knife which he always, after the manner of seamen, wore suspended by a lanyard round his neck, he made the action of cutting out the tongue by the roots, and at the same time showing me his mutilated organ of speech. I shuddered. I dared not understand him. I was willing to believe that he would impress upon me generally that those who excised the tongues of their fellow-creatures were wicked men.

The thought that the future husband of my beautiful sister was one such, I repelled with all my energy. I turned from the negro, and paced the quarter-deck for a space, but I could not away with the thought; my anxiety was intense, and, re-approaching Jugurtha, I said to him solemnly, "The man whom I call my friend must not say the thing that is not—must tell no lie. Say, good Jugurtha—when we were starving, when the hot sun was drying us up in the boat, did I not take you for my brother?—tell me, then, tell me, did he—did that captain do it?"

The poor fellow clasped his hands, and turned his eyes reverently towards heaven; then, looking me fully and wistfully in my face, he rolled about the remnant of his tongue with the most agonized attempts to speak; but his great efforts being only attended with a sharp, short, hissing sound, he burst into tears, and bowed down his head before me.

Had the word "yes" come borne on the wings of thunder, I could not have understood it more distinctly. But I yet strove to

deceive myself. The next moment, Jugurtha, with a proud disdain, had dashed the tears from his eyes, and was again standing in the usual apathy or philosophy of his nature.

"Jugurtha," I continued, "I fear me that I understand you; but yet I tremble to believe it. Give me some plainer sign—if it be true that this man was the wretch, lift up your right hand to heaven."

He did so instantly, and there was a glistening blade in it that he had plucked from his waist, and that now, for an instant, flashed brightly in the sun. Ere he returned the weapon to its concealment, he placed it to his lips, as if he were caressing the instrument that was to avenge his horrible wrongs. "How?—when?—where? Poor Jugurtha, who is this Mantez? What crimes may he have committed? My Honoria's husband!—I would slay him first. But, softly, here he comes, with all the pride of command upon his brow. Jugurtha, you love me—do as I bid you: our time will come. He is my enemy and your's; but no murder, Jugurtha—remember the Jane. Now go, and attend upon your young mistress."

## CHAPTER XVII.

I turn to advantage my nautical apprenticeship under James Gavel. We commence our voyage in confusion, and I take the command of the ship, she having run away with the captain and the crew.

It was now about noon, and there was blowing a stiff top-gallant breeze from the eastward, and just enough sea where we were riding at single anchor to make the motion of the vessel felt. The piers and the lines of the fortifications at Barcelona were crowded with spectators, who had assembled to see the Santa Anna take her departure.

With the heterogeneous crew that we had on board, and doubting the presence of mind of the commander, I was particularly anxious to observe in what manner the operation of getting under weigh would be performed, so I descended to the main-deck. Now our vessel having been a man-of-war, instead of a windlass she was furnished with a capstan on the quarter-deck; and having, as yet, seen the anchor hove up only by a windlass, I was somewhat curious to witness, and fully understand, the manœuvre that was about to be performed. The messenger had been already brought to the cable on the main-deck, and fastened to it

with nippers, and the half-turn of the cable thrown off the bits, so that, in fact, the ship was riding by the messenger only.

All this I comprehended in a moment; and, as I had all on board who were dear to me, I looked upon it as a duty to watch the proceedings. I saw that this hawser, called a messenger, was a revolving conducter that was wound round the base of the capstan, and attached to the cable only so far as the main hatchway, where the lashings of the nippers were thrown off, and the cable descended to the hold; this messenger returning in the mean time, past the other side of the vessel, again met, and was fastened to a fresh portion of the cable near the hawse-hole. Though the messenger is wound round the capstan on the main, the capstan itself is worked on the quarter-deck by means of radiating bars, against which the men push with the hands and shoulders, and trot or strive round according to the degree of resistance, like so many horses in a mill.

I have been thus particular that the ladies may a little understand what ensued at the very outset of our voyage.

Don Mantez, after pluming himself a little, and calling his officers about him, took his spyglass, and surveyed the town. The view was satisfactory. He then ordered the capstan to be rigged, and, taking his speaking-trumpet, he bellowed out, "All hands, up anchor."

"So far good," thought I; "the man has at least a very magnificent voice."

I then passed into the cabin, and invited its occupants to the poop to see the manœuvre, and take a last leave of the city that had so long afforded them a home. They consented mournfully. I here found Don Julien and Isidora, both labouring under a great depression of spirits. I also observed a priest among them, but he was neither my good mother's confessor, nor the ecclesiastic who had formerly belonged to the ship. We took, with the exception of the reverend gentleman, our stations on the poop, just as the capstan-bars were manned and the command was given to "heave away."

To my mother and sister the scene that was acting beneath us on the quarter-deck was perfectly new, and it was almost a novelty to my father, for it was then three-and-twenty years since he had trusted himself to the proverbial faithlessness of the sea. The view was not very flattering, for really the gentlemen who were doing the horse work at the capstan-bars were as ragged and as ill-favoured a set of sinners as could have been picked out among the workmen of Babel, just before the confusion of tongues. As they went round, the wind got up, and, when the topsails were loosened, sheeted home and hoisted up, and the anchor a short stay a-peak, they could scarcely move against the

strain on the capstan; and had it not been for the pauls, they would have been forced to have given backwards.

From the very beginning there had been great noise, and now there was great confusion. Every body who had a mouth to open had an order to give; now orders certainly are necessary and very good things; but, as one order obeyed is worth ten thousand that are only given, the duty went on but in a very small ratio as to the number of commands.

I saw immediately that our captain did not want seamanship, but he sadly wanted temper, and that coolness and determination of which, on the seas, Englishmen seem to have made a monopoly. I longed for James Gavel, even with his handspike.

Well, the head-yards were braced so as to cast the ship's head to seaward, and, at length, the anchor was up and down. The wind came snorting like a troop of wild horses along the deck from stem to stern, the draperies of the ladies took a thousand fantastical forms, and streamed in folds behind the wearers, as if seeking protection from the blast; my respectable father, spectacle on nose, stretching out his neck, and peering forward his head exactly in the centre of the poop, was endeavouring to gather information from all that he saw, when, of a sudden, with a tremendous jerk, they wrenched the anchor from the ground, and in the course of a couple of minutes the men at the capstan ran it up high enough to be hooked by the cat-block. The vessel then slowly paid round, and turned her huge carcass to the wind.

Amidst a great deal of bustle, sail was made, but the anchor still hung to the bows. We turned our eyes to the city, and saw there a few white handkerchiefs waving to us a long adieu.

"Well, Ardent," said the old gentleman to me, taking off his glasses, and wiping away the moisture that the wind or some other cause had brought into his eyes; "Ardent, what *do* you think?"

"Of what, father?"

"Of the ship, and all that is doing in the ship?"

"That it is most fortunate that there is a Providence watching over us."

"Yes, yes, Ardent; good lad, certainly, to think about Providence. I have a great respect for Providence; but it is to our friend Mantez and his crew that I am to pay so many thousand dollars to see me and mine safely to New Orleans."

"I wish they had our dollars, and we our safety."

"Humph, Ardent, you will make the women hear you; don't you think we have got, what the sailors call under weigh, nicely indeed."

"Lubberly in the extreme."

"Well, well, son, but it is surely no fault of our gallant captain. Did you hear how he shouted? did you see how he laboured?

I declare the poor man is now in a state of profuse perspiration."

I shook my head, and thought of poor James Gavel.

"And," continued my father, rubbing his hands with an enforced glee, "only see how pleasantly and how fast we are going now. A fair wind, my boy, and all secure. But why do you appear so moody?"

"I cannot help it. I see more bad omens than threatened the brig Jane. I draw my auspices not from rats, but men."

At this moment, Captain Mantez, full of importance, skipped upon the poop, and bowing to the ladies, actually asked them for their gratulations, on the occasion that he had so gallantly and so skilfully put them in the way to their destination.

"There are yet some bars to our felicitations," said I, in English, pointing to the capstan still rigged.

"It blows but coldly here," said my father. "I wish that you would order your people to take those poles out of the capstan, so that we might descend to walk on the quarter-deck."

"Immediately," and he went down and gave the necessary orders.

At this time here was a bustle forward, and I supposed that they were going to what is technically called, fish the anchor; that is, to haul the flukes up to the bows to stow it for a long voyage. At Mantez's orders, seven or eight men were unshipping the capstan bars, when a heavy plunging was heard about the bows of the vessel, the capstan flew round with the rapidity of the barrel of a watch, the preventer spring of which is broken, and the bars were hurled in all directions. One of them struck the commander to the deck, and every one within their focus was laid prostrate.

The ladies first shrieked, and then stood in mute and horrified amazement. The whirling of the capstan and bars ceased. The few nippers that had slightly held the cable to the messenger were torn away in succession at the hawse-hole, and the anchor soon caught the ground, in about twenty-five fathoms. The cable rushed out over the smoking bits. No one of the crew had presence of mind enough either to attempt to stopper it, or clog up the hawsehole, by throwing hammocks, or any other lumber, by way of impediment; the consequence was that the cable thundered out to its length, until brought up sharp by the clinch round the main-mast in the hold. The shock of this sudden interruption to the ship's way was so violent, that it threw us, who were upon the poop, prone upon our faces. The impetus was too powerful for the jerk, and the cable parted as easily as a filament of burnt flax, but not before the ship, with all her sails set, had turned her head to the wind.

The riot and confusion below, and upon the decks, were hor-

rible. Though there was as yet no imminent danger, the fear was general. The sails were now flat aback, and the vessel gathered stern way rapidly. The water began to gurgle and foam round the cabin windows, and already some ambitious waves had forced the frail barriers, and burst into the cabins on the main deck.

I have before said that she was deeply laden, and our predicament was becoming every moment more alarming. And where was the captain?—bruised and bleeding on the deck, and most of his officers were in a similar situation. Contradictory orders were given, and two parties of nearly equal strength were at the same time pulling on the larboard and starboard head-braces; the consequence was, that the head-yards remained perfectly square.

Jugurtha stood near me, with his arms folded, at his ease, grinning with delight. My father was struck speechless with consternation, and the rest of the party on the poop, good Catholics all, were making the best of their time, endeavouring to propitiate each his favourite saint. I must confess to so much badness of heart, as to own that I enjoyed all this turbulence, as it tended to show the value of the high vauntings of Don Mantez, and I wished in every way possible to degrade him in the estimation of my sister and the rest of the family.

"Jugurtha," said I, "oblige me by leaving off grinning. Pick up my father, and place him comfortably on the hen-coop. You need not mind the signora's scapulary; and I declare that the string of Honoria's beads is broken, and the deck is absolutely strewed with mementoes of aves and paternosters. Never mind them, Jugurtha—never mind them, I say—this is not exactly the time to look after our religious duties. Merrily, merrily we are going astern! Mark you, my brave Jugurtha, how the masts groan and the yards bend; and I'll warrant you now the stays fore and aft are stretched more tightly than ever were Honoria's harp-strings, and the blast is playing blithely upon them, a fitting accompaniment for the barbarian and brutish hubbub below. Is not all this, my Jugurtha, exceeding pleasant? But don't grin, my friend, enjoy it in the dark chambers of your heart, as I do." And thus, for a space, I vented my feelings, for I was carried away by a malicious, yet joyous spirit of mockery.

As I was thus venting my scorn, an English brig swept close by us, with her studding-sails gracefully extended alow and aloft by those winds that seemed hurrying us on to destruction. Beyond comparison smaller than ourselves, she appeared like a swan, proudly sailing past a huge lump of wood. Directly that she was abeam of us, a little fiery-faced, red-headed westcountryman, her master, jumped upon the quarter-deck bulwark, and

hailed us through his huge trumpet in the following congratulatory manner.

"Ship, hoa, hoiey! Yer Spanish lubbers, are yer going to h—ll starn foremost—ha yer never a man a board as is a man? Spaniards go for nothing;" and he and his gallant little craft passed by, rejoicing in the breeze. This taunt stung me to the quick.

"Jugurtha," I exclaimed, "his time is not yet come. Show yon islander, there are men on board."

At this instant the stupid Mantez was dragging himself up the poop ladder. I snatched the trumpet he still held from his hand, and pushing him indignantly aside, sprang to the break of the poop, and putting the instrument to my mouth, roared out in a voice, the loud resonance of which surprised even myself, "Silence, fore and aft! forward, Jugurtha, and see my orders obeyed. Take that handspike, and knock down the first man that hesitates."

The clamour subsided in a moment.

"The carpenter and his crew to the cabin, and ship the dead lights—helm hard a-port—man the starboard-head braces—round with the head-yards. Vast there, haul over the jib-sheet to windward—a pull on the larboard main brace—so—so—keep the main and mizen-topsails shivering. Jugurtha, knock that lazy Dane into the waist;—round she goes cheerly—let draw the head-sheets —man the larboard-head braces—let go, and haul—right the helm!"

And thus, in less than two minutes, the ship was again before the wind, and making her right course. It was a curious spectacle, that of the awe-struck crew, mutely obeying a commander who seemed to have sprung up as if by enchantment from the deck, and of the active and strong-armed Jugurtha, bounding here and there among them, pushing this man, striking that, and shoving a rope into the fist of a third: he was every where at the same time.

Nor did I pause till I saw every sail well trimmed, and every rope hauled taut, the decks carefully swept, and the ropes coiled down in a seaman-like manner. During all this, Don Mantez stood transfixed with astonishment, applying his handkerchief to his bleeding features.

When I had arranged every thing to my satisfaction, I walked up to the discomfited commander, and saluting him with my best bow, I returned to him his speaking-trumpet, saying, "Captain Mantez, your ship being again under control, I resign to you the command that the necessity of the preservation of us all compelled me to take for so short a time."

The man uttered an oath, in the Spanish language of course, as most of our conversation was now in that tongue, too terrible to

be either translated or recorded, which ended with a threat, and the word mutiny, and then he slowly moved away to his private cabin.

"My brave boy!" said my father, shaking my hands heartily, "you are our safety."

"My glorious son!" said my mother. "May the blessed Virgin convert him to the true faith!"

"My noble brother!" said Honoria, timidly, placing her arm about my waist. "How much I glory in—how much I love you! Why, dearest Ardent, are you so cold, so repulsive towards me? What fault have I committed against you? We are not, you will not even permit us to be friends—and yet my longing heart craves for a brother's love. Ardent, is not my right as strong as my desire?"

"Honoria, believe me that I love you deeply, profoundly; before I had ever seen you I nestled the idea I had of you in the holiest corner of my heart. I doated on your pretty letters—I burned with impatience to see you;—but we will talk of this no more—there has been a great, an awful mistake—my temper is often infirm to the very verge of insanity; but see, our friends, Don Julien, and his sweet cousin, are waiting to spoil me, by making me the hero of the minute." And, indeed, with praises that they thought I deserved, they "fooled me up to the top of my bent."

After I had listened attentively to all that they had to say, I replied shortly and emphatically, that "I trusted the scene that they had just witnessed would make upon them all the right impression."

These words they fully understood, and I was rejoiced to find that they made my father thoughtful, and my sister shudder.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I fancy that I have become good—a too common and a too dangerous infatuation. lecture my friend, talk unintelligibly, and imagine that I am metaphysical.

For some weeks nothing of moment occurred. The many-nationed ship's company began to amalgamate into a more easily-governed whole, and the duty went on without many mistakes, and with no accidents. But in our floating microcosm, our minds were not idle. Every day we grew more and more cool towards Mantez, till, at length, he totally withdrew himself from our table and our society. This estrangement was what I ardently desired, and had laboured with all my energies to effect. A loathing towards him began to be manifested by Honoria; even my quiet and dignified mother, who was formerly so much possessed in his favour, began to regard him with feelings but little short of contempt. This current of affairs at first distressed my father exceedingly. He had pledged his word to the marriage, and had even signed some papers that were referential to the anticipated contract. When we met the self-styled don on the quarter-deck, he was either punctiliously and ridiculously formal, or sternly and silently arrogant to all our party; and, when we had just got into the warmer latitudes, there was as much hate, suspicion, and all manner of evil feelings in the after-part of the ship, without reckoning the weight of the commander's displeasure, that might well bring us down by the stern in more senses than one.

During all these transactions, my mind had recovered its moral health. I had schooled my heart to love my sister in all purity. I had disentangled the glorious and unknown being to whom I had vowed profane love in the cathedral from the identity of my beautiful Honoria. Indeed, the remembrance of this scene was daily growing more faint. I grew domestic with my family, entered into all their little cares and pleasures, consulted with my father upon our prospective establishment at New Orleans, instructed my sister in the English language, and confirmed her in her detestation of Mantez; and in order to make my dear and venerated mother happy, I permitted her and the priest to work at converting me one hour regularly before supper. To say that I grew with all a favourite would be employing language much too feeble. I was idolized; and my black man and my noble dog

had their full share of these feelings that were gradually making me so happy.

It would seem that I have neglected the accomplished pair, who, like us, had cast their bread upon the waters. They drew into the felicitous bonds of our family circle; but they were far from happy. The mutual confidence between them seemed, if possible, on the increase, but in their bearing towards each other they were no longer impassioned—scarcely tender. Their's was a heavy lot: the wealth that they could both command, and which was all embarked with them, was totally inadequate to procure them the accessories to the rank to which they were born, and the chance of Don Julien recovering his South American possessions seemed remote. But this was not the whole of the sources of their state of discomfort. They had lived together too familiarly as relations, and, at least, on the part of Isidora, her propinquity to her lover began to excite, in her, religious scruples, —a proof conclusive that she had ceased to love. I had observed their mutual deportment, but dreamt not of its cause until the light of the truth was let in upon me suddenly by the following discourse.

It was on one of those delicious nights that are common to the latitudes of the trades, and which succeeds a day of hot sunshine. The ship was running full before the wind, whilst the moderate breeze distended every stitch of canvass. The impetus was so uniform that the bellying sails were all motionless—there was no fluttering among them. Every thing was so still, that the ship seemed walking in her sleep, whilst the stars above us, from their apparent size and brilliancy, appeared as if they had approached nearer the ocean to gaze in joy upon the tranquil scene. It was a religious night,—a night that lifts up the soul from earthly things, and makes it exercise its immortal prerogative of attempting to scan the ways of the Eternal, to worship, and to adore.

As on this night I was leaning over the hammock rails of the waist-netting, in that deep abstraction that turns melancholy into enjoyment, now watching the phosphorescent-lighted waves as they eddied past, now marking the glistening reflection of some monarch-star, as it was shivered into a thousand flashings in the water, and now speculating in the awful depths upon which we were so lightly borne, I felt some one near me, but the slight contact was not sufficient to rouse me from my selfish and solitary enjoyment; and it was not until a deep sigh made me turn and look up; and then by the melancholy starlight I saw that my friend, Don Julien, was affected almost to tears. It was evident that he wished to converse with me, and quite as evident that he was embarrassed as to the manner in which he should commence the subject that was overburdening his heart. In order to re-

lieve him, I commenced in the gentlest voice that I could assume —and who in such a scene could have spoken harshly?—by asking him, as it was now nearly midnight, why he had deserted, or not yet visited, his cot.

"My dear Ardent," was the mournful reply, "I might, in lieu of an answer, repeat your own question."

"I will answer it at once, and thus set you an example, that I did not think needful, of confidence. To say nothing about our cabins being something confined, and our hourly approach to that zone that is so emphatically termed torrid making such confinement a little too overpowering, I found that my thoughts were assuming those terrific shapes that too generally herald in real misfortunes—and so—and so—I came to consult with the stars."

"Did you, indeed?" said my friend, a little excited; "and what did they say to you?"

"They have spoken peace to me."

"Ah well!" said he, decidedly a little disappointed; "I thought you might have gathered some conclusion from their aspects; but I know it is all *fanfarauc.*"

"There is one conclusion that all but a fool or a philosopher can jump at—the stupendous, the unutterable—unutterable, did I say?—the utterly incomprehensible magnificence of their Creator: —but this, my dear Julien, is common-place."

"Granted; but a common-place that is made but too little common;—but why magnificence?"

"It is the only appropriate word. It not only conveys all that the human mind can conceive of power, but of splendour, of glory, also; and these attributes always involve those of beneficence and goodness."

"How does that follow, Ardent?"

"Such an awful Power, so far removed from the sentient beings that he has called into existence, might have caused those beings to contemplate his power under the most hideous impressions of soul-harrowing terror. But see how his Almighty hand has clothed his creation in beauty,—kindly and paternally,—in beauty that increases as the mind grows capable of appreciating it. Look up, and behold. When you gaze upon these, in the trembling thrill that reaches your heart, though it partakes of a holy fear, there is not pain, but joy."

"Yes, it is a glorious dark sapphire arch, studded with living gems, under which we are sailing;—or do we move at all? The ship is stationary, and it is the blue ripple that is stealing past us."

"A type, my dear friend, of time: we, too, seem stationary —we mark not our progress towards eternity, whilst hours, days, years, events, and catastrophes, seem to fly by us; whilst, on

the contrary, it is they that have been embedded, as it were, in our marble-paved path, and it is we who hurry past them to our graves."

"What mean you?—are you a fatalist?"

"In some slight degree."

"How?"

"Do you not think that the sun will rise on the anniversary of to-morrow twenty years hence?—or, if on that day it should be the pleasure of the Supreme to extinguish it, my argument would be still the same; but, whichever way the fact will be, the fact *would* be, whether I were living to witness it or not."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you may understand in how far I am a fatalist. In the government of the world the Almighty has ordained the courses of all events. In the government of ourselves, as we use them profitably or unprofitably, so do we deserve, and were it not for his unbounded mercy, so shall we find reward or punishment at his hands."

"I think I comprehend you: but is it an event of God's ordaining, or of my own producing, that I shall marry, or that I shall not marry, Isidora, my *very near relation?*"

"Ah! is that thought festering? The opportunity, the event, seems in your power; use it to God's honour and the tranquillity of your own conscience. The question, O my friend, has opened up an almost healed wound in my bosom."

"I would not comprehend you if I could: and yet Isidora, *my* Isidora, has sighed forth some terrible yet dark hints—yet," and he grasped my arm suddenly and compressed it even unto pain:—"she *shall* marry me."

"Who doubts it?"

"I do—she does—the priest——"

"Ah! these priests! Do not tell me what the priest says. What says your own heart?"

"My heart will not be appealed to; the matter has been fearfully brought before the tribunal of my own judgment. Do you believe in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments?"

"Most fixedly:—none but those who dread the punishment affect to deny the doctrine."

"And yet, do not despise me; for, really, till I examined my own deceitful heart, I considered that I was more religious than yourself. I was scrupulous as to observances, prayed often, and confessed regularly; but a fact, a little fact that came to my knowledge only during our short stay at Barcelona, has shaken my reliance on the Divine justice."

"I am profoundly sorry to hear it: what is the fact?

"You may never have heard of the good father Jerome. That

man was a saint on earth; sinless, reproachless, humble before God, and meek before man; he was proud only before the oppressor, stern only to the unrepenting sinner. This man, Ardent, preached the gospel; but he preached more in deeds than in words: of him it might be truly said, that if you demanded his coat, he gave you his cloak likewise. There was no guile in him: and his outward man seemed modelled upon the angelic beauty of his soul. Mind you, Ardent, he was no monk: he was the parish priest—no, the cowled fraternity avoided, and, I believe, hated him. He was in the prime of life—now don't laugh, Troughton, at the homeliness of the horror—but the alarm was given in his village that an animal in a rabid state—I might, to make my anecdote the more imposing, call it a wolf—but it was nothing more than a mongrel but powerful mastiff, had scoured the place, and was at that moment in the middle of the schoolroom of the district, ready to deal round inevitable death on the little innocents. He met men, strong men, men who had been soldiers, flying from the spot for *arms*. Frantic mothers, on the contrary, were clustering and shrieking round the doorway. Jerome waited not, hesitated not, his arms were always with him—magnanimity and righteousness—he burst through the doorway. The little children clapped their hands, and shouted out with joy, 'We are safe!—here is our father!' and they were saved—all, all; for, at the moment that the animal was springing at the throat of one of his infant flock, the good shepherd, the apostle, thrust his arm down the poisoned and blistered throat of the destroyer, and strangled him. His arm was terribly lacerated; the wounds were excised; to please his beloved parishioners, they were even touched with the most sacred relics, but, in spite of all—I cannot proceed, for he was my friend ——" And Julien paused, and he concealed his forehead in his hands, and stooped over the hammock-netting.

"I know it," said I, using purposely the strongest terms that occurred to me, "he died miserably, horribly mad; but death is common to us all, and the agonies of his dying hour sanctified to sublime righteousness his heroic act. Every throb of pain, as it ran like fire along his quivering nerves, was a merit—he was purifying himself for glory. It was an opportunity vouchsafed to him in paternal kindness,' which I know was so valued by the suffering Jerome, that, in the worst moments of his torments, he would not have exchanged his feelings for the highest degree of mere *sublunary* bliss. In all this I see nothing like divine injustice."

"No, no," said he, a little discontentedly, "it was not that: there is not much difficulty in understanding that even no lesson of magnanimity can be learned without great sacrifices and great sufferings; but this is what puzzles me, my dear Ardent—had the

good Jerome died by some easy death before he was bitten by this dog, would he not as assuredly have inherited eternal bliss, as after undergoing all that is worst in apprehension and most dire in agony? You pause: then, surely, those sufferings were a work of supererogation, and, pardon me the impiety of the thought, but, in this instance, has not the balance of Eternal Justice trembled?"

"No; but we will, for the present, pass this by, and, assuming that your hypothesis be true, what thence do you infer?"

"That man, to secure his temporal happiness, may sometimes commit a little wrong."

"Indeed: but if the moment that the wrong be committed, the man should die, what then does he secure?"

"If he died in sin, damnation. It is an awful experiment:—I always contemplated repentance."

"Who does not?—at least, who that believes in the doctrine of future retribution? But to what point would you lead me?"

Don Julien was silent for some time, and at last, rousing himself as if by an effort, he exclaimed, "Do you not believe that the laws of morality, like those of the certain sciences, are fixed and unalterable?"

"As a rule of human conduct, no. We have no other rule of governance but the law of God, and the law of man founded in accordance with the divine law; and these, you well know, vary with circumstances. There was no guilt, no immorality, in the anticipated murder by Abraham of his beloved son under the Jewish dispensation; then it was an act of the most pious devotion. I could accumulate upon you instances of this sort."

"Ardent, you have knocked from under me the only hope on which I rested. The immediate descendants of our first parents must have intermarried."

"Why this to me?" said I, suspiciously, and, I fear me, angrily.

For some time Don Julien made no reply. At last, trembling with emotion, and placing his hand heavily on my shoulders, he seemed to "scan my face as if he were about to draw it:" there was a strange medley in his countenance of fear, and sorrow, and anxiety, and yet even all this did not prepare me for the strange and sudden question that he put to me—"*Could you love Isidora?*"

"Could I stab my friend whilst he slept?"

Unconsciously we both turned from the spot where we had so long stood, and began pacing the deck side by side, in silence. For myself, I seemed to stagger under the oppression of many thoughts; but the most miserable idea, the one that lay the heaviest upon my soul, was, that my former folly was suspected, perhaps discovered, commented upon.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I find our situation on board the Santa Anna not wholly to be envied. I endeavour to make friends, and unmask enemies. I watch the mate of the watch.

Whilst I was thus chewing the cud, not of sweet, but of "bitter fancies," we were joined by a very intelligent, grave, but silent companion. The cabin in which I slept was the foremost larboard one, directly under the break of the poop and opposite the wheel. I had left the door ajar, and my faithful Bounder, who generally took his nightly repose under my cot, thought proper to leave his lair, and pace the deck with Don Julien and myself. This he did with the true quarter-deck step, but, instead of turning upon his heel, as we did, he made, at the end of each course of the quarter-deck, a half circle round us, so that, walking aft, he was beside me, walking forward beside my friend.

At length, after several of these perambulations, the sensible gravity of the dog aroused my friend from his reverie, and even called up a smile upon his features.

"Did Bounder ever before keep the first watch with you in this officer-like manner?"

"Never; and I am rather surprised at it."

"What omen is it? Tell me, you who served an apprenticeship so severe in a sign-persecuted ship."

Before I had time for my reply, the officer of the watch, who was the third mate, came over to our side of the deck, and respectfully, and very hesitatingly, endeavoured to make me understand, in bad Spanish, that it was the captain's positive orders that the dog should be excluded from the quarter-deck. Instead of replying to this monition, I turned to the Don, and said to him, "I have observed more bad omens attached to this vessel than ever terrified my poor friend Gavel, whose history you have so often made me repeat. Our friend here, with the tarpaulin hat, has just given us a very significant one." Then, addressing him in English, I continued :—"You speak the Spanish very badly, and I perceive, by your accent, that you are an Englishman. What is your name?"

Upon hearing himself addressed in his native language, his features glowed up, in spite of their swarthy hue, into an expression of smiling and intense pleasure. "David Drinkwater, at your honour's service," said he, taking off his hat, and twirling it round over his knees with both his hands.

"And what situation, berth I should say, have you got in this hooker?"

"Third mate, for want of a better, sir."

"I want no better, David. Do you know, David, that I am the son of an Englishman, and English to the backbone—that this ship is my father's and mine, all but three-eighths, and that for this voyage she is our's entirely?"

"I have circumstanced as much, sir; and now that your honour says so, I am sure of it."

"Then, David, is it not hard that I may not have room enough on my own quarter-deck for my dog to walk beside me?"

"Deuced hard it seems, indeed, sir! but orders must be obeyed; and I take it, according to the custom of the sea sarvice, the captain has a right to make what regulations he likes, although, if so be he ben't the owner; though, for sartain, I have served on board as taut a man-of-war as ever rigged a grating, and I have seen dogs upon her quarter-deck, though they were always the skipper's own."

"Then you really think that, in virtue of his office, the captain is warranted in forbidding this fine animal from walking by my side?"

"I know nothing about the vartue of the captain; but I do think he has a right to bar the dog from the quarter-deck, though all things considered, it is a d——d spiteful and shabby act, that I will say, as long as my name's David."

Having briefly explained the purport of this dictum to Don Julien, whose English was yet only in its bud, without making another remark, I led Bounder to my cabin, ordered him to lie down, and closed the door. When I returned to join my companion, I said to him, "This Mantez will soon be in open hostility against us. You know, as well as myself, how completely he has estranged himself from the society of his passengers; so much so, that even Honoria has no longer the power to draw him into our cabin. Yet he will not resign his pretensions to her hand. That he should hate me, is but natural; for too much of insult and injury has passed between us to permit us to keep up even the semblance of cordiality. But why he should include my father, and you, and Isidora, in his almost ostentatious enmity, I am at a loss to know. Can you surmise his ulterior intentions, or do you know who he is?"

"He is the betrothed of your sister, for which I could joyfully cut his throat."

"Ah! say you so?—give me your hand upon that. We will not cut his throat —— but—but I will suffer mine to be severed to the backbone, before he shall marry Honoria; and yet—" I

continued, sternly fixing my eye upon my friend, "I would not have *you* for her lover."

"So said Isidora; you would have, nor Mantez—nor myself—nor any other person living."

I turned suddenly upon my companion, my brow flushed with shame and anger; but, before the words of wrath had passed my lips, his quiet and unconscious countenance at once recalled me to a right sense of the dignity of my own innocence; but he had jarred upon the too recently knit-up string—so, taking his hand affectionately, I commended him to the protection of his saints, wished him good-night, and retired to my cabin.

I slept that night as the remorseful sleep; and I arose the next day with the determination of devoting more of my time to Isidora, and less to my sister. I resolved to make it a day of observation, to scan to the uttermost the actions and the deportment of those around me, and thus endeavour to enter into the motives of their conduct, and penetrate their ultimate designs. I began, like a dutiful son, with my father. He, good, easy, candid man, was soon read. He passed most of his mornings in settling his books, arranging his future plans of operation, and in visiting the stronghold in the spirit-room, where his heavy and iron-bound boxes of doubloons and dollars were secured by a double door. He looked upon his voyage as an every-day occurrence, that would be speedily achieved; and, as to breaking the engagement with Mantez, he was perfectly ready to pay the penalty when demanded, rather than cause the least shadow of uneasiness to a daughter he loved so much. This, also, he looked upon merely as a mercantile contract, the penalty for the infraction of which he was well able, and equally willing, to pay. He saw nothing to give him uneasiness but the slow progress of the vessel; and in the altered demeanour of Mantez, than that disappointed lovers have a right to give themselves a few airs.

My good and stately mother was only anxious about three things—the getting through the weary and listless day—the not being thrown into any attitude or accident, especially when on deck, by the evolutions of the ship, unbecoming the dignity of a Spanish matron—and my conversion from the paths of heresy. Honoria, the playful and the beautiful, was never one moment unoccupied, or one moment unhappy. Her music, her singing, her English lessons, teaching Jugurtha to talk with his fingers, teazing me, and quizzing her former lover, who pretended to love her still, employed her the livelong day. She repeatedly assured me that, now she had my affection, she was completely happy. She saw no cloud on the horizon of her fate; and truly she deserved to be overshadowed by none. When she walked the deck, she seemed to bring blessings to the crew—though

none dared address her, yet all came to gaze upon her. It was as if she were the pledge of their safety; they prophesied that neither storm nor accident would assail them whilst she remained on board : and, if one of them, by any pretence, could pass so near her as to be distinguished by one of her heavenly smiles, and she had a smile for all, the man would feel his bosom lighter, and his brow would be carried more loftily for the rest of the day. Some of the more enthusiastic seamen of the south had burnt in her name with gunpowder on their arms, and were in the habit of strengthening their asseverations, swearing by the beauty of Honoria. Had she known her power, she might have been omnipotent, and have carried the vessel into any port of the world—that had water enough.

And Jugurtha—the dark amiability had all of happiness of which his nature was capable. He was our personal attendant, and Honoria's especial favourite. His mouth had been always extensive; but his continual grin of pleasure had still more expanded that remarkable orifice, so that there was nothing left between its corners and his ears but room for one curved wrinkle, that expressed mirth in the plainest short-hand imaginable. At the same time, his teeth grew whiter, and seemed larger—his eyes became smaller and more twinkling, and the jet of his complexion more glossy. He was a man so much altered, that even Mantez could sometimes pass him without exciting his demoniac scowl. His constant attendance in the cabin left him but little time to cultivate acquaintance among the crew; but, as far as he was known to them, he was generally liked.

Though the contemplation of the state of my own family was so satisfactory, the deportment of Mantez, and his increased familiarity with his first and second mate, gave me much uneasiness. These two unworthies were, one Gomez Alfaruche, an hirsute and bandit-looking Spaniard, who acted as the chief officer, and a gaunt, Quixotic, hungry looking Norman, who strutted under the appellations, at once euphonious and *empruntées*, of Auguste Epaminondas Montmorenci, both of whom had a peculiar manner of construing the laws that regulate private property, and which assert the right of putting offenders to death. Of course, with these men, neither I nor my family held the slightest communication; though, I must do them the justice to confess, that it was not for want of many overtures to a better understanding on the part of these illustrious personages.

The third mate or officer, I have already said, was a rough, and I hoped an honest, Englishman, who chose to be called David Drinkwater, a name that, I shrewdly suspect, was about as genuine as it was appropriate. However, I was much pleased to find that he was not admitted into the confidence or the familiarity

of the captain and the two superior mates; I therefore immediately began to study how to conciliate him. I soon found that the task was not difficult. I had only to prove how much his name libelled him.

Now, whenever he had the night-watch on deck, I always made it a point to converse with him, and to show him those blunt and frank attentions that so much win the sailor's heart. I encouraged him to speak of himself and of his prospects, which he did unreservedly enough; but there was evidently a foul turn in the coil of his history, with which he did not wish me to be acquainted, and I was too generous to endeavour to extract the truth by cross-examination. As I wanted his confidence, I showed him plainly that I gave him mine, and I succeeded in obtaining all from him but this little mysterious affair.

A few nights after the startling conversation that I had had with Julien, David, having watched the commander to his cabin for the night, passed over to the side of the deck on which I was walking, and, after some awkward preliminaries at conversation, abruptly said:

"Do you know, Master Troughton, what course we are steering?"

"To New Orleans."

"Perhaps: but how is the ship's head now?"

"How! why I'll go and see."

"Do."

So I went and looked at the binnacle, and found we were steering south and by west half west, and told my comrade the result of my observation.

"Very well. And do you know we are making a mighty deal too much southing? and also, for the last week, that Captain Mantez has told me plainly, that I need not trouble myself by taking any more solar observations."

"Indeed! and have you?"

"Yes, every day on the forecastle; and we are already ten degrees and a-half nearer the line than there is any occasion to be."

"This, David, must be looked to. Who navigates the ship?"

"Captain, principally; but that long ghost of a Frenchman has as much to do with it as the other."

"But the captain may be ignorant, and the Frenchman also."

"No doubt, no doubt; but they know well enough where they are taking the barky to."

"Do you know?"

"Upon my soul, I don't!" said he, clenching the asseveration by slapping the right hand forcibly into the left.

"Not to New Orleans?"

"I should guess not."

"David, you alarm me. You know that every being whom I value is on board this unlucky craft. Tell me if you have seen any more signs of foul play."

"I've seen some curious goings on, *surely*; there was a meeting two nights ago in the boatswain's cabin of almost all the officers—yes, all but myself—captain among the squad."

"Was there, indeed? And the magnificent Don there, too. Now, David, for the English blood that flows in our veins; you must stand by us. You will not see us run away with, in our own ship, and drowned, like a litter of young whelps, the first opportunity?"

"Not if I can help it; but there may be no wrong meant, after all. Only a little yawing about to lengthen the passage, and give officers and men some odd twenty or thirty days' more wages. But come what come may, for the kindness you have shown me, and for the sake of that blessed being, your sister, one life is at your service—and that is Do-no-good David Drinkwater's—there's my hand upon it."

"I take the pledge as a friend. Honoria also shall thank you. Why, man, she will sleep the more peacefully and sweetly when she knows that she sleeps under the protection, not of Do-no-good, but of Doughty David. Ay, we'll slay this hectoring Goliath yet, David."

"With a sling—at the yard-arm—the dog deserves it."

At this moment the captain's bell rang, and in went David to receive his commands; and out shortly came David, looking, to his own expression, as black as thunder. Putting on an official look, and pulling off his hat, he thus addressed me : —"Don Mantez de Flusterbellow, or some such outlandish name, presents his humilities to Signor Trottoni, and would take it as an especial favour if he would pass his evenings otherwise than in distracting the attention of the officer of the watch, and tampering with his loyalty."

This message, which the honest fellow had endeavoured to render word for word, was delivered in very vile, but emphatic Spanish.

"Well done, David," was my reply; "you improve in your language rapidly. But this is only adding one other item to the score."

"Ay," said David, with a most orthodox oath. "To suppose I could be tampered with, or bribed, to lift my hand against my officer. I'll cut his throat in his hammock!" and he then stalked indignantly over on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and walked out the rest of his watch in silence.

My bosom now became a prey to a thousand of the most direful

apprehensions; and, though I retired to my cot during the rest of the night, I did not find the least disposition for sleep. I rallied all my powers to meet the dangers that I thought threatened us, and, at the same time, I had determined not, till the last moment, to alarm any of the ladies, or my good father.

## CHAPTER XX.

The longest chapter in the book, as it ought to be, for it creates a chapter of knights, and an order of knighthood. This order not to be despised, although its grand master was only a third mate.

No sooner was it broad daylight than I roused Julien, and confided to him all my suspicions. He, at once, saw the state of affairs in the same light that I did myself: we immediately agreed to collect privately all the arms we could, pistols, with the necessary ammunition, more especially, in our cabins and the state-room on the maindeck, which was, with its little apartments on each side, solely occupied by the ladies and their female attendants. My father's cot was slung immediately outside of the bulwark on the one side of the deck, the priest's on the other, both of which were screened off by canvass. I have already said that I slept in a small cabin immediately under the break of the poop on the starboard side, whilst Julien occupied the one exactly opposite. The poop-cabin was entirely devoted to the convenience of Mantez: here he always slept and sate, and, since our implied rupture with him, took his meals. Indeed, it was now nearly three weeks since he had shown himself at all in the state-room. The mates of the ship had their hammocks slung somewhere aft on the main-deck, the other petty officers were located as is usual in large vessels. A prudent general will always, if he can, make a survey of the battle-field before the strife.

I had resolved, however, to take things as quietly as possible, and, by affecting to think every thing was going on rightly, to shame the conspirators into acting so. As it was very necessary to lull suspicion, Don Mantez commenced governing himself that very day upon the same principles. In the forenoon, about seven bells, he came up to me on the poop, and made me a very conciliatory bow. I returned it with a faint effort at a smile. Upon this encouragement he spoke.

"Signor Trottoni," said he, benevolently, "I trust that the

third mate did not convey my message of last night discourteously to you."

"Why, Captain Mantez," said I, affecting to banter him, "is it possible to carry a burning coal in our hands coolly, or a charge of tampering with one of your subordinates like a new-year's compliment?"

"O, pardon me, signor, the man mistook me;—he is a fool in his own language, and something more foolish in a foreign one. You were talking very loud, you may remember, and really I wanted rest—a mistake altogether. It certainly was rude of me to request you to moderate your tone—I ask your pardon for it—am I forgiven?"

"Don't say another word, Don. I entertain precisely those feelings towards you as you do towards me—rest assured of it. But it is nearly noon. Is it not time to take the observation?"

"Yes, we will send for the officers."

So Mantez, with his sextant, and the two mates with their quadrants, began to ascertain the sun's altitude.

"But where," said I, "is the Englishman? Men of his nation are generally good seamen."

"An exception, signor; an exception—a mere bungler."

"I am sorry to hear that: take my compliments," said I to a man standing by, "and request the favour of Mr. Drinkwater to lend me his quadrant. I wish to see, captain, if I have forgotten how to shoot the sun. I had a good schooling at this work on board the brig in which I was wrecked."

The quadrant was soon handed to me. I brought the sun's lower limb to the horizon, and shortly after the sun dipped.

"Twelve o'clock!" said Mantez, "strike the bell!"

In the mean time I took out my pencil, and calculated the latitude; then, affecting an extremity of astonishment that I by no means felt, I exclaimed with a suitable ejaculation, "Ten degrees, thirteen minutes, north latitude! How is this? By what strange miracle have we got here?"

The three for one moment looked confounded: it was but for a moment; at least, on the part of the captain.

"Oh," said he, "signor, no doubt but that Drinkwater's quadrant is as much out of order as himself."

"No, no," said I, "that cannot be," taking up Mantez's sextant, which he had carelessly placed upon the skylight over the cabin, "for I read the same number of degrees and minutes, within a mere trifle, marked by your index. And your quadrant, I see, monsieur, also corroborates mine. How, in the name of all that is fair, open, and honourable, have we got to the south of all the Caribean islands?"

"I am as surprised as you are," said Mantez, after a consider-

able pause. "Signor Montmorenci, I hope that you have not deceived me; however, let us all adjourn to my cabin, consult the charts, and rectify our course. Indeed, I am perfectly willing to resign the navigation wholly to Signor Trottoni, if he supposes himself a better navigator than we are."

"No; I am sorry to say that I know but too little about it; only I think the chances are mightily against our making a place, in the southern hemisphere, that happens to have more than thirty degrees of north latitude."

To the cabin we went: the charts were displayed, and I soon had the end of my forefinger upon the line of latitude which we were then crossing. "Now, gentlemen," said I, "what westing have we made?" But the gentlemen knew, or affected to know, nothing about the matter. The chronometers were out of order; the dead reckoning was worse than useless; and a lunar observation had not been taken since we had lost sight of land. Then, for the first time, it struck me that, being on a most unfrequented part of that highroad of notions, the ocean, we had not spoken with a single vessel. Were we then, and purposely, out of the usual track of shipping? The conviction that we were came like a shock of galvanism over my frame. I no longer doubted but that we were betrayed. However, I still mastered the expression of my countenance, and said, with all the suavity I could assume, "You see, gentlemen, that, like the innocent babes in the wood, we have lost ourselves. These islanders, the English, take to the water as naturally as seals; and I verily believe, that many of them know where they are, place them in what part of the ocean you will, merely by instinct. Let us send for Drinkwater; we may either reject or receive his advice, as it may seem good to us; but it is a chance that we ought not to throw away, as we have done ourselves."

"Tell the English dog, Drinkwater, to come aft," said the commander haughtily, to the servant who was in waiting. He came aft, looking humbly enough; yet there was a sullenness lurking beneath this humility, that seemed to me an earnest of the man's singleness of heart.

"We have sent for you, Mr. Drinkwater," said I, with much respect in my manner, "in order that you may give us your opinion whereabout we may be."

"Blessed if I know;—somewhere, I take it, on the Atlantic."

"A wide guess, and a safe one. I suppose you know our latitude."

"Not far off the line; I calculate, by the up and down of the sun at noon, the pitch sweltering out of the seams, and the infarnal impudence of the cock-roaches."

"That is our exact latitude," said I, pointing to the chart;

"now, upon a broad guess, what think you is our longitude?"

"Why," said he, "if I must speak, I should say about there—not far off the island of St. Paul's. We have not made more than thirty degrees westing, call me lubber if we have. We are just in the out-of-the-way track that all the slaveys on the sly used to take when the English made it piracy."

"But how know you all this?"

"Bless your two good-looking eyes, Master Troughton, though I say it who should not say it, and more shame for me, I served in a slaver myself. Know the sea-drift that we are among now as well as the butter-cups and daisies that grow in the meadow behind father's house; (with a deep sigh) wish I was there now—but this is neither here nor there—I have said my say—now do your do."

"Do our do, David—not our do shall be done—what do you recommend us to do?—speak out the word boldly, and I swear by St. George of England it shall be your do that is done."

"You certainly do not mean to alter the ship's course without my sanction?" said Mantez, but with no exasperation of manner.

"I most certainly shall."

"You shall not, for, in this instance, I shall sanction whatever you purpose."

"David, you hear—now, what would you have me do?"

"Why, if I had the ship in hand, I'd down with the larboard-studding-sails before a monkey could crack a cocoa-nut, round in the larboard braces, bring the wind right a-beam, and lay the ship's head due north-west. We'll make some of the Virgin islands, please the piper, and I know every one of them by sight, as well as I do my own brothers and sisters."

"Now, Captain Mantez," said I, bowing to him very low, "will you do me the singular favour to follow these suggestions?"

"Oh, Signor Trottoni," said the commander, bowing still more profoundly, "you are only too good. Perhaps you would lay me under the everlasting obligation to see them put in practice yourself. The thing is so reasonable, that I should resign the command of this vessel at the first beck of a very young man, my passenger, and a buyer and seller of cottons and molasses, that I entreat of you to take my trumpet, and see every thing done that seems good to you."

"With the most unfeigned pleasure in the world," said I, taking the proffered trumpet from the astonished man; and, going out upon the quarter-deck, I bellowed immediately through the instrument, "Turn the hands up—trim sails." And, in a very short time, we had the vessel careening with increased speed, the weather-topmast studding sails drawing admirably, in the course recommended.

The sound of my voice giving the necessary orders brought my family, and Isidora and Julien, on deck immediately. It was a great delight to Honoria to see her brother playing captain again, and she told me so with all the buoyancy of a youthful glee. Indeed, the act carried with it its own drollery; for no sooner did I commence acting commander, than Jugurtha considered himself called upon, *ex officio*, to act as my lieutenant; and his eagerness to have my orders punctually and expeditiously performed, and his amazing activity, gave you no bad idea, as he leaped here and there, of a large black bean bouncing about in a fryingpan amongst a parcel of parching peas. On the occasion of any one else giving the orders, I do not think that he would have put his hand to a rope to save the ship from sinking—always supposing that our safety was not endangered.

After the operation was completed, as I returned the trumpet to Mantez, he received it with an ironical smile, but he showed no other symptoms of displeasure at the liberty I had taken. That day, it was his pleasure to be gracious. He made several overtures to our party, that looked like a wish to be placed on a better understanding with them. Indeed, his whole deportment was that of a man who has just won a very desperate stake. There was also a merry malignity very perceptible in the countenance of the two chief officers. My heart sickened at all these symptoms of successful treachery. Nevertheless, it was necessary to eat my dinner, and I was determined to make it a memorable one, by inviting David Drinkwater to our table.

Hitherto, we had drawn the line of demarcation strongly between ourselves and the crew. It is certain that, for the first fortnight, Don Mantez had been our constant guest; but, after we had betrayed our evident disinclination to his intimacy, he had but rarely entered our state-room.

The happiness and the honour was nearly too much for the good fellow. The heartiness of my father, the bland courtesy of my mother, and the girlish and tantalizing coquetries of Honoria, nearly drove him wild with pleasure. He sang us his best sea songs and told us his best sea stories, many of the latter being well deserving of preservation. How much good sense, sterling humour, and nobleness of soul, is continually to be found under the roughest exterior! He paid the azure of Honoria's eyes a compliment, that could hardly have been exceeded by the most successful poet. He begged of her not to look at him so earnestly, as his mother had taught him that it was a sin of idolatry to worship any other blue but that which veiled the heavens from his eyes.

"But what have you been doing with our ship this forenoon, Ardent?"

"O my dear father, we have been mistaken in the finger-posts, and taken a long sweep."

"A circumbendibus," said David.

"I'm corrected—a circumbendibus; to reach a point that lay straight before us. Merely a mistake in our dead reckoning."

"Carried the items to the wrong account, I suppose, with bad customers. Should balance accounts every day. Make a long set off now, per contra creditor—heh?"

"Just so; but I think that we should mulct the captain for this delay."

"I jalouse that he'll wipe off the chalks of his log-board, before he'll hand out a single shot," said the sententious mate.

"I think," said my father, "that I never felt the ship go so fast before. See how the waves fly past us!"

"It is undoubtedly her best point of sailing," I replied; "and if she and we only get fair play, we shall soon recover the distance that we have so shamefully lost."

"I doubt that much, sir," observed the sagacious David. "We are in the latitude of calms. Six weeks or two months frying on a looking-glass is nothing to speak of in this part of the world."

"Heaven in its mercy forbid!" said I, shuddering; "my greatest sufferings were endured in a calm at sea."

"While we ran before the wind, we had a right to expect that it would follow us till it had blown itself out; but now that we are running dead across, we must expect to pass through it. A jolly good gale shall not measure you fifty miles broad, yet shall be fifteen hundred long. We must look out for squalls on deck, I'm thinking; and calms on the face of the sea."

"May you be as unprophetic, David, as when Balaam went out to testify."

"Ah, sir, there is a greater likeness between Balaam and me than you are aware of; when we were both going to prophesy, we were checked by——"

"An angel or an ass—an angel or an ass?" said Honoria, as well as she could for laughing.

"An angel, miss, for you have just interrupted me."

"Now is he not," said Honoria, "a perfect *preux chevalier*—a knight-errant of the sea—a little coarse but courteous—true,—true——"

"As the sheet-anchor, miss."

"Faithful as—as——"

"The compass——"

"Brave—brave as——" and the beautiful quiz waited to be again prompted.

"Oh! we English seamen counts that as nothing—it is always thrown into the bargain."

"Nobly answered, my dear David," said I; "but to whom is that bravery to be devoted? Some fair lady is always supposed to be the tutelary deity of a true knight."

The tutelary deity was a puzzler to David, so he began to scratch his heavily-bushed head with his well-tarred fingers.

"Mr. David is," said Honoria, in the exuberance of her spirits, "a perfect amphibious Bayard—*sans peur et sans reproche*—graceful as the young fawn, delicate as the drooping lily—even now, with his gauntleted hand he is fumbling in the dark plume of his casque to unrivet his visor, and take off his headpiece, for what we see can be nothing more than the noble knight's manner of disguising himself."

"Come, come, Honoria," said I, a little displeased, "this is carrying the jest somewhat too far; could we lay him bare to the heart, we should find that he is as noble and as true, and infinitely more disinterested than the best knight that ever vapoured through Christendom. And, hear me, Honoria; I would impress upon you solemnly, without wishing in the least to alarm you, that it is the service of such hearts that we may stand in need of. I wish to God, that this moment you would seriously dub David your knight—this very moment."

The reader knows that I had every inducement to wind up the mate's enthusiasm in our favour to the utmost, and the banter of my sister gave me, at once, an excellent idea of doing so effectually. My proposition was acceded to eagerly by all present—for I had taken care to explain the Spanish to the English, and the English to the Spanish, when either seemed to be at a loss to understand what was said. We soon erected a very excellent throne, on which we, with due honours, installed the fair girl. Here a little difficulty had nearly destroyed the harmony of our proceedings, for Julien wished himself to be the first on whom the honour was conferred, but both myself and his cousin protested loudly against thus disappointing the honest mate; and we urged that he was entirely inadmissible to the projected order, seeing that it was to be exclusively a marine one. At length, he yielded to her remonstrances, though with an excessively ill grace, protesting, as all young men will protest, where a very pretty girl is in the case.

There sate Honoria, in an elevated chair, decorated with all manner of gorgeous flags, showing to our admiring gaze how beautifully blended sweetness and majesty may be.

"Now, Honoria," said I, wishing to make the mimic pageant as imposing as possible, "comport yourself, not only as a beauty, but as a queen. Respect the power that God has given you, which is mightier than the power of force. Look in earnest, my dear, dear sister—play out this play heroically, and, as the ways

of the Almighty are inscrutable, it may prove the salvation of us all." Here she started, and looked much alarmed, but I immediately continued, "If, unfortunately, danger should surround us. Don Julien de Aranjuez, grandee of Spain, act for the present as the high chamberlain and secretary of our august queen, Honoria —please you to stand reverently by her side, on her majesty's left hand. Isidora, of the same name and noble house, I appoint you—her—what less than first is worthy of you?—let us say her prime minister and friend. But we must have no kissing in court yet," I exclaimed, as the one lady stooped down, and the other stood on tiptoe to embrace. "Now, Jugurtha, get thee, man, my father's large gold goblet, and fill it with the best wine. There, kneel at our sovereign's feet—a place of honour, you ivory-toothed rascal, that thousands would cut your throat to procure— not exactly there, Juggy—that's a little too close—you must leave room for the future knight—and now, sister, take this drawn sword, and hold it in your hand as an instrument that you both trusted in and feared."

She took it, and surveyed it from the hilt to the very point, with a kindling eye, that seemed to flash defiance to fear, and then laid the shining and cold blade across her young warm bosom, that seemed to swell proudly to meet, and firmly to resist it, for the weapon rested upon it, making no impression.

The solemnity of the deportment of the attendants that I had placed about her, her attitude of exquisite dignity and grace, and her extreme beauty, began to shed an awe upon us, and we felt more and more that we were performing an important ceremonial. Honest David, who had weathered a hundred storms unmoved, grew a little pale, and looked almost frightened. My father and mother were wrapt up in admiration of the spectacle that I had so suddenly created for them, and in which their daughter played so brilliant a part. The good priest looked on silently and approvingly. After a pause of a few minutes, which we spent principally in contemplating each other, I ventured to address the padre.

"My dear sir," said I to him, with every token of respect in my manner, "you know in what reverence I hold you, and the tenets of the religion that you profess so sincerely, and teach by your practice so piously. May we crave your blessing upon the little scene that we are acting? Believe me, it is neither derogatory to good morals, nor to God's honour—but, as far as we can judge, it is to promote the cause of both. Will you deign to consecrate our act by a prayer?"

"Most willingly, my good son. Whether we arise, or lie down —go to the house of feasting, or the house of mourning—to console the misery of another, or to rejoice in our own prosperity,

the deed will never be the less acceptable to the Almighty by begging his previous blessing upon it. Therefore, as the ceremony that you are about to perform is one inculcating and strengthening virtue, I shall beg God's blessing on it in the following petition;" and the good man read us, very little to our edification, but much to the awe of David Drinkwater, a long Latin prayer.

When this was concluded, and after a due pause, placing myself in an oratorical attitude, I exclaimed, "David Drinkwater, of the ship St. Anna, third mate, for want of a better, stand forth. David, our sovereign, Lady Honoria, being minded to create an order of knighthood, both in accordance with her own name, and to promote deeds of chivalry on the seas, she wills it to be entitled the 'Order of Naval Honour.' Now, David Drinkwater, our lady, who sits enthroned before you, having discriminated in you those sterling qualites, and high endowments, that make knighthood so honourable in the eyes of all men, is most graciously pleased to appoint you the first knight of her newly-instituted order. Confined as we are, David Drinkwater, in this floating fortalice, many otherwise necessary ceremonies, usual before installation, we must dispense with, and some of them you may enact after the installation. It is usual, David, for the aspirant to this honour to watch his armour all night in some chapel;—you may, if you have any conscientious scruples upon this point, watch all to-morrow night your tarpaulin hat, and your pea-jacket, together with your marling-spike and serving-mallet, in the mizen top—but this we will not exact:—we leave it to you as a case of conscience."

"I'd beg to be excused, barring I had a bottle of rum."

"Discreetly answered, O David; and you may also hear mass, if you like."

"Presbyterian born, Master Troughton, presbyterian born."

"A valid objection. Now, as to the insignia of the order. Invention and art have exhausted themselves in magnificence: diamonds are vulgar, gold is common place—stars have glittered over false and treacherous hearts, and garters have girded knees that knock together on the approach of danger. O David, we'll have none of these; but a badge shalt thou wear more simple, and oh! how infinitely more beautiful! It shall be a lock of this golden hair worn round your neck," thrusting my hand among the ringlets of Honoria:—"attached to a blue riband, a bight of this decoration only appearing through one of the button-holes of the vest."

"Not for worlds," said Honoria, starting up and covering her head with both her hands.

"Oh, make me a knight, also," said Julien, falling at her feet. "Give me the badge."

"Julien, to your station!" said I, sternly. "Honoria, look

upon me steadfastly. Do I appear serious? Do not I seem like a brother, jealous of your honour? Miserably and monkishly educated as you have been—"

"Ardent!" said my mother, for I had been speaking in Spanish.

"Interrupt me not, lady. Miserably and monkishly as you have been educated, even you must have heard of the noble women who sacrificed their tresses to make bowstrings to repel those foes who would have invaded their homes and endangered their honour; even you must have heard the common saying, indicative of impending misfortune, that such hangs only by a hair. Sister, attend to me; fearfully, without a metaphor, without an allegory, I tell you, not only your own, but my fate, my life or death, and that of your parents and companions, may, nay do, hang upon a lock of your hair, refused to one who can never be any thing to you but a respectful worshipper and a deliverer—or—something I dare not name."

"Is that the case, dear brother? here, then, take it all:" and, tearing away the fastening, she allowed its beautiful profusion to wanton over her shoulders. "Divide it, lock by lock, among the crew, rather than a hair of my parents' heads should be hurt—a hair, Ardent, dear Ardent, of your's. My God! has it come to this?" and then, forgetting her assumed dignity, she bent from her high station down upon my shoulder, and wept.

"No," said I, soothingly, and in a whisper, "No, noble girl, it has not come to this. It is lucky that this honest fellow is not Spaniard enough to understand us. But we fear something: we are here at the mercy of bad men. I wish to gain a party, and this man must be our instrument. I wish to awaken his enthusiasm—to confirm it. Do not alarm our parents—resume yourself." In a moment the high-spirited girl assumed her dignified attitude, and then I continued, speaking loudly, "No, Honoria, we do not want so great a sacrifice—one lock will be sufficient; for, only the first knight in your chapter, whoever he may be for the time being, must enjoy the happy privilege of being guardian of your lock of hair. All the other members of this order are to wear the blue riband common to all; but each must wear a lock of hair of his own lady-love, if he can get it; and I think that I have now invented as pretty an institution as any very modern establishment of this kind."

"But what shall we have for the motto?" said Honoria, cutting off one of her largest side-curls, and tying it up tastefully in a bow with some slender blue riband.

"Oh, we must consult the future Sir David, especially as he will immediately have to raise at least twenty companions, good men and true," said I to him significantly.

"Thank ye, sir, heartily, and my service to you likewise,"

scratching his head as usual. "I'll do my best: what do you and the young lady think of '*The ship that goes, the wind that blows, and the lass that loves a sailor?*'"

"Very good of itself, indeed; but, with all submission, Sir David, don't you think that, as your's is to be the order of 'naval honour,' we should have some reference to our motto?"

"I see; yes," said Sir David, still groping among his hair, "Honour—yes—honour—why, let it be this, 'Our honour, like the ocean, can never taint.'"

"That will do extremely well: now for the rest of the ceremony. Be all of you attentive. Have you got the collar of knighthood ready?"

"I have," said Honoria, displaying it; and a very tasteful collar it was. She had also made another out of the remnant of the hair of the first one. "That," said she, "to show you, Ardent, that I am influenced by no prudish affectation, I intend to give to my faithful dark squire, Jugurtha. And now, in the name of chivalry, proceed."

I then made the bashful aspirant kneel at Honoria's feet, and, placing both the palms of his huge hands together, I placed as much of them as the tiny white little ones of my sister could cover between her's and then said to him, "David Drinkwater, answer solemnly and in the spirit of truth the questions that your sovereign lady will propound to you, and mind that you look your divinity full in the face, that she may judge of the sincerity of your replies."

David looked up to her, all confusion, bashfulness, and emotion, whilst Julien formed a fine study for the expression of intense jealousy, and I thought that Isidora seemed very much to enjoy his perturbation.

All this being duly arranged, my sister, giving an arch look all round, half triumph and half waggery, and gently shaking her magnificent and bright hair, that hung like golden mists of glory about her marble shoulders, she bent her large blue eyes intently upon the kneeling suppliant, who was trembling and blushing before her, and then repeated this after me.

"David Drinkwater, are you solicitous, truly, duly, and nobly, to take upon yourself the vows and duties of knighthood, purging your heart, as if purged with fire, of all meanness, guile, and cowardice?"

"I am."

"Will you always and instantly arm in the just cause, and even if that cause be unto the death, succour the distressed and oppose the oppressor? When the unjust and strong man lifteth his arm to strike the innocent, will you yourself ward off or receive the blow? Will you aid the cause of the free? Will you unbind the fetters of the slave?"

In a low deep voice David groaned out, "I will—I will—I will."

At this fervent ejaculation, Jugurtha, who was kneeling by him with the goblet of wine, but with his body turned in a different direction to David's, so as almost to face him, putting on one of his widest smiles, patted him with his left hand encouragingly on the head, as we pat a little boy that has just been a very good little boy indeed.

"Will you, David Drinkwater, strive with all your soul, and all your strength, against the robber on the high seas, the despoiler, and the pirate?"

"I will, by G—d!"

"Stop, brother," exclaimed Honoria, her countenance kindling into sublimity as if by sudden inspiration, "prompt me no more —I know my part—I will perform it. David Drinkwater, you have been one of severe trials—a witness of dreadful scenes—a partaker of some crimes. Confess them not to me—you have been one wavering between good and evil, and have stumbled. You may waver again."

"Never!"

"Look upon this as no idle ceremony, but as one binding and holy. I ask you, by the chastity of your sister, should you hear the shriek of the assaulted maiden, and the assaulter be powerful, where will you be?"

"Where he is, with my knee upon his breast, my hand upon his throat, and my knife up to the haft between his ribs."

"By the nursing love of your mother—by the manly affection of your father—would you see injury done to that noble matron—or those honourable and grey hairs trampled on by the assassin?"

"I would die first, so help me God!"

"You have answered virtuously and nobly. On you devolves the chivalry of the sea. I now invest you with this collar of the Order of Naval Honour. As to armour, integrity is the soundest —it has no weak parts, no ill-plaited joints, through which the sword of the wicked can penetrate; and, to my knight, the wicked only can be foes. As for spurs, you shall find the sharpest and the best, in occasions. Be true, be just, be honourable, and loyal to me and mine. Be all this, I conjure you, by the memory of your innocent childhood—by the love of your absent friends—by the God that is ever present."

Then, laying the blade of the sword gently upon his shoulder, she said with much sweetness, though in a serious tone, "Rise, Sir David Drinkwater."

Amidst our acclamations the poor fellow rose, and staggered like one intoxicated, two immense globules of liquid standing in his eyes, that might have been called tears, had they been found similarly placed in a mortal less rough and hardy. Of course all

present came to him, each in his turn, and addressing him formally as Sir David, shook hands with, and congratulated him, he all the time rubbing his forehead with his left hand with a bewildered air, and ever and anon exclaiming:

"I know it's only play-acting, I know it's only play-acting—but I'll stick to it as long as I live—I'll stick to it."

"Sir David," said Honoria, "the ceremony is not yet complete. You must kneel and kiss hands."

He knelt—we all started, thinking that a bottle of porter had burst; but it was only the evaporation of Sir David's loyalty on Honoria's fingers.

"There, that will do," said Honoria. "Ladies' hands are not meant to be eaten. Now rise, Sir David. Jugurtha, the wine-cup. Sir Knight, I pledge ye."

She drank, and handed it to the knight, the flower of naval chivalry. He seized the chalice with both hands, and, when he had brought the edge of it to his mouth, he nodded across the circumference very kindly to his sovereign, and saying, "Marm, here's *towards* your very good health," took a draught that was almost Alexandrine—so deep, indeed, that Jugurtha was forced immediately to replenish the vessel. When that necessary office was done, the cup went round, each drinking to the health of the newly-made knight. I pledged him last, and in doing so, I said to him, "Remember, Sir David, you must enlist companions to your order. By this time to-morrow let me see at least twenty little bits of blue riband, but not ostentatiously displayed, in so many button-holes. We must know our friends from our foes. You understand me, Sir Knight?"

"Can I box my compass, or haul out a weather earing? But, as I've got the first dog-watch, and the skipper is rather queer upon me, good folks, with many thanks for all favours, you must permit me to go. And depend upon it, Miss, joke or earnest, David Drinkwater is true to the backbone."

Honoria had now descended from her mimic throne, and before Sir David had reached the cabin-door, she came up to him, her eyes filling, for the first time, with natural tears of apprehension: she took his horny palms within her velvet hands, and looking wistfully into his eyes, she said in a tone persuasive as that of an angel that prompts us to good deeds, "Oh! talk not of jesting. Sir David Drinkwater, will you be true to your knightly vow?"

Our honest ally was completely overcome. How shall I record his answer? It was not only ungenteel, it was vulgar—more unfit to be mentioned to ears polite than is that place, the road to which is so broad, and the courts of which are so well paved with good intentions. But as the knight could find no other vent for his emotions, any more than I can find a periphrase for the

expression, for once I must run the risk of shocking my delicate readers, in order to satisfy my honest ones. "Sir David Drinkwater, will you be true to your knightly vow?"

"If I am not, bl—t me!" said the knight, as he rushed out of the cabin.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Cockney adventures—rather low, but very natural.

In enacting this serious farce, it was impossible not to prevent so much of our actual state transpiring, as to alarm my father and the ladies. Truly, I did my best to impress upon them that I had only surmised so much of danger as to make precautionary measures necessary; but, with my best eloquence, I could not dispel their gloom, and very early that evening they retired, in dreadfully depressed spirits, to their respective sleeping cabins.

When my father, Julien, and myself, found ourselves alone in the state-room, for the padre had retired so soon as the ladies, we drew our chairs together like men in jeopardy, and began to converse on our state. As I gradually unfolded what I conceived to be our awful predicament, and gave my reasons for the conclusions that I had come to, my father at once coincided with me, as to the imminence of our situation.

But the gallant old gentleman showed no fears. He was only anxious to be prepared before the explosion took place. As much depended on the individual character of Mantez, I was most anxious to learn all that I could of him. Was he of good character? received in respectable society? was he really noble? To all these questions both Julien and my father answered in the affirmative. They told me further, that he had lost large possessions by the South American revolutions—that he was a decided royalist—that, till the death of his elder brother, which took place on board a ship in a voyage to the Guinea coast for slaves, Mantez had sometimes commanded in the Spanish royal navy—sometimes in the merchant service. That, hitherto, my father, in all his transactions with him, had found him strictly honourable; and, as his connexions, both in Madrid and Barcelona, were unexceptionable, and neither his manners nor his person bad, whilst his fortune had latterly much improved, with other considerations of a political nature, had induced my parents to think him, until my arrival among them, a very suitable match for my sister.

When I heard all this, I again hesitated. I knew the man to be a villain, but also a calculating one. Would he risk his position in society, perhaps his life, by an act of piracy—abduction, and perhaps murder? For a moment I thought not; but when I reflected upon our treatment of him and his pretensions, the value of revenge to a Spaniard, and, above all, the enormous amount of wealth that we had on board in specie—for the times were then too troubled safely to negociate large bills of exchange—I was confirmed in my previous opinion. Recommending, for the future, my father and the priest to sleep inside the cabin doors, I bade him and Julien good night, and went on the quarter-deck to retire to rest also.

I looked at the compass, and found that we were steering in the correct course. This reassured me a little; but, as I got under the break of the poop, I heard the sounds of uproarious mirth issuing from the captain's cabin; and, as I distinguished many voices, and some of persons who, by their rank, had no right to be there, my heart again misgave me.

As I entered my little dormitory, I perceived that Bounder was not crouched under my cot as usual, so I went down, and forward on the main-deck, to seek him; for, being a great favourite with the crew, they would often entice him to their messes. When I went on my excursion, it might have been half an hour after ten; the lights were all out, and, as I heard the sounds of English merriment going forward, I was determined to enjoy as much of it as I could, unperceived. Round about the bits on the starboard side I found my party: they consisted of all the English, and the Americans, about ten or twelve, then on board. I got close to them. The dog knew me at once, but I silenced him by a sign; and, at length, in the nearly complete darkness, I squatted down on the deck among them unnoticed, or, if noticed at all, those nearest me took me for one of their own group.

Here, as I expected, I heard the usual complaints among seamen—the capriciousness of the captain—the violence of the mates—the dirtiness and skulking of the outlandish crew, of course meaning every one but themselves—and then they turned to pleasanter themes. Spoke well of Sir David, highly of myself, and enthusiastically of Honoria—swearing that she was thorough English, without a drop of Spanish blood in her veins; and then they grew sentimental, and I had the pleasure of hearing the pathos of "Wapping Old Stairs," and "Far, far at sea," doled forth by the several singers, most mournfully. I thought that I should have fallen asleep, when a nasal-voiced vocalist, through all its length, gave us "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer," sang *andante;* but even that had an end. Of course, between these melodious attempts there were palavers, long and short,

but not a word escaped them that could lead me to expect that any thing like a conspiracy was existing against the passengers. They, at least, were uncontaminated.

I was just on the point of retiring from this conclave, when I was suddenly arrested and amused by the strong cockney twang of a fellow whose face of course I could not see, and who was addressed by his companions as the "Silver Spoon," and Bill Watkins, indiscriminately. I have lived long enough to be proof against sneers, and therefore I do not hesitate to confess that the "Silver Spoon's" misplaced *w* and *v*, his haphazard aspirates, and his clipped words, sounded, at the very time, most gratefully to me, recalling to my recollection the five beauties of my ancient master, Mr. Falck, and all the quiet delights of Lothbury. So I paid every attention to Bill's words, and I was rewarded for my politeness in a very singular and in a very desirable manner.

"And why, Bill Watkins, don't you haul on board your jaw-tacks?" said a gruff voice.

"Cos vhy, gennelmen, I'se ipped."

"What! got bilge-water in your spirit-room?—pump it out, man—pump it out."

"Don't be hard upon the Silver Spoon," said another voice, "he's a divarting vagabond when he likes, and, moreover, knows a sailor's duty, he does!"

"And so I does, my lillyvhite; but there's no standing the ipps, vithout a bottle a' cullen vater, or a female woman's winny-gerrett. I'm always as low as the fellers that frequents the pit at Common Garden when I spec'lates on Mary East."

"Mary East be d——d!" said the *very* gruff voice.

"I von't have Mary East damned by no means by no cove vatsummever. If you're cumming that ere over me, I shall up with my mauleys."

"Come, Bill, my bo, no offence meant; besides, I likes you best when you're spooney. Mary East was as fine a wench as ever stepped over a gangway, I'll be bound for't. Let's hear all about her."

"She vas a fine gal," said the Silver Spoon, fetching a most unsophisticated sigh, "and if I hadn't a been a curs'd willain, she was the 'oman that had a made my fortin."

"Well, my Billy bo, but though you a'n't made a fortune, you've made a song, and we likes it; it almost pumps the water into my eyes when I hear you sing it:—it is as melancholy as the last biscuit in the bread-bag, and no land in sight;—give it lip, my Silver Spoon, give it lip."

"Well, you'll bellows me c'orus, I opes," said Billy, and most dolefully dittily he moaned forth, joined by the whole gang,

Mary East, O, Mary East!

and then made a pause of an awful length, during which the most profound silence was maintained; which silence was duly repeated every time that the *refrain* occurred. The Spoon proceeded—

O, Mary East! O, Mary East!
  Ah! you've been my undoing!
For since all kindness you have ceas'd,
  I've taken to blue ruin:
My togg'ry's now a precious sight,
  For vipes I uses fingers,
The swell mob all have cut me quite,
  Vhilst near your door I lingers,
      Mary East, O, Mary East!

I vonce kiss'd cooky in the square,
  And then I thought no harm in't;
But since I've lov'd my fairest fair,
  I scorn such greasy varmint.
Now north, and south, and vest I goes,
  Since Mary vill forsake me;
But only in the east I knows
  Can appiness o'ertake me,
      Mary East, O, Mary East!

I must mention that this allusion to the four points of the compass drew down shouts of applause, and caused its accompanying chorus to be dirged forth with greater unction. The Spoon then continued, still more dolorously—

I minds now only about goes,
  I never cares for vittels,
The sveep beats me at dominoes,
  The baker s boy at skittles:
I runs my head against each post,
  I valks like duck that lame is;
In love I'm crost—I'm lost, I'm lost,
  And Mary East to blame is.
      Mary East, O, Mary East!

Tyburn tree to Newgate's come,
  The drop looks high and dizzy;
Now, to my vailing she is dumb—
  I'd swing there for a tizzy;
I fears no more the jump and jerk,
  Nor horful hordin-ary,
And this is hall your dreadful verk,
  Handsome, hard-hearted Mary.
      Mary East, O, Mary East!

And who, and who is Mary East?
  Vherever I am stopping,
They axes twenty times, at least,
  From Tot'num-court to Vopping:
Go, look, yer fools, the country round
  For females that dewine are,
And the dewinest when ye've found,
  Know that I knows a finer,
      Mary Eas , 'tis Mary East!

There was a short break, as was usual at this verse, on account of sundry good judges putting in various claims for certain Mollys, Sukeys, and Peggys; but, as upon cross-examination it was found, of the beauties of the Point at Portsmouth, and of Execution Dock at Wapping, that some, not content with smoking, chewed the actual weed—that some were lame, though merry, and that some, who had fine eyes, squinted, and that all would get drunk, not oftener than they were able, the preference was conceded to Mary East unseen. Bill was allowed to proceed—

She hurns full forty bob a veek,
Dresses! eyes! how she dresses!
There's growing roses on her cheek,
And dark's her glossy tresses!
But where she lives I'll never tell,
So none can never find her;
For queens I would not change this belle,
Though only a shoe-binder,
Mary East, is Mary East!

She turn'd me hoff disdainful-le-e-e,
Becos that I'd hoffended;
Vith broken heart I vent to sea,
My voes are not yet hended!
So every danger vill I face,
To die, and prove no skulker;
And vhen I'm dead, dear shipmates, place
These vords on my sea-pulk-ker,
Mary East, O, Mary East!

And, after the last doleful echo had subsided, there was a pause of some minutes, occupied principally by the supplying of fresh quids, and the blowing of noses with the natural pocket-handkerchief, which was at length broken by the gruff voice saying, "Why does the Silver Spoon call his grave, for that I take to be his meaning, a *sea*-pulk-ker?"

"Because we are to bury him in salt water," answered a thin-voiced wiseacre.

"Noodle, there's no sheaves in that block of your's that you wear for a head—how can we write the words 'Mary East' on the waves—or fix a tombstone on the sea?"

"I'll tell ye, my jolly boy, how to rig that craft," said another. "When the Spoon has lost the number of his mess, if so be as we be in soundings, let us sink his body with a kedge-anchor, and make his tombstone of wood, so that it may float above it, blow high, blow low, like a buoy with a buoy-rope—and then you may paint 'Mary East' upon it, in what colour you please. That is what I call making a sea-pulk-ker. Is that to be the fashion of it, Bill?"

"No—you hare hall has hignorant has hasses," said the Silver Spoon, with a wonderful waste of aspirates and indignation.

"I'll be buried, please God, in Hornsey Churchyard—it is so pleasant like—only a short walk from the Meetrop'lis—and quite vithin sight of Primrose Hill, vhere me and Mary has often rambled together. Vhen she goes that vay, vith her hinnocent art, a anging hon the harm of hanother, she may look down upon me then, vhen I'm lien hin my cold grave!"

He pronounced these words with so much cockney twang, and so much pathos, that I had an equal inclination to laugh and cry. I conquered them both, and remained silent.

"Bill," said the gruff voice, "I think you are a spunky fellow at bottom. You know a thing or two, that we doesn't. A smart fellow ye are at the weather earing, notwithstanding your 'wery good wittals, I wow,' I must say."

"I'd ave yer to know, Mr. Benjamin Bobstay, that hive been reg'larly hedicated, as ve used to say at College; and so no 'sparagement to my parts of speech, I begs."

"None in the varsal world, Bill, only we should all like to hear you spin the yarn of your life—mingled one, no doubt on't—seen much, heh?"

"Yes, Ben, and dun it, too—too much, too much. Why, man alive, I could make your 'air stand on hend, and your flesh creep upon your bones."

"Do, do! go on, go on!" was heard on all sides, and, my imprudence so far overcame me, that my voice, though unnoticed, joined in the general request.

"There's that Jugurtha, that poor black dumb hanimal. I knows how he lost his hartic'lating member."

"The devil you do?" said I, overcome by my sudden emotion.

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then whispers of "Who spoke?" "Was it you, Jack?"—"No."—"It was, you know."

At length, the small-voiced man, under the idea that there was a spy amongst them, proposed to break up the party, and postpone the "Silver Spoon's" story till another night, but this was overruled at once, by Benjamin Bobstay telling a terrible lie, and himself fathering the mysterious words.

So Bill Watkins, very sagely remarking that none of the scabby Spaniards and dirty foreign beggars could understand it if they heard him, he thus began "The Story of the Cockney Sailor."

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Cockney's story.

The cockney sailor is about to begin his story: but, before I repeat it, I must acquaint my friends that I do not pretend to give the very *arbitrary* pronunciation of this denizen of the world's metropolis. How the word was to be uttered depended entirely upon the whim of the moment: he was an autocrat in language—a very tyrant over parts of speech. Sometimes, when you expected that he would abbreviate four syllables into two, he would supply a supererogatory one, and surprise you with five; and not seldom, when you expected a misplaced aspirate, he would ease off the initiate vowel as smoothly as a minister makes a promise, and would surprise you quite as much by sometimes not confounding the v's with the w's, as when the said minister should keep the aforesaid promise.

Indeed, the Silver Spoon was an enthusiast in his way. Afloat, he carefully abstained from all nautical phraseology, on shore he could not talk out of it. Thus, when on board, he would call going aloft trotting up the hempen ladders, whilst in a house he would not ascend a pair of stairs without calling it going "aloft." At sea, he would look sanctified, and exhibit the white of his eyes at an oath, whilst on shore, he swore so constantly and horribly, that he would make every one within hearing shudder at his blasphemy. A queer file was Bill Watkins—a bad fellow, with much that was good in him—one of a middling capacity, ruined by the passion of attempting to distinguish himself.

"Well, gen'lmen," said William, "it's nothing to none o' ye who was my father and mother, as I'm not agoing to swear myself to none o' ye, and so you won't have to support me when I comes upon the parish. I got my hedecation with the other nobs and beaks at a public establishment, but at which of the huniwarsites it would be unkimmen soft of me to say, cos I should be sorry to disgrace my pals, them ere nobs and beaks as I was a telling you of before. Well, I made such progress in my larning that it quite 'stonished the governors; and, as they all said it would be a mortal sin not to give such tallons to the world, they 'prenticed me to a breeches-maker, in particular, but a gen'lman who was also a general tailor by trade. Vell, I didn't like it, I'll tell you as how vhy—I couldn't abide sitting with my legs tucked

under me, and the smell of new buckskin warn't agreeable. Besides, it was very hoffensive to have people wastly beneath you insinivate insults about cabbage; and one can't be knocking people down all day long, you know, one gets tired at last, besides getting a name of being quarrelsome; so one day I hauled my heels out from under my haunches, and gave them a much better employment by running away."

I shall pass over rapidly this part of his life, which teemed with those adventures so natural to a clever, idle, metropolitan vagabond. He soon found his way to the treadmill, which, he observed, seemed invented precisely for himself, as he was one of the first who placed their feet upon that revolving ladder of promotion, up which you may walk for ever without getting any higher. Of course, he fell into very bad company, whose ideas of the rights of property were all in the wrong, and he formed a numerous acquaintance of criminals, without, as yet, actually committing any crime, excepting it was, now and then, vouching, like honest Jack Falstaff, for the honesty of his companions at the bar of the Old Bailey, and, like the knight, he had his eighteenpence. By this association, he caught the manners and imbibed the principles of the swell mob, whilst, as yet, he carefully abstained from involving himself in their continual dangers.

At length, his good address and his activity recommended him to, and secured for him, the situation of head-waiter at a noted and well-frequented tavern within the rules of the Fleet. He never smashed, not he—but, somehow or other, he always found his pockets full of bad silver. He had it, and, therefore, he must have taken it, and it would have been hard to have allowed the loss to fall upon so poor a man; consequently, Mr. William Watkins distributed it very impartially and rather profusely among the gentlemen who had occasion to receive change, by all which he gained a great deal of money, and a little, a very little suspicion: he contrived, however, to dissipate both. In this flourishing state of affairs he first met Mary East. Let him again speak for himself.

"My eyes! warn't she an angel? She was so beautiful, she put me in mind of Madame Abingdon, the play-actress, if so be any body could suppose madame could be cotched at prayers. When she tripped along the streets, every man turned to look arter her, gentle and simple, from the nob down to the chummey. Somehow or other, it seemed as hif she brought light with her wherever she went. I don't actually say she made the sun shine about her, but as I ope to be himmortally blest, when she popped her head into her door at the bottom of Simion's Court, every thing immediately arter happeared four or five shades darker: I've hobserved it hoften and hoften."

"I can't by no means circumstand that," said one of the listeners; "that's sailing to within three points of the wind's eye."

"Oh, it's all nat'ral enough, my bo," said Bill Bobstay, whom I now knew by the peculiar gruffness of his voice; "she must have had something of the hide of a shark—fosfarrant, as the big wigs say; stinking fish *will* shine in the dark."

"Stinking fish, you liar!" said the Silver Spoon in a rage, "take that;" and he hits the wrong man a tremendous blow in the chops in the dark, who gives it to the next, and a very pretty chance-medley combat ensued, during which I crouched myself flat on the deck, but Bounder was up like a young and strong lion, and without biting any of the enraged combatants, kept pawing them one after another to the ground, whilst he lashed the remainder with his tail. The faithful brute did this entirely to preserve me from harm, for I kept, convulsed with laughter, crouched down in the centre, whilst he stood over me facing about, and pulling down those nearest to him.

"Vast heaving! Paul there! A stopper over all!" roared out Bobstay. "Here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. I've had three licks in the figure head, and a couple of pegs between wind and water, whilst this dog of the young master's nearly clawed my scalp off, and here we've been pitching it into one another in the dark, like so many funny devils screwed up in a pepper-box: if the Spoon has a quarrel with me, I'll fight it out with him to-morrow in broad daylight, lashed yard-arm and yard-arm on a sea-chest; only I begs to say aforehand, I'd no idea of calling his fancy girl stinking fish,—no, I'm too much of a man to 'sparage any voman. I haven't been to sea near hand twenty years without larning a little of good manners. I meant no offence to the girl, Bill; but, howsomdever, I'll fight you for love, for all that."

This explanation satisfied the angered cockney; every one rubbed themselves where they had been hit, and hands were thrust out promiscuously in the dark, and, being shaken at hazard, harmony was again restored, and the Spoon's narrative resumed.

"Vell, Mary East and me kept company; and I takes her to the hoppera and Vite Conduct House, and the other fashionable places of amusement. I 'spose none of you've been to Vite Conduct House: you must mind your eye there,—your conduct must be vite there, my fine fellows,—no blackguards admitted there; and not only must your conduct be vite, but your neck-handkerchief must be vite too, on ball nights. Warn't I a daisy then? I vas once agoing to take Mary to All-max at Villis's rooms, but I cut it, it vas so shocking low:—*max,* indeed! Mary

wouldn't take a flash of lightning—port-wine negus with nutmeg, that's the go—or, perhaps, if the veather's very cold, a little rum and cinnamon;—yes, I knew then vot fashionable life vas.

"Vell, I von't tell ye a word of a lie: when we did go out, ve vent out promiscus genteel, but generally Mary staid at home working hard at her business. She kept herself like a lady, and her old mother too. She was a good girl, a very good girl was Mary East. She made a spooney of me. Somehow, I should have as soon thought of swearing at church as of rapping out a oath before her; and slang—no—it would not do with Mary, not by no means.

"Well, to make a long story short, she wouldn't consent to marry me till we got together eight hundred pounds; much to her credit, it is but justice to say, that she had already saved up more than half of it, and I could, so lucratif was my situation, have very soon got the other, but I was impetivous, and, besides, I feared that some of the great folks would snap her up. Many a tradesman, with a large house over his head and a good business, would have had her: but no, she and me was to go into business for ourselves as ladies' shoemakers. Why, we should have had half the quality: the shoes Mary finished always fetched double price; but I was impetivous, and so kept hurrying and teasing the poor gal to make me an appy man—that's the vay ve goes it; but she vas as firm as the pump at Aldgate—that precious pump! So I fell allycholy, and I told my sorrowful sitivation to some of my old pals, the swells. Vell, there was vun Jim Sneezer—never knowed him by no other name—a spirited young chap I must say, though he got lagged and scragged—that's the time of day with the best uns—a rope for their cravat, and cotton in their ears. So Jim called me all the ninnies in the varsal world. But he was a devil of a fellow for being in love himself, so he pitied me, and puts me up to a crack job, and he took a solemn hoath over his best hat, that for that ere go I should have all the swag. So I consents.

"But, Mr. Bobstay, I am going to prove to you that I'm a downright honest man, for what does I do, but I goes to Mary East, and asks her to marry me out and out; but says she as usual, 'Vait, Villiam, til we gets the eight undred to buy the lease and fixtures.' 'My eye!' says I; and so says I, 'if it's the money's the hobstacle, this is Thursday, and if I brings it here a Monday, will you go straight to church?' 'I vill,' says she; 'but where is it to come from?' So I, like a snivelling fool that I was, told her all about my lay with Jim. Vell, I couldn't a believed it, if I hadn't a seen it; this gal, gen'lmen sailors—this very gal, that was so meek and mild, stood up and preached at me like a parson; and she plumply told me, that if I did the job she'd inform

against me; but I no more believed her than I thought I should, a gentleman born like myself, be forced to 'sociate with such precious wagabonds in this ere blackguard Spanish hooker—present company always excepted.

"Vell, I don't know exactly how we parted, I was in such a towering passion, going to risk my precious neck for love of she—and she going to knot the rope round it. However, I never thought she'd a done that; so sure enough, on Friday following, we did the job, and, when we'd fenced the swag, Jim—an honester man never breathed—handed me over a clear three hundred, and a twenty more for jewelry for my wife. I don't think he kept more than thirty for himself. Now I calls that honesty.

"Now, the best of this ere joke's to come yet. Never 'sposing she had such a devil in her, I writes her a love letter, and tells her what I had done all for love of she, and makes a mighty merit of it; and tells her too, that I had taken my haffydavy on the bible that I would never do the likes again—and 'elp me God, gen'lmen, I never did!—and tells her on next Monday I and my friend would be at her door in a jalvey, and that I had bought the licence, and that she had no time to lose to get her bridesmaid. And what do you think she sends in answer to my epistel? 'Wretched William—fly for your life. Your more wretched Mary.'

"So I shows this to Jim, and he says, 'It's all gammon, as sure as there are cocksparrows in St. James's Square: when the coach drives up on Monday she'll jump into it as lively as a fresh-skinned eel.'

"But this, you know, didn't quite satisfy me. So I called at Mary's three times on Saturday, and never could clap eyes on her; but I watched my opportunity, and when a lodger went out about ten o'clock to buy a bit of dinner, I 'spose for Sunday, I slips in, and walks right up to the second floor, where Mary lodged; so I knocks, but the door was fastened, and sure enough I heard Mary sobbing as if her dear little heart was a-breaking. So I says, 'Only let me in for a moment,' when I hears a female ooman's voice say, 'Will, go along now.' And so says I, 'only say as how it's all right.' 'It's all right,' says she. 'Well then,' says I, 'the coach will be here on Monday at eleven.' 'All's right,' says the female voice again—but rather gruffish or so—and then I hears Mary shriek dreadful, and down something tumbles, and all vos as quiet as thieves under a jeweller's counter. So I listens, and I listens for a long vile, and nothing stirs; so I says, 'Is Mary ill? for the love of God tell me!' 'Go along with ye,' says the female ooman's voice again. 'Go along, and mind what you've got to do a Monday.' So away I goes to Jim Sneezer, with my heart in my mouth, and that as eavy as a Norfolk dumpling. 'Trap,' says I, 'Jim.' 'Stuff,' says he. 'I'll bolt,'

says I. 'Do,' says he; 'I'm a personable young man myself, and if the young ooman has set her mind on going to church and being married, she won't be baulked.'

"This view of the case, as a friend o' mine said, when he found the fiddle stolen out of it, wouldn't do no how; and, as Jim told me, that no stir had been made about the robbery, and none of the runners had heard about it, we guessed all was right, as the ooman said; and so that night we gets 'All for Bob and Joan.'"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Cockney's story continued.

"Vell, Monday comes, and up we were betimes—varn't we smart, neither? I'll tell ye vat I had on—the very ight of fashion. I had on a blue coat and yellow buttens, a vite jean vaistcoat over all; under the vite a pink silk, under the pink silk a sky blue, and under the sky blue an emerald green, but this ere last wasn't much seen till I stooped. I von't say nothing of the broaches I had in my frill, or the rings about my knuckles. Vell, I had a pair of vite brand new buckskin breeches, and new yellow top-boots, and no small nosegay in my bosom, I varrant ye. I didn't sing small vhen I and Jim stepped into the jarvey.

"Vell, there was a cold collection provided at Jim's lodgings for twelve, and after Mary and I had partaken of it, the happy pair was to step into a poshay, and ve vere to drive down to the Stag at Barnet—quite in style, you see, gen'lmen. All these beautiful arrangements I had made known to Mary by note, on Sunday, and got an answer—but not from her, but I 'spose from the female ooman's voice, saying as how she was much indisposed and flurried, but that 'All was right.'

"Vell, messmates, Miss East lived at the bottom of a court, and so the jarvey was forced to draw up at the end of it. I varn't sorry for that, as ve should have to valk all down it as fine as peacocks, and nobody could say it vas pride. But vhen ve got there, I sees me another hack. 'Vell done, Mary,' says I, 'that's a gal of spirit. Vy, Jim, she has her friends, too, quiet as she is.' 'Devilish glad of it,' says Jim. Vell, no sooner does our hack draw up, than an ill-looking chap comes to the door with Miss Eastesses compliments, and begs the gen'lmen won't give themselves the trouble to alight, as she and her friends would be with them in a moment. So he claps his ugly fist on the turn of

the coach-door, and holds it fast. Jim, who sat on the hoff side, pops his head out, and sure enough there was another fellow holding the door on that ere side. So Jim just eyes him a moment, then turns paler than ashes, and flings himself back in the coach, and the word 'lagged' rattled in his throat as if he had swallowed a dozen hot chesnuts.

"At first I couldn't comprehend it at all—for I know'd none of these polite gentry who seemed so hofficious to wait upon me, for another fellow mounts the box alongside the jarvey. Vell, I hadn't much time to codgitate, the door opens at the bottom of the court, and the first person that steps out was Townshend the officer, and then three more runners, and a gen'lman and a lady ve didn't know; atween these two, there was the purfiddyvous Mary East, all in black, as pale as the moon when she has taken an emetic, and looking as thin upon it, and weeping like a thatched roof in a warm thaw. A pretty marriage party this; so I pops my head out of the coach vinder, and says, 'Mary!' and hoff she goes in a faint, and then they carries her quite gingerly into the other coach. Mr. Townshend walks up to my coach door with the most haffable smile on his face, and in the politest manner possible, and with as neat a pair of bright steel darbies in his hands as you'd wish to see—any where but on your own. 'Some mistake, Mr. Townshend,' says I, for I knew the cove well —'some mistake, my dear sir,' putting a good face upon a bad business. 'None in the world, my excellent Mr. Vatkins,' says he; he was a genteel man, certainly, and always wore two more seals to his watch than the greatest lord in Bond Street. 'No mistake in the world—allow me to enjoy the pleasure of your company.'

"So he steps into my bridal chariot as haffable as if he was agoing to be bridesman. He seemed really to have taken an affection for us both. Nothing could be more considerate than the delicate manner with which he hinwested us with the handcuffs, though the joke was any thing but relishing with which he said something, as he fastened Jim and I together by the wrists, about rings, and bands, and matrimonial chains. 'Vere shall we drive to, Mr. Vatkins?' says Mr. Townshend. "Vhy,' said I, 'it seems to be vare you please; but as you are a very purlite man, you won't let the parson be a waiting at St. Anne's, Soho.' 'No,' said he, 'we'll call there as ve goes along—it will be all in our way to Bow Street. I am, you see, too purlite, Mr. Vatkins, to keep you and your bride asunder on the wedding-day—she is on before us. Ve shall hall meet comfortably before his vertship. But let me tell yer, Mr. Vatkins, if ever there's an angel on earth, it's your sweetheart, Miss East. She has already given ten pounds to a barrister to get you hoff.'

"I can't very well describe the hagonizing scene afore the beaks —Mary not daring to look at me, going out of one faint into another; and when she could speak, praying to the magistrate for me, and appealing over and over again to the prosecutors, who did all they could to get me hoff—but it wou'dn't do. As to Jim, he had never a chance, and so we were sent to Newgate—a precious wedding-day!

"But how did I feel, my jolly boys? how did I feel in that ere purdicament? Gallus sulky, and like a wronged man; and as they led me and my companion ironed, through the streets, Mary followed me, in bitter tears, humbling herself before me, bidding me hope, pressing her money upon me, and telling me she would have me the moment I was free—that she had been deceived by the gen'lman whom I had robbed, who promised her my safety; but, then, the devil was brooding in my bosom, so I struck her down with my shackled arm, and trampled her into the filth of the street, as I passed on, amidst the hootings, curses, and revilings of the mob. That, shipmates, that was the greatest crime that I ever committed!

"I never seed her again—she fed me as sumptuously as the law allowed, in the prison, and hired the best hadvocates to defend me; but the blow I had given her was my ruin. She was too ill to appear as witness against me; indeed, her evidence was not wanted; and my conduct to her had steeled my prosecutor's heart—he would not even recommend me to mercy when I was found guilty; and so—and so, gen'lmen, they hanged poor Jim, and transported me for life, for my first hoffence, s'elp me God and that hall and along of loving a vench too well, and afore I vas twenty years old too."

"It seems a hard case the way you tell it," said Bill Bobstay, "but I'm not going to overhaul you. When I gets clear of this voyage, and if I ain't robbed, I'll go and find Mary East myself; but avast there—you've no pretensions now, have ye, my Silver Spoon? 'cause we mustn't cut out a messmate."

"None, none, none," said the melancholy cockney.

"Very well," said Bill, slapping one hand into the other, "by hither and thither I'll marry her myself."

"You!" said Will Watkins, with a long laugh of mockery, derision, and anguish—for anguish has its laugh as well as pain its scream—"You! Before she was thirty, she became the Lady Mayoress of London, and is now a lady in her own right, being married to a real barrow night. You! Vell, after all, the burglar and the returned convict can truly boast he might vonce have had this glorious lady if he had liked."

After this ebullition of pride, he gave his listeners a long account of the tricks and the scenes on board of the hulks, which

we shall pass over, and take him up again on board the convict ship, making its long and dreary way across the southern seas towards Port Jackson.

"That vas a hell of a life. Pent up like vild beasts in a cage—and we wasn't much better—and admitted on deck by threes and fours at a time, to get a mouthful of hot air, that really seemed cool in comparison to the hoven below. We vas all in a large ship of six hundred tons and over—seven hundred of us and hod—there was no rig'lations then. A quarter of this live cargo generally found their way overboard before they got to Botany Bay. I had remorse and repentance enough then. Vell, I don't know at all where we were—it vos precious hot, but somewhere about where this hooker is now, if I may judge by the sea-weed, and the heat, when a large Spanish slaver, well armed, comes alongside of us. The slavers were free to trade then; but whether or not, the Spaniards were at war with us, and so they asked the English vessel to yield quietly; but the skipper was a spunky little fellow, and as we had a captain, two lieutenants, and a whole company of sixty of the 50th regiment on board, and he had twelve short nines mounted on his flush deck, to it they went, hammer and tongs. That was a slaughtering fight, my lads—nice calm weather—yard-arm and yard-arm—didn't the shot, every one on 'em, crash through the old ribs of the ship, and afterwards make its way through solid masses of the convicts? No escape—no motion. Oh! the howling in that wellpacked den! And then, in the after prisons, there was lots o'vhemen females—the shrieks that rang in one's ears was horrible. The soldiers and the men on deck couldn't bear it; so they opened their cages, and turned them all down into the hold; but not till many of them had been stived to pieces by the shot, and more had died by fright and suffocation.

"If slaughter makes a glorious fight, that was one, Bill Bobstay. Every ball went through us just as if you had fired a pistol-shot through a barrel of herrings, we were packed so closely. And my eyes! how we prayed to be let out to work the guns; but they wouldn't trust us, so they worked them themselves, but to very little purpose. For hevery shot that we had they had two—and for hevery seaman three—so, while Johnny Epangnol was a mashing us poor convicts up into a sort of thick soup of blood, and bowels, and brains, on the main-deck, he was sweeping off the blue and red jackets from the deck above—besides knocking away all the masts, and making a complete wreck of the ship. Now it's my principle to do your best to vin, but vhen ye sees ye can't vin, to coolly knock under, and allow t'other to be the best man. However, our ship couldn't fight any more, cos there was no von left to do the needful; but, as the colours vern't hauled

down, the Spaniard kept pummelling away, till, at last, he took courage and came on board. The carnage actually made many of them sick—not a word of a lie, Bill—not a word. But who, think ye, vas one of the first fellers that jumped aboard? vhy, our present Spanish skipper, Captain Don Mantez."

This communication made every one start, and none perhaps more than myself. Many were the expletives that burst forth, and the eagerness to hear more was expressed in a variety of uncouth forms of speech. I confess, as I kept concealed in my lair, that I trembled with an undefined apprehension that I should hear of some yet exquisite villany, that would make me shudder, and agonize me for the safety of my dear family. The Silver Spoon now began to feel himself of great importance, as was very evident from a sort of crowing-like swelling of his voice, as he thus continued :—

"The captain does not know me now—I've grown hairy-mugged since; and when he first hauled me out of the cage, I was a pale, famished skeleton. But then he was not the captain, after all—only the second in command. But neither he nor the other knew what to do with the ship that they had taken, much less with the cargo—jail-birds not being a marketable commodity in any known port in the world. Now, mateys, perhaps you are not going to believe me—but it's all as true as gospel. Hush! hist! are ye sure none of these outlandish fellers are near? Sniff round—do none of ye smell garlick? Well, all right, I believe. Well, this very pompous Don Mantez began to order all the wounded as well as the dead to be thrown overboard—stripping the bodies first, of course—for a Spaniard don't care where he thrusts his filthy hand, so long as he can draw it back with a farthing sticking to it. Vell, that ere made a pretty clearance, you may be sure. There vasn't, of the brave defenders of the ship, more than five left, sound wind and limb, and they couldn't help this here wholesale burial.

"The upper deck was thus made pretty clear, and down they comes on the middle deck, vere the gen'lemen's and ladies' prisons vas. And who should Don Mantez and his officers meet, with their shoes over heels in blood, but Timothy Fribbut, the sentinel at our door, as stiff as his own pigtail. So they told him to move out of the way, and give up the key; but he swore he wouldn't budge an inch, or give what they asked, until he was regularly relieved by his sargent. So, when some ov em began to push him on one side, he brought his bayonet to the charge, and sang out, according to orders, for the corporal's guard; and then one o' them gently slipped a small sword through Tim's body, and relieved him from duty for ever. That's what I call a rig'lar sentry for you—as stiff and as stupid as a post. Vell,

Tim was chucked overboard of course; and as gentlemen male-factors vern't used any better than the soldiers and sailors, they tossed the dead and the disabled overboard, with no ceremonies of no kind. And the vhemen they served the same way, only if they vas only a little hurt they saved them; but if they thought that their wounds would make them troublesome, over they went.

"This sort of veeding thinned us pretty considerable. Out of nearly eight hundred alive an hour ago, there vas scarce four hundred left to chip biscuit. After all, they didn't know what to do with us, or the prize either. Our ship was totally dismasted, and the spare spars on the booms cut up too. So, at last, they called all of us Henglish on deck, men, vhemen, and lads, and gave us a choice, that, at the time, we thought looked wastly generous. All as would enter on board of the Spaniard might enter, and all that chose to stay on board the English ship might stay, vhemen included.

"Now this vos a particler ticklish choice—at least for we gen'lemen convicts. Ve didn't like to enter on board a wessel little better than a pirate, and we didn't like to trust one another in the ship, for I can't help owning we were a set o' bad uns. However, many o' the convicts fancied themselves greatly, and said as how, now they were their own masters, that they could take the ship into any port in the world and jury rig her like winking; and they appeared quite delighted with the idea of being a republic, and every body free to do just as they liked; and the thing pleased the ladies quite as well.

"For myself, I didn't like the look o' things, and, I remembered the Spanish proverb, when I looked at my companions, all of 'em o' course going to be commanders—

> 'He señor—you señor—I señor—
> Then tell me who'll pull the boat ashore.'

So I, and about seventy convicts, and thirty women, all the best looking, by-the-bye, transferred our lives and fortunes aboard the Spaniards. The dons, I must do 'em the justice to say, plundered the vessel only of the little money and plate that they could find, before they abandoned her to the convicts. Well, the Spanish ship staid very near her till dark, I suppose to see how she'd behave. Such a screeching, and howling, and shouting, and singing. Bedlam broke loose could be nothing to it. They were getting tipsey, too, gloriously; and when we lost sight on 'em, they had not made a single commence to repair damages, but were chasing each other, men and vhemen, round and round the decks, like so many wild cats, or a warren of rabbits on a fine moonshiny night in summer. Well, we made sail, and next

morning nothing whatever was in sight. It would be a curious thing, and quite feelosophical, to know what become o' that ere ship and her ship's company. They were not lost for want of gumption, I know; for three hundred and odd cleverer fellows than those left on board of her you couldn't a selected in the three kingdoms."

"Yes," said a voice, "it would be a right curious speculation to know what became of that ship full of thieves. Did ye never hear that she was hailed after, or that she made any port?"

"No; but she couldn't have harmed—so much talent on board of her—only I didn't like to trust it."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Will Watkins still has it all his own way. He loses one watch, and breaks into another, and is yet still handling the case—which seems to be a bad one

I must now abbreviate for our friend, the Silver Spoon, and tell my readers that he found his new vessel a heavily-armed slaver, that was proceeding to the African coast to take in a large cargo of sable humanity, principally to supply the estates of the owner and the commander of the vessel, Don Diego Mantez, the elder brother of our well-known friend. The English convicts were treated but little better than slaves, though the ladies contrived to make a very festive life of it.

Don Diego, who was at least ten years older than his brother, appeared, at this time, to be in very indifferent health, and Will Watkins soon discovered that he was of a character widely dissimilar from that of his sanguinary and cunning younger brother; he also found out that he totally disapproved of all that was done to the wounded on board the prize, and of the refined barbarity of the deserting her afterwards; but, at this time, he was so feeble with illness, that he had enough to do to keep himself alive, having no energies to spare either for command or remonstrance.

It appeared from the Spoon's narrative, that this huge Spanish slaver ran down almost the whole of the African coast, but, owing to her great draught of water, was generally obliged to keep standing off and on at the various *entrepôts* of the human commodity. The convicts had a severe servitude, for, to every petty officer, and to most of the able seamen, one of these poor wretches was doomed to act as a white slave. They had no other

pay but blows, and all the reward they found for their services was the privilege to exist upon the refuse of the ship's provisions. The consequence of this treatment was, that they took every opportunity to desert, and thus fall a sacrifice either to the negroes ashore, their own intemperance, or the unhealthiness of the climate. But it seems that the betrothed of the lady mayoress was reserved for great things, for he was blessed with more than Dr. Southey's "Curse of Kehama;" for not only did it appear that fire would not burn him, nor water drown him, but famine would not starve him, nor the yellow fever catch him; but how could either the poet laureate's hero or mine perish by fire, water, sword, or pestilence, when they were predestined to be hung? —the saying is stale; but incontrovertibly true. So William Watkins struggled on, in order that he might, as he had all through his existence lived for his own good, at last die for the good of the public.

When the Spanish slaver left the coast with a complete cargo, not more than fifteen of the male convicts remained on board of her, and of the thirty females, seven only were in existence. Disease, profligacy, and unbridled intemperance, had done their fatal work upon them.

I know not whether the Spoon's poetical imagination might not have led him to indulge in that graceful figure of speech called the hyperbole, but he roundly asserted, that the Santa Caritada contained in her hold, and her other unaccommodating accommodations, more than one thousand five hundred negroes. Indeed, as the English had just then begun to throw serious impediments in the way of these transactions with the sons of Ham, the cargo was of immense value, and she was justly looked upon as a treasure-ship, and nearly as valuable as if she were laden with plate: consequently, to avoid any thing like interruption from the British cruisers, she made a great deal of southing, and at length got among the clusters of islands of the Pacific Ocean.

During all these proceedings, very little was seen of Don Diego by either the slaves or the crew. It was, however, generally understood that he was convalescent, but weak, and at the very first green and uninhabited island at which the ship arrived, he went on shore with his brother, Don Mantez; a tent was pitched, and he remained there with some of the officers and crew for nearly a fortnight. This time the slaver was occupied in completing her wood and water, airing and exercising the negroes, and in bringing on board as many esculent vegetables as could be procured. This judicious step, which, it was understood, was done at the express command of Don Diego, had the most beneficial effects; for the vessel, crowded as she then was, became tolerably healthy.

With renovated health and recruited spirits, Don Diego returned on board.

In this part of his narrative, "yarn," the seamen call it, there was another call, the call of "All the starboard watch ho, heoi!" but, so interested were the listeners, that one and all of them determined not to go down to their hammocks, and thus, at midnight, and long after, the cockney had the high satisfaction of hearing himself speak. I, of all the audience, felt the least inclined to break up the sederunt, as it might most justly be called, as we were all of us either sitting or lying down. Indeed, I felt that I was attending to the oracles of my own destiny.

To resume the story of Will Watkins. He told us, with many a cockney figure of speech, varied sometimes by a sensible remark, and sometimes by a burst of feeling that did honour to his heart, how the Santa Caritada sailed westward after the refreshing of the crew, and how a strange fancy seized Don Mantez, of taking six of the handsomest and most athletic of the slaves, and training them to pull the oars of his gig after the European fashion, and how that Jugurtha, my own dear mutilated Jugurtha, was one of them. He also told how Don Mantez, with no other defence than his side arms and his pistols, would trust himself, in calms and light winds, far away from the ship, apparently entirely at the mercy of his sable associates; and how that his treacherous kindness to them had won upon their simple natures, and that, in a short time, they seemed really attached to him.

"But now, gen'lmen, I'm going to tell you the willany of the thing. Our Don began to take a fancy to me—liked the cock of my eye—or summut smart about me—made me is wally in hordinary, and the coxsen of his black boat extraordinary; and I soon picked up enough of his lingo to understand him and his roguery too; often when I shaved him, I was tempted——"

"Holloa! vast heaving there! come, come, tell that to the marines, for the sailors, you know—why man alive, how comes it the skipper don't seem to know you now?"

"Mister Bobstay, a gen'lman as knows how to behave like a gen'lman, would never go for to try for to hindeavour to impeach another gen'lman's weracity, that he knows is a gen'lman. Why, sir—r—r, do ye know that I have shot a man for less at Chalk Farm? How should the skipper know me, who is now so proud as hardly to take the trouble to look at any body?—the smoothed-face, pale convict at twenty, and has andsome in the bargain as Narrowscissars (Narcissus,) the young Grecian snip as pined away into a threadpaper, for love of himself, when he seed his own face on the smooth side of his flattening iron—I says, sich a man as I was then, and sich a man as I am now, hairy as a badger, brown as a tea-caddy—with my face blistered all over in

holes with the craw-craws. Ben, I doesn't know myself, only by the sound of my voice. No, when I went up to the skipper on the quay at Barcelona, and stared him full in the face, he had no more recollection of me than a cat has of her grandmother. Yet I could whisper a word or two in his ear, that would make him jump out of his skin—and so I would, only that he would make me jump overboard the next minute. Don Mantez, my kiddies, is just the man that does not stand upon trifles. When a man can, as quietly as he washes his hands in the basin of a morning, dabble them in the blood of a brother——"

"A brother!" was the suppressed cry of all around him. Even Bounder, as if instinctive with horror at the assertion, gave a deep, low growl.

"Yes, messmates, I said a brother; and even the brute there seems to understand me; but, hist, draw round closer, we must whisper. We were fast nearing the western coasts of South Amerrykey, when I observed that the brothers were growing more and more fond, kissing each other, as the beastly Spaniards do, every morning when they met; and then it vos, 'My dear Diego, are you better? shall I do this? and will my good, noble brother, please that I should do that?' he coaxed and blarneyed him, as an Irisher would an empty bottle, with some drainings of the cretur in it. Vell, I understood that they would soon get near their pattermony—I 'spose none of ye know what that is, not like me, having been hedicated at college. It means their estate—where they wanted niggers, it seems, sadly—and surely they had got enough; but they were agreeing to choose the best, and sell the others up and down the country. By the talk of the two brothers, it seemed as if they were going to turn the very stones under their feet into gold, by means of this here gang of niggers.

"Well—vhen ve all expected to be making the main land of this here South Amerrykey, what does ve come upon, one fine arternoon, but a cluster of the most beautifullest and most genial islands you ever did see; and the vind vos so gentle, and smooth, and insinivating, it came upon the checks, and upon the forehead, like a pleasant lie into the ears—and so ve hove the ship to, and Don Diego, and Don Mantez, with a fowling-piece each, got with your humble-cum-stumble into the gig, and vith the clargymen we pulled straight ashore. My eyes! vhot a beautiful place! Hornsey Vood was a pigsty to it; and Kensington Gardens no more than a little dirt in a flower-pot. The fragrance from the sweet herbs came off like a vhiff from a perfumer's in Bond Street; and the very sand on the beach, when we jumped upon it, smelt like my lady's muff.

"'Stay in the boat with the niggers, Villiam Vatkins,' said

Don Mantez; 'and mind as how you keep her afloat.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says I; so I steps in again and shoved her off a boat's length or so from the shore; but mind this, gen'lmen, and then you'll see the willany of the thing; he turns about and says, as if upon second thoughts, the hampibous willan, for he had planned it all out afore, 'You may valk about, my good friend Vatkins, and pick off some pine-apples and oranges, but, mind ye, keep within hail of the boat, and here, carry my gun for me into the thicket,' and gives me his gun very horsetentatiously looking at the people in the ship, who was a looking at we, 'and take care, if you should hear us firing, not to come to us, for, most likely, we shall find something to shoot.' He did.

"I lands, and, as in duty bound, carried his gun, and gives it to him arterwards, and comes back, for I didn't at first go far from the beach, and I saw the two brothers go quite lovingly together, as brothers should, into the green depths of those beautiful woods. I should think there must be flowers, and plants, and trees in God Almighty's land, and if so be there is, I should think the place must be very like the one the two brothers walked into.

"Vell, I staid one hour—I staid two hours—I staid three hours, and nobody came back; and, as from the first I made a little in shore circle of a valk, round and round, as circles vill be so hobstinate as to go, and every circle vas a vider circle than vas the other circle; but I seed nobody, and nobody came. So it gets duskish, and I vas a good deal inland with the last circle that I intended to make, and I vas a standing under a natarral rock, of all manner of gay colours, atop of which it was crowned vith flowers and fruit, and I vas a vondering how fine it was, when, slap came a ball—a single ball, and the lead splashed against the rock behind me like so much water, and the bits of rock flew off and chipped into my forehead and head, and sent the blood streaming down my face.

"I stood bolt upright, and stared like a stuck pig; but I saw my Don a loading his gun, and I was so flibberdegasted at the treachery of the hact that I couldn't move; but when I saw him pointing his hinfarnal gun again I thought it time to do summut short, so I dropped down full length and stiffened myself out like a dead sheep. Vell, up comes this houtrageous Spanish sinner and gives me a kick with his foot, vich I didn't choose then to resent like a gen'lman, seeing as how ve were so far off from Chalk Farm, and then he pokes me about with the muzzle of his gun, and vonse he thrust it hard agin my ribs, and I seed between my half-closed eyelids that he vos just a going to pull the trigger—here vas a sitivation for you, more interesting than pleasant, as the man said in the pillory—and I vas just a going

to say, 'don't,' but I didn't, for if I did, he would. So he left me; but still he didn't walk towards the boat, so I did, and making her shove her nib ashore, I jumped into the stern-sheets and took the tiller in my hand as parthetically as if I hadn't just been shot at, like a strange dog with foam at his mouth. Shipmates, I owes him vun.

"A short time arter, down comes Don Mantez, without his gun, shrieking and howling, so that he was very well heard aboard the ship over the silent and rippling sea. 'My brother! Oh, my brother! What shall I do for my brother? 'The villain Vatkins has shot my brother.' So I crouched down; seeing him fling his arms about so wildly, and not wishing a haccidental lick of the chops. 'Pull in, you black villains!' said he, 'pull in,' and 'now pull on board as hard you can,' says he; 'but vhere's that desarting villain, Vatkins, as has killed the captain?' 'Here, sir; at your sarvice,' says I, springing up behind him. How he looked! At last he was forced to say something, 'You have been shot at,' says he. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'A very mysterious business,' says the cool harsassin. 'Not at all,' says I, 'quite plain.' 'So I see you didn't shoot my brother?' 'No,' says I. 'Well, he disappeared down a precipice as if somebody *had* shot him.' 'He did, did he?' says I, 'you knows best.' 'Oh,' says he, 'it's all a mistake,' scrouging my fist full of doubloons; 'you warn't shot at, you know, but you fell on a parcel of flints.' 'Oh, so it was, now I remember,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'if you should happen to forget'—and he began fumbling about with the silver handle of a long sharp knife. 'No fear, sir,' says I. 'Ah, we understand vun another,' says the Don. 'Excellently,' says I; so we got on board, and there was a rumpus. Boats manned and armed, lanterns and torches, and lights, all to look for poor Don Diego, who had fallen down a precipice. Vell, Don Diego didn't choose to be found; and never did I see any body take on so for the loss of the best of brothers like the skipper; there was a grief for ye, my piping bulfinches. The cabin hung with black; the governor a swabbing his eyes all day long, and the priest a saying masses for the soul of the dead, until his tongue rattled in his mouth like a parcel of dry pease in a poorbox.

"Howsomedever, I grows into great favour; but no sooner did we make the first considerable town, Juncal I think they called it, than he asks me to go ashore, quite purlite like. So I asks him if he was a going to take his gun with him, and then he looks precious queer, and says, 'No.' However, as we warn't this time a going into the woods, smuggling a pistol from the gunner, I goes, and we walks arm and arm quite friendly-like up to a spirit shop, and, when we had got a room to ourselves, he says to me, 'You know you are a confounded reprobate,' vich was a great lie,

'and we can't sail together any longer; but there's two hundred doubloons for ye,' says he, 'because I should wish to give a sinner like you an opportunity for repentance; and so I counsel you to go to a priest, and, if you wish really to amend your reprobate courses, you cannot do better than spend a little of that gold in purchasing masses for the soul of my dear brother;' and here he first crossed himself, and then began swabbing his eyes. 'But, mind you, if ever I find you arter this within twenty miles of me, I am sorry I shall be put to the expense of a few ounces of gold for masses for yourself.' So I hup and told him, I should be ashamed of myself to put so generous a man at any further charges on my account. He left me, bidding the Wirgin Mary and all the holy host of angels to have me in their precious keeping."

## CHAPTER XXV.

The longest tale will have a termination. The cockney sailor is, at least, silent; and I am dismayed. I grow sententious in my apprehensions, and very wisely recommend leaping out of the fryingpan into the fire.

I shall again take up the thread of the Silver Spoon's narrative, as I can unravel the skein of his adventures faster than that eloquent cockney. Immediately he was left ashore, the ship sailed northward, and left him in this miserable hole of a sickly and small town, among a purely Catholic population, where aguardiente was cheaper than small-beer in England. But Will Watkins escaped every thing: — he was neither stilettoed in the streets by the jealous populace, nor imprisoned by the bigoted priesthood, nor did he fall a victim either to the fever of the country or to his own intemperance. He soon, however, discovered the dangers of drunkenness, and the still greater danger of appearing to have money about him; so he affected poverty, said that he had been left ashore by mistake, and asked for work.

But now I have to relate the most atrocious part of this history. The Santa Caritada had proceeded to Lima, to dispose of the principal part of her cargo. It appears that Don Mantez either did not know, or did not sufficiently allow for the fact, that the negroes, though they never obtain a proficiency in any language but that which is native to them, can, sooner than any other beings on the face of the earth, acquire a smattering of any. The black boat's crew had heard and understood sufficiently the implied compact between Mantez and the immaculate convict.

As they improved in Spanish, being still treated as a boat's crew, and as such, mingling with the seamen, they began to wag their dark visages, elongate their massive lips, and chatter strange things about the disappearance of Don Diego and William Watkins. Directly this rumour reached the ears of Don Mantez, he was prompt in his measures. Not wishing to lose six of his finest venture, nor choosing to let reports, that might eventually endanger his life, be circulated among the surrounding planters, he speedily contrived to get up a squabble with these six, accused them of an attempt upon his life, and ordered his surgeon, or some of his instruments, so to mutilate their tongues, that their life might not be endangered, and yet that their speech might be for ever destroyed. This was done, and they were then thrust again down into the hold to be disposed of with the other lots. My faithful friend, Jugurtha, was one of these.

I trust that the kind-hearted reader will not deem that a horror like this is improbable. We trust that, if related of the present time, it is, and will be so for ever after. But, were it not for the too much enlarging this work, I could quote scores and scores of cases of infinitely more wanton cruelty, that have been well authenticated before municipal authorities and courts of justice. It seems, also, by what this convict said, that, in those remote Spanish settlements, it was no uncommon punishment to slit the tongues of the slaves, both male and female, when they had been thought guilty of impertinence. However, this operation did not seem to deteriorate much from the value of Jugurtha and his companions in the market, for they were well sold; and Mantez, in prosperous wickedness, and laden with wealth, disposed of the vessel, and went and took possession of his brother's plantation, living like an independent sovereign, until the revolution in Mexico, and the cry of "Death to the Spaniards!" made him fly for his life, and threw him once more upon his own exertions and talents for his subsistence.

Thus, by the means of William Watkins, the whole life of this villain, that aspired to be my brother-in-law, lay exposed as on a chart before me. Not a link was wanting. I was thus armed with a dreadful knowledge; but it was a weapon that, as yet, I knew not how to wield with advantage. I had heard all the adventures of the Silver Spoon that could interest me; but, as I wished still to keep my incognito, I remained till he had finished.

It appears that the master of a small coasting vessel, hearing that an Englishman had been left behind from the Santa Caritada, had, much to the annoyance of William, taken him on board, and brought him to the very port where she was, and at the very time that she was disposing of her slaves. He kept himself out of sight till Don Mantez departed; he then shipped on board an American

South-Sea whaler, went afterwards to New York, spent all his money in gross debauchery, and actually became, like Cain, a vagabond on the face of the earth. Hard necessity had forced him again to risk serving under the very man who had attempted his life fourteen years before. He concluded his story with a moral, which makes me suppose that, when he was courting Mary East, he was not altogether unacquainted with the contents of a circulating library.

"Now," said he, "you'll all reckon up this here—that hif I had only had a precious sight less wanity when I was a young un, and a very little more honesty, I might myself, this blessed moment, instead of being kicked all over the world, from ell to ackney, have been Lord Mayor of London myself, and my Mary have been Lady William Vatkins, instead of Lady Josiah Gobblego."

When the cockney sailor's tale had concluded, it was nearly the middle of the middle watch, about two in the morning; and, taking leave of my company without being discovered, I repaired to the quarter-deck, where I found our newly-made knight, Sir David Drinkwater, keeping the watch. Perfectly secure from interruption, I confided to him all that I had heard. The honest fellow seemed utterly dismayed and confessed that our situation was all but hopeless. He was of opinion that Mantez had some suspicion that he knew Jugurtha to be one of the boat's crew whom he had mutilated, though probably not which of them; for he (the mate) had always observed Mantez give the negro, what seamen call a wide berth, as if fearing some sudden rush upon him.

"And why not?" said Sir David, whose notions of chivalry were not yet quite perfect. "Would not the black do it at your bidding?"

"Do it!—too gladly. I have the greatest difficulty to restrain him."

"Then why, in the name of the precious safety of your father, mother, sister, yourself, and your friends, restrain him?"

"I cannot be accessory to assassination."

"But the rascal is himself an assassin!—a deep-dyed murderer!—a brother-killer! I'll tell you what it is, Master Troughton, if your father and mother, and that blessed angel upon the waters, your sister, get their throats cut, won't you call them assassinations? And when you do not use the means in your power to prevent them, don't you call yourself an accessory to them? Come, come, let the black man have his revenge, and you your safety."

"No, no—you do not even tempt me—be not offended when I say so—you almost disgust me. Let us not be the first to begin a round of murders. We must wait the attack, or the demon-

stration of it. What have you got, my friend, for our defence?"

"Not amiss, as far as that goes. You'll see plenty of bits of blue riband to-morrow morning if you look sharp for them; and if you ask them the meaning of it, they will tell you that they belong to the Able-whackit Club."

"Able-whackit Club—what is that? it is a singular sounding name."

"Ay, to a landsman. I hope when we come to play it, all of our party will contrive to stand able, when they come to finger the good books. But, I fear me, the game will be played out before we shall find time to initiate you into its mysteries."

"You will find, landsman that I am, when we come to the point, that I possess a strong hand."

"Wrong at once; you should say, flipper," said he laughing; "but bid me good night, for surely you must want rest."

"Good night, or rather, good morning."

I slept that night—yes, I slept, if the unconsciousness of the body and the torture of the mind may be called sleep. My spirits had all night been struggling with those vast, though dreamy precursors of evil that come over it like "shapes of hell," and I appeared next morning, in spite of every effort to the contrary, jaded, subdued, and ill. I was little cognizant of the workings of the human mind in others, and, from my earliest infancy, my own had been so peculiarly constituted, that I could not use it as an index by which to judge how impending evils wrought upon the imagination of others. True it is that I had read many books full of the most approved aphorisms, such as, "the worst certainty was better than the agony of suspense"—that "action was the best preservative against despair," and a great deal of second-hand wisdom to the same effect.

But much of this I surmised to be false. The reasoning that will not apply to a whole life, there are good grounds for suspecting cannot be over true concerning a portion of it—one happy hour, fairly achieved, is a gain from the necessary mass of misery that hangs upon the happiest existence. Should I tell my father, and my mother, and my sister, that in a few days, in all human probability, they would be barbarously murdered?—should I tell Honoria and Isidora that probably they would be reserved for a worse fate? Should I cause them to suffer those horrors and those deaths a thousand times in a few short days before they happened, or whether they happened at all—or should I let the mysterious dread of an impending, mighty, yet indistinct catastrophe, hang brooding over them?

Strange intricacy of our common nature. In these awful cases, how frequently, how ardently, do we wish to cut the Gordian knot that binds up these horrors, by some act of desperation!

The precipice down which we look, whilst we dread it, seems to tempt us to try the annihilating leap.

That morning, as we sate at our melancholy breakfast, I had chilling thoughts of the powder-magazine. "Let us all rush together," said the tempter, identifying himself with my own thought, "let us rush together into the presence of the Deity, and at the foot of his throne demand justice upon the heads of the evil doers. But a few steps, and one, only one spark of fire, and I can bring the accused and the accusers face to face, in regions of everlasting bliss, secure innocence from contamination, and punishment to the guilty." For a short time it seemed to me a glorious sacrifice, and one almost worth the perilling of my eternal soul.

But these wild thoughts were soon checked, by reflecting upon my first cruise, and the lamentable fate of the mistaken and heroic Gavel. I then began to fear that my heart was desperately wicked, beyond the wickedness of man, seeing how often my imaginings had been brought to the very threshold of murder—of gigantic homicide. I then looked upon Jugurtha, and shuddered; even whilst I was condemning the guilty course of my ideas, I bethought me of his recklessness of life, his devotion to myself and sister, his irreparable wrongs, and his ready hand.

Overpowered at length with the struggle of these emotions, the expression of which on my countenance I ought to have concealed and could not, I suddenly found myself in the arms of my sister, her eyes streaming with tears, and her faltering lips imploring me to tell them all.

It was a selfish relief to me to speak. I yielded, and unfolded to them every thing that I knew, and every thing that I suspected. With a savage delight, I even exaggerated my apprehensions. As I spoke, the pallid group gathered more closely around me—I stood grimly and loftily among them—I harangued them on the worthlessness of lives ignobly preserved, and, at length, when I could proceed no farther, from the agitation that was suffocating me, in a sepulchral voice, I said, "Dare we not all die together?"

There was no answer, at first, in words, to the impious appeal. But the death that I had thus madly invoked seemed already to be levying his first tribute on my mother, my sister, and the Lady Isidora.

The first person that broke this awful, this unnatural silence, was my sister. Pressing me still more closely in her arms, she murmured out, "Brother, I am ready to die with you."

"No, no," said my father, interrupting us, and who, though greatly affected, appeared to have been the least moved amongst us, "no, no, we can always die when we like. I hope that no one who claims kindred with me, will ever entertain a thought

approaching to suicide. It is quite dreadful enough to die in mortal struggle with our brother man. We are truly in a miserable predicament, but tragical speeches, and scenes like those that I have just witnessed, which, if they were not so real and so dreadful, would put me in mind of the playhouse, can do no good. When a man's affairs are embarrassed, what does he do? Why, he calls his creditors together, and compromises as well as he can—he makes arrangements, and parts with all, in order that he may have another chance to begin the world again. We are in difficulties—we have made our speculations too rashly—we are in bad hands—we must compound. We must sacrifice a great part of our wealth—perhaps the whole of it," and here the good old gentleman found the words grow husky in his throat—"I shall not be altogether poor—I shall not be wholly a bankrupt, if the villains leave me but my dear wife, my gallant son, and my beautiful, my affectionate daughter."

He paused for a few moments, and then, assuming a wonderful cheerfulness, he continued: "Ardent, my boy, we'll begin the world again. Were I turned ashore penniless in any civilized place in the world, my credit is good, sir—I am known. We'll do yet, Ardent—we'll do—no more tragicals—industry and a clean ledger, and all will go well. No time is to be lost. Now to make the best bargain that we can. Retire all of you into the after-cabin, and you'll see how I'll manage this Don Mantez."

Of course, we obeyed him. No sooner had the breakfasting apparatus been removed, than Mr. Troughton had placed a few papers on the table, with pens and ink, and, much apparently to his satisfaction, gave the fore-cabin a little the appearance of a counting-house. He then sent a respectful invitation to the captain, desiring the pleasure of his company for one half hour.

I stood upon no ceremony—I felt no hesitation in playing the eaves-dropper. Fearful of some violent result, both Julien and myself armed ourselves with pistols and swords. I saw and heard distinctly all that passed.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

We are silently preparing for a civil war. My father attempts to treat with a rogue, but, being ill-treated, intends to treat him as a rogue in return. We lay in a store of grape for intruding visiters.

Don Mantez soon made his appearance. His demeanour was formal, and his manner sullen and determined. He strode up to my poor father as if about to resent an insult, or to avenge an injury. Indeed, his scowling looks caused me involuntarily to examine my priming.

My father commenced the conversation by trusting that his guest was well—that the passengers gave him but little trouble—that they were making a rapid and a prosperous voyage, and lamented the late estrangement. He then touched lightly on the inconstancy of the natures, and the fickleness of taste of very young ladies; he was almost jocular—he diplomatized to admiration. To all these pacificatory overtures the captain returned only ghastly and unsatisfactory smiles—he looked the thorough villain—yet one whom shame had not entirely deserted. I felt a great temptation already to have a shot at him.

Mr. Troughton then came more decidedly to the line in which he wished to bring his very unpleasant companion. We, in the after-cabin, were all astonished at the magnanimity of the good old man—at the sublimity of his self-devotion. With much plausible argument he stated to Mantez, that he thought he had embarked too much wealth in our vessel. (There was no disguising the existence of his chests of doubloons and casks of dollars.) It was foolish; it was not like a man of business; so he intended, and he spoke with decision, as if it would not admit of question, that, in the very first vessel which was met with, he would embark the exact half of his property, and the other passengers; and that he would himself remain in the Santa Anna, with the other half, and proceed with Don Mantez, to New Orleans, the place of their destination. Mr. Troughton said, that it mattered little to where the ship that they should next meet might be bound, for if its port did not suit for me, his son, to make an establishment there, we could take shipping to one more advisable.

During this proposition, the captain's dark features seemed to have been spread over with a livid light—never before did I think the human countenance capable of such a demoniac ex-

pression. When my father ceased, he spoke in answer very slowly, and with a strong internal emphasis—if such an expression may be used. It was not the emphasis of the voice, but of the soul.

"But let me understand, Señor Trottoni, if we should fall in with a West-Indian to-morrow, you wish to embark your son with half your property in her, in order to proceed to the West Indies."

"Exactly so; you comprehend me to a miracle."

"Or if the ship be bound to London, to New York, or to Amsterdam, the same?"

"The same."

"Very plain—or if to the East Indies, to Canton, or to Port Jackson?"

My father nodded assent.

"Or, perhaps, even back again to Barcelona—hah?"

"Assuredly; for from thence he could take a passage to any part of the world."

"It is well arranged—very well arranged indeed."

"I am glad you approve of it—heartily. I knew that you would fall into my views; I hope that they keep a good look-out at the mast-head."

"The look-out is good, señor. But you are going a little too fast—a little. Let me see," counting on his fingers, "half your property; that very magnificent son of your's. The señora—the good and the godly father, the two cousins, Donna Isidora and Julien, with all their attendants—that hideous black, of course. Few ships will give fitting accommodation for so many; these are all that you wish to relieve me from."

"And my daughter."

"No!" nearly shivering the table with his clenched hand.

"Yes, my dear, good sir; she and Ardent must go, whoever stay."

"But she is my betrothed, sir;—she is my betrothed!"

"Was—we cannot force the inclinations, my noble sir—such pecuniary compensation as two umpires may agree upon, one to be chosen by each of us; and they not agreeing, to choose a referee, whose decision shall be final, I will very cheerfully pay. But the girl, my good sir—the fickleness of woman you know—has taken an insurmountable dislike to matrimony. We cannot—she *shall not* be forced."

"Come, come," said Mantez, looking still more ferocious, and significantly pulling half out, and sheathing again repeatedly, a superb poniard that he always wore in his bosom, "we understand one another—do not look so surprised; we do." And then he placed his hideous mouth to my father's ear and whispered.

I afterwards learned that the words were, "You and your's are in my power, and you know it."

"So is any man in the power of any other man, when one of them dares to be a villain. I could never suppose any thing base of you, a Spaniard—a hidalgo—one whom I have so liberally paid to protect me. No, no, you can mean nothing towards me but what is strictly honourable, upright, and friendly."

"Of course, *therefore* I advise you a little to alter your arrangements. The principal features of them are not bad, and, if carried into execution, may save us all a great deal of trouble, and, perhaps, something worse. As you suppose, we certainly have too many passengers on board. I will fulfil your wish, when the first ship comes within hail, with this little difference—as my company has lately seemed somewhat distasteful, suppose that all of you went on board the stranger?"

"Gladly, O most gladly!" said my father, starting upon his legs with undisguised pleasure.

"With the exception," said the rascal, with cool and sarcastic deliberation, "with the exception of Honoria and the gold."

My poor father collapsed into his chair, as if he had been suddenly deprived of all the functions of his life. The mask had then been contemptuously thrown aside by the unprincipled wearer. He had now openly brandished the assassin's dagger—he stood confessed before us the robber and the pirate. My friend Julien incautiously, at this dreadful crisis, cocked his pistol. The ominous click fell distinctly on the coward ear of the villain, and, as my father sat down in despair, he started up in fear, exclaiming in great agitation, "Am I betrayed?"

It was hideously pleasant to hear the scoundrel who had entrapped us all to poverty, death, and to some of us, perhaps, to something worse, talk of being betrayed.

"No, Don Mantez," said my father, firmly, "there is no treason in this ship but what has been hatched in your own bosom; and from this may Heaven in its mercy deliver me and mine, miserable, deceived old man that I am!"

But my father was not so easily conquered—a disgusting traffic commenced. Mr. Troughton gradually offered more and more of his wealth, until the whole of it was tendered, stipulating for the immense sacrifice, only the safety of himself and family.

The felon hesitated—they commenced drawing up agreements; several forms had already been written; the pen was in the hands of the captain, eventually to make his signature, when he suddenly jumped up, and overturning the ink upon a part of the documents, and tearing the other savagely to pieces, he exclaimed, "Signor Trottoni, it will not do; no deeds or bonds, made as we are situated, are binding."

"My honour, my word, my oath!"

These solemn words of my father's conveyed no other meaning to him than fraud, dissimulation, and treachery. He seemed to disdain even to continue the conversation, but strode forth from the cabin, merely saying, "The girl and the gold."

We (Julien and I) were forced to call to our aid all our discretion and forbearance, to prevent us sending each a pistol-bullet after him. We all came round my father with increased veneration. I kissed his white and somewhat withered hand with something nearly akin to worship. After a most distressing pause, his feelings kindled up with animation; there came a fire into his eyes that was proudly and military.

"Now, Ardent," said he, "now, my boy, I am with you. He is fool as well as villain. He may murder us all—he may run the ship into some distant port and sell her; even this, with every dollar that we have on board, will not give him so much as I have offered him for our safety, for he must share with his associates this dastardly plundering. The man is certainly a fool, and from that I derive some hopes of our ultimate salvation. Now go, Ardent, and try if you can, unnoticed, slip into conversation with our worthy and newly-created knight, Sir David Drinkwater."

I was passing out of the cabin when I found that the first blow had been struck by our arch-enemy. There was a sentinel at the cabin-door with a drawn sword and loaded pistols. We were prisoners. This first shock was dreadful to us. The man at the cabin-door, for all answer to our questions, gave us the point of his sword to our breasts. Even the beauty and persuasive gentleness of Honoria failed to draw him into conversation. We then sent out our servants; these were permitted to go out, but one at a time, and another sentry attended them wherever they went, to prevent them speaking to any of the crew. Even in the galley, when they were cooking our meals, they were allowed to converse with no one. The captain had turned the hands up, and openly accused us of mutiny. He did not condescend to particulars, and, as many among them thought they had an interest in believing the accusation, not a murmur was heard at the announcement.

Our situation was now wretched. We felt ourselves to be like the beasts of the field stalled in the shambles for the convenience of slaughter. Every resource seemed cut off—we had not the miserable alternative left of nobly dying with arms in our hands.

For twenty-four hours were we thus confined, without having had any communication from without. I will not dwell upon the miserable anxiousness that we could not help betraying, and the pitiful and pitiable attempts that we made to rally each other's

courage by abortive and distressing atttempts at cheerfulness. I had a dread presentiment of the horrors that were to ensue, from that to me, the worst of all omens, the supervention of a dead calm. We had now the listlessness of the elements added to our own. Like so many wretches destined to execution, every thing seemed silenced around us, in order that we might the more completely enter into our own souls, and contemplate approaching agonies, and the near and mysterious plunge into the dark abyss of eternity.

A ray of something like hope broke upon us on the following day. The sentinel at our cabin-door wore, but by no means ostentatiously, a small piece of blue riband pinned to the breast of his canvass shirt. I hailed the sign with a glow of gratitude to the rough mate, David Drinkwater. I feared not to accost the man, though I saw that he was a Spaniard. As I advanced to the threshold of the door, he, however, placed his hand roughly upon my chest, and bore me back into the fore-cabin, and banged the door rudely in my face. My indignation at this sudden insult was soon to be changed to pleasure :—at my feet lay an unclerkly folded letter—it was from our friend David.

All of us immediately retired into the after-cabin; and we there, to use a common, but forcible expression, actually devoured its contents. They were sensible, and showed at once the acuteness and firmness of the man's mind. The best hope that it held out to us was a desperate and a bloody struggle for the ship. He had already engaged more than forty into our interest. He dared not attempt carrying his proselytism farther, and told us, that every moment in which we delayed the struggle was pregnant with his own fate. He asked leave to commence it that night; and we were to give, as secretly as possible, an answer containing our resolve to the sentry.

This was sudden—it struck us with dismay. How should we be able to tell the world that, in the silence of night, and in all the fancied security of sleep, we, having corrupted a portion of the crew, rose and cut the throats of the captain of the ship, and of the principal officers; then, when justice should ask us, in a voice of thunder, "Why did ye this?" how should we reply? We revolted, we trembled at this idea. Crime has always the first advantage. After a short and affecting debate, with the consent of us all, I returned him this short answer :

"My dear David,

"We cannot draw the first blood. Aid us in preparations for the encounter; and, if it must be so, provoke it on the part of our enemies. Come to us, if possible, this evening. Already you

have our esteem and gratitude. Rescue us from this strait, and your fortune is secured. Honoria bids you remember that you are her knight."

This missive was received by the affectedly morose sentry, and reached its destination.

Were I to give a history of the feelings and of the acts of our little party during these tribulations, I should expand this part of my history into volumes. They seemed to add energy to and improve the character of Honoria. Brave as was my friend Julien, he hardly seemed equal to the crisis. He wished to solve the harassing difficulty by some act of rashness, which, of course, he would have called bravery. He was fickle, restless, and spirit-worn. His intrepidity seemed only fitted for the battle-field; —his enthusiasm required the clang of trumpets and the gorgeous array of the well-fought battle;—to die, struggling ingloriously, like an emmet in the sand, was a thought bitter to him exceedingly. It seems, at this time, almost a mockery to speak of the heart. This was no period for gallant speeches, and for the innocent dalliance of a virtuous attachment. The state of his affections was a latent misery to him—a pang in reserve, yet even that had an effect upon his conduct. The greater that his difficulties became, the more apparent was his devotion to my sister, but it was too often shown in an unamiable tetchiness. Between him and his cousin, Donna Isidora, not even the appearance of an attachment, otherwise than fraternal, was observed. Her mind seemed subdued, and her demeanor was calm, and she appeared quite resigned to meet any blow that fate might inflict upon her. She seemed, in those moments when our fears pressed the least upon us, to be sufficiently happy if she could but sit between me and Honoria, holding a hand of each. My parents were wretched; but they felt this wretchedness less for themselves than for their children. The old priest and our attendants were just as selfish in their afflictions as most persons, and, not understanding fully the position of the parties, could not well be depended upon.

Towards evening, a breeze again sprang up; and I now observed, by the compass in the cabin, that the ship was not only out of her course, but sailing due south. It was past midnight, and not one of us had yet thought of retiring to rest. I was, however, much pleased to see, in the middle watch, the cockney sailor, the Silver Spoon, placed as sentry at our cabin-door. About two bells, one o'clock, David Drinkwater stalked stealthily into the cabin. He was loaded with ammunition. We understood this too well: but little was said. Then one, then two, then more men stole in, bringing muskets, pistols, pikes, and cutlasses. All

this was carried on in almost total silence. After we had arms and ammunition safely stowed away, fully sufficient for fifty men, he examined the great guns in our cabin, drew the wadding from each, and over the round shot loaded with a charge of grape.

But what somewhat surprised us was, the bread, and the water, and the spirits that he had conveyed to us, which seemed to imply that it was not unlikely we should have to stand a siege. When he had thus properly given us the *munitions de bouche* as well as of war, he introduced to my father a swarthy-looking officer, whom I recognized to be the gunner. A whispering took place, and my father soon filled with doubloons a canvass bag that the disinterested gentleman had brought. But few words passed, and in the space of an hour no stranger remained with us excepting the mate.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Our party let out the first blood. Intestine war commences. Sir David Drinkwater acquires his promotion, and immediately enters on active service.

To be secure from interruption, we then all retired into the after-cabin. I need not detail the sighed-out thanks, and the fervent promises, and the pressing of hands, that were lavished upon the new knight. When he had got us all around him, and had drunk off three tumblers of port-wine in succession, he spoke thus in a deep undertone:

"David Drinkwater is a man of few words. Here lies your safety. Let that respectable old gentleman, the owner of this ship, do what he has a right to do; supersede the captain, and give the command to me by a regular document. I know that tyrant will resist it; but only give me Jugurtha, and let the dark lad have his long knife about him, and we will do the thing quietly enough:—leave me and mine to satisfy the rest of the crew. Now, what do you say?"

"We cannot suborn you to assassinate. No, Drinkwater, our enemies must make the first overt act of violence. Provoke them to it if you will:—we cannot go farther," was my resolute reply.

"But how, Master Troughton, but how? Through what I have undertaken to do to'serve you, I am here, bound hand and foot, upon a bed of gunpowder, with portfires blazing all round me. There are too many in the secret;—I see my life is sacrificed—never mind—though I do wish I had been of some service to that

dear young lady. Gracious Heavens! a rush now, and the ship would be our's in five minutes:—Jug, my boy," turning to the black, "you would be in the skipper's cabin in a moment."

Jugurtha passed the ball of his thumb, with a diabolical relish, over his well-sharpened knife.

I looked at my father most anxiously. He shook his head, however; but Don Julien said hastily, "Really, Ardent, it seems unjust for us to peril this worthy fellow's life and those of so many of his companions, who so fearlessly risk their all to save us. Give Drinkwater the written commission that he asks for, and let Mantez disobey it at his peril."

"Not so," replied my father. "In the first place, though five-eighths of this vessel and all her cargo be mine, and as I have chartered, the other eighths are also my property for the voyage; yet, on the seas, I fear that the captain's authority is not to be shaken. Violence can only be resorted to in self-defence."

"Then am I sold," said the mate sorrowfully, crossing his huge hands over his breast.

I felt that we were not acting fairly by him. At that moment, I thought that occasions ought to create their own laws. So I said decidedly, "We will to-morrow provoke violence. Be ready, Drinkwater, to assist us."

"Spoke like a man, and a thorough Briton. Yet, after all, this squeamishness, for a justice that I cannot see, will occasion more blood than my quiet plan. The thing must now be fought for openly. Now, sir, show us the commence."

"To-morrow, at noon exactly, I will myself force my way through the sentinel. If he resist, he must take the consequences. Your party will be armed—let ten of the most trustworthy guard the ladies and the ecclesiastic in the cabin. We will then proceed to the quarterdeck, if unopposed, turn the hands up, explain the nature of the case to the crew, supported of course by yourself and friends—place the captain and the other conspirators under arrest, alter the course to New Orleans, and then, with the assistance of God, all may yet be well."

"Agreed. You will find me a die-hard. In the mean time, barricade the after-cabin as well as you are able, and train the great guns forward, but that had better be left till to-morrow. Did you know that there is a merchant vessel not far off us? I take her to be, from her rig, a Yankee South Sea whaler. She hardly knows what to make of us as it is, especially in these latitudes, or rather longitudes. We might have been taken for a large old Indiaman, if we had been more to the eastward. She will have plenty of room for 'guessing' and 'calculating,' if she is in sight to-morrow, when she hears our great guns turned upon ourselves roaring, our pistols cracking, and cutlasses flashing.

She'll give us a wide berth. However, to your cots. Get all the rest you can—I will fail you in no point; and may the right win."

He soon after left us, followed by our good wishes and our blessings. We shortly afterwards all retired, with such feelings as those must endure who know themselves to be on the eve of a mortal encounter. This decision, however, appeared to have done Don Julien much service. He could meet fearlessly the catastrophe, through he could not endure the suspense. Jugurtha, however, by the brilliancy of his countenance, seemed to have found all the happiness that the rest of the party had lost. The next day broke as beautifully as ever the poet could have wished. We were still running due south; and as, at eight o'clock, I looked out of one of the starboard portholes, I saw a fine spanking ship about three miles off, abreast of us, running exactly the same course as ourselves. I could well understand that this must be, in some measure, an annoyance to Don Mantez. It might be evidence against him hereafter. It was, perhaps, this knowledge that induced our treacherous captain to crowd every stitch of sail upon the ship wherever canvass could be shown. The American must have understood this as a challenge for a trial of speed, for she likewise crowded sail; but her superior swiftness was soon apparent, and she, vauntingly, when she found that she forged a-head, hauled in one studding-sail after another.

We spent all of the forenoon in examining and preparing our arms, of course completely out of sight of the sentry. Now, soon after that I had embarked, I discovered, among the crew, a fair and rather delicate English lad, whom I had engaged as my personal servant, turning over Jugurtha to be of general use to the family. He was exactly of the height, and not very unlike, at a reasonable distance, Honoria. It was already eleven o'clock, and our hearts were throbbing fearfully. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, the thought came upon me, that if our opponents became victorious in the struggle, Honoria would be the first prize sought for. It was arranged among ourselves, if we had occasion to fight, that the females, under the escort of one of our party, should be conveyed into a place of safety in the hold. To this they would not consent. This obstinacy, that at first provoked me a good deal, proved afterwards of much service to my sister. I made Honoria sacrifice her luxuriant locks, and the lad changed dresses with her. In such a perilous position as that in which we were placed, we must not act upon notions of ultra-delicacy. I merely told Honoria that it was necessary, and she obeyed me.

My hand trembles at the office I have imposed upon it—my heart sickens with fearful recollections; but it was destiny—I

trust, it was destiny. I, who was delicately nurtured, brought up to a profession that regards violence as its greatest foe, who had a natural, nay, a superstitious, horror of blood-shedding—I, who had seen a deed of death followed by a retribution that seemed almost humanly visible, and yet it was fated to be my act that was again to cause the stream of human life to be wasted. Great, very great, is the responsibility on my head. If my deeds were those of blood-guiltiness, Dispenser of Mercies! consider my fallibility, and let not the fearful expiations I have endured be wholly worthless in thy sight.

It wanted but a few minutes to noon—I smiled with bitterness when I saw my good old father, thrusting in a belt that he had girded round him, a pair of enormous pistols, and placing by his side a heavy sword. Jugurtha armed himself to the teeth; Don Julien also took care that victory should not be endangered, on our side, for want of weapons. We then cast loose the cabin guns, and trained their muzzles forward, intending, of course, if necessary, to fire through the bulk-heads. The ladies, with their female attendants, huddled themselves into one group, and throwing themselves down on the deck in the after-cabin, they hid their faces in the carpet. My worthy mother even stopped her ears with cotton. Honoria, thus dressed as a cabin boy, did not in that character seem out of place, prostrate among the women. Even Bounder, my fine and faithful Newfoundland, seemed to have a knowledge of what was going forward, and to rouse him for the fray.

I looked in the faces of my companions, who, with the exception of Jugurtha, were pale as death. No doubt but that I was equally pallid.

"Jugurtha," said I solemnly, "my friend, as you value my love, as you hold dear our mutual lives, and by the sufferings that we have undergone together, use no more violence than will be necessary to pass the sentry. Push him aside, but draw no blood. If our foes begin to slay or wound, then put forth all your strength and all your ferocity." Then, turning to my father, Don Julien, and those of our attendants, I continued:—"My friends, follow me closely—we must make a rush for the quarter-deck; there we shall find Drinkwater and our party. Let us not offer the first violence."

The bell tolled out eight, the sign of high noon—it was the death-bell of many brave, but also of many wicked—of many wholly unprepared to face the awful tribunal. In the usual dress that Honoria wore, the thick, black, and graceful mantilla drawn closely over his features, I placed the cabin boy between Jugurtha and myself—Jugurtha being on the left, I on his right hand. We flung the cabin-door open forcibly, but the sentry stepped

forward, and his sword was at my throat in an instant. He was a wild, guerilla-looking being, determination in his aspect, and cruelty in his eye. I verily believe that Drinkwater had contrived to have him placed there on purpose that his blood might be shed.

"Back, señor—back, on your life!" said the sentry, menacing as if he would thrust the weapon through me to the back of the neck. Bounder had begun to growl, and I to expostulate. But there was a spirit by, quicker than either of us. It was Jugurtha—in a moment, the man was ripped upwards from the lower part of the abdomen to his very chest: he was, in an instant, a falling mass of blood and bowels: he had barely time to shout an alarm, vomit forth with his life's blood a dreadful curse, and his pangs were over in this world.

Thrusting aside the corpse, in a moment we reached the quarter-deck ladder, and, so far, unopposed, gained the quarter-deck. I rushed forward, and shouted out to the boatswain's mates to turn the hands up; but, as I turned on one side, I saw the lad, disguised as Honoria, standing by my side. This was not what I wanted.

We were now fully committed. Drinkwater was true as the Damascus steel. "Ablewhackits, to your arms!" was shouted through the deck. I was soon surrounded with a good guard of partisans. They, and the fast-mustering ship's company, rushed up from the hatchways. Paralysed with fear, every limb trembling with consternation, the disguised lad could not better have personified the horror-stricken female. The first words that I uttered, when I found myself supported by my friends, were—"Drinkwater, send some trustworthy person with my sister, to convey her to a place of safety." The simulated lady was immediately surrounded by a zealous cohort; and it was composed of seamen not wholly of our party, for there were but few in the ship who had not a romantic sort of veneration for my sister.

The confusion now became horrible. As the mantilla was just disappearing down the quarter-deck ladder, Don Mantez rushed from his cabin, completely armed, and accompanied by seven or eight persons. He immediately attempted to arrest the disguised boy; Jugurtha bounded over the deck like the tiger through the jungle, and, with a tomahawk that he had wrenched from the capstan, made a deadly blow at his arch-enemy. One of his adherents interposed, and had his head divided completely to the chin for his fidelity. The cry of mutiny now resounded in all parts; arms clashed, and musket and pistol shots resounded on the decks.

At first, we gained a considerable advantage, for we bore back the captain, already wounded, and his principal officers, first

under the break of the poop, and ultimately into the cabin—the starboard and larboard doors of which they immediately barricaded. The men at the wheel retired from their post, and thus left us the command of the helm. The quarter-deck, also, was our's. We already began to congratulate ourselves upon an easily-won victory.

I looked round, and saw myself surrounded by nearly fifty partisans, all of whom were decorated with the bit of blue riband, whilst Sir David Drinkwater wore the insignia of his order, with a courtly profusion of bows. The cry off "Murder! mutiny! and death to the English!" began to grow terrible from the maindeck and the forecastle. The men swarmed up from below like angry wasps, variously armed. The dead body of the Spanish sentry was borne through the crowd, and added to the exasperation that was fast driving them into madness. I stood forward to address the ship's company, but my words were drowned by curses and maniacal shoutings. Several muskets and pistols were snapped at me, but they all missed fire. I saw at once that we had two to one, at least, to contend with.

Already had our foes begun to occupy the forecastle in great strength. They began by casting loose the two long twelve-pounders, the bow chasers, and pointed them aft. Seamen, armed with muskets, began to creep up the forerigging, and place themselves in the tops. At all these preparations, that seemed so awful to me, Drinkwater seemed exceedingly and very unseasonably amused. Neither my father nor myself saw any thing so very ridiculous in all these deadly preparations. While we were in this state of suspense, waiting and watching each other, to advantageously commence the second onslaught, as I found that none but my own partisans would listen to me, I, in the name of my father, and for myself, as owners of the vessel and cargo, proclaimed David Drinkwater commander of the ship, and I solemnly deposed the man calling himself Don Manuz, denouncing him as "a robber, a pirate, and a murderer."

This declaration was received with three most respectable cheers, which Sir David acknowledged by taking off his hat, and making us all a very condescending bow. Though the unanimity on the quarter-deck was heart-cheering, the reception of the news, for I had proclaimed it at the extent of my lungs through the speaking-trumpet in Spanish, English, and French, was any thing but flattering on the forecastle and the main-deck. Indeed, our cheers were received with shouts of—"Down with the English! Death to the mutineers! Blood upon the murderers' hands!" They very foolishly persisted in thinking that it was a national quarrel.

"Captain Drinkwater," said my father, with as much calmness

as if he were checking an entry in his ledger, "we put ourselves entirely under your direction. Command, and we obey."

"Well, sir, take Don Julien, Jugurtha, and a dozen men with you, and defend the cabin. There are the ladies and the ammunition. Draw up in a line across the bulwark on the maindeck. If you find yourselves too hardly pressed, we will send you reinforcements down the quarter-deck ladder. Remember, sir, that the cabin is our citadel; if those outlandish beggars won't listen to reason, I'm thinking we shall have the spree out on the main-deck. My bright Silver Spoon," addressing the cockney, "you're a trump to the backbone. Take the wheel—she steers easily enough—her head exactly south a quarter east; and, if you can get a crack with your pops at Don Whiskerando, you need not mind the ship flying up in the wind, but let nothing else hinder you keeping her in her course. Now, Master Troughton, I am very sorry for it, but we must begin business in earnest."

"Let me speak to the deluded men once more."

"Ay, try them, if you like; but tell them forrards there, if they don't yield in five minutes, we'll fire upon them."

"They will mock us. It is much more likely, Captain Drinkwater, that they will fire upon us; they seem quite as well off as to small arms, and their two long guns, if discharged, must give them a decided advantage. Let us rush forward, close in with them at once, and carry the forecastle. The upper deck will then be all our own."

"You have a good notion, sir, of these things; but we have no hands to spare, and it would cost us some lives. Besides, it is always better to obey your captain than to reason with him. Make your proclamation, and then we will just stay where we are, and give them a volley."

Whilst I was bellowing through the trumpet to those assembled on the forecastle, my attention was suddenly attracted by a great bustle aft. I turned suddenly round, and saw the poop, that two minutes before had been quite deserted, apparently filled with men. Mantez and his officers, with several of his party, had mounted over the quarter galleries. I had no idea that so many men could have been aft. Most of them were well armed with muskets; and, when I saw them, they had trained the two carronades so as to command our position completely. We were between two fires. Our destruction seemed inevitable. A sickening thought came over me. I turned round upon Drinkwater, and, collaring him, exclaimed, "And are you a traitor?"

"Search for the truth in my heart—you have a sword in your hand."

His reply was given in a quiet tone—almost a mournful one: he was evidently deeply hurt. He turned from me, and arranged

our little band in two lines—one of which faced the poop, and the other the forecastle. The men were ordered to bring their muskets to the recover, and to cock their locks. The gunner, a Spaniard, and one of our partisans—indeed he was the only officer that we had been able to gain over—myself, and Drinkwater, stood near the capstan, between the two ranks. There came, as if miraculously, a singular silence throughout the ship. Face to face, the opposed parties glared at each other. The conflict seemed to threaten to be unnaturally close—at least, at a greater distance from each other, either party would have been more eager to begin. We knew that, perhaps, whilst the balls should penetrate our bodies, the flash that gave it its errand of death would blind our eyes. Yet the ship careened on with her bosoming sails, in quiet and placid dignity. I looked up to her pride and majesty of bearing; and bethought me of some noble beauty, walking the halls of her father with the cancer of consumption in her bosom.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

In our mutual exchange of hostilities, we meet with great loss. As yet, we do not sum up the tottle of the whole, and, with all our striking, the balance remains yet unstruck

During this dread interval of suspense, so involuntary and so great was the horror that came over us, that, as Drinkwater and I stood separated from the rest, when he addressed me, it was in that sort of whisper that we use round the couch of death.

"I forgive you, Troughton, your suspicions. It was not for yourself that you felt them. You have every thing at stake. I am no coward, yet I tell you that I tremble for myself—I was never lucky. The expansive and arched eyebrows that terminate your forehead, are wanting in mine. It is the symbol of length of days. How much I honour you, standing thus, as we do, in the jaws of death, I have no time to say. I honour even your horror of blood-shedding, so much so, that I shall be slow to permit them to begin, but when once we are at it, let us be as the wounded hyena—showing no mercy and expecting none. Mark, the villain speaks—how distinctly his rascal-voice sounds through this stillness!"

Securing himself as well as he could, and showing only a small part of his pale and hair-encumbered face from behind the mizen-mast, he hailed those on the forecastle. His words were few and

pithy. He called upon them to annihilate us because we were English heretics, and revilers of the saints. He told us that we were sacrificed; he ordered them, when he waved his handkerchief, to fire the great guns and small arms upon us simultaneously, and three times he repeated his caution that they should aim low, lest any of the shot should injure those on the poop. His orders were answered with a faint cheer. To all these preparations Drinkwater returned only a scornful smile.

My feelings were dreadful; I conceived that instant annihilation awaited myself and my few devoted friends. I saw distinctly into the bores of the carronades on the poop, and the long guns on the forecastle, from which the inevitable death-shower was to be poured upon us. With these vast and destructive engines ready yawning before us to sweep us from the living, I little regarded the glittering tubes of the several lines of musketry. I saw the burning matches hanging over the touch-holes. So great was my torture that I prayed to Heaven that I might not faint, that I might not fall down the fearstricken wretch between my own ranks. I saw not Don Mantez—he was behind the mizen; but for one moment I caught a glimpse of his waving handkerchief, and then the cavernous iron vomited forth its flames—the guns thundered, and the musketry rattled, but not a man of our party fell.

"A miracle—a miracle!" shouted out several of our party in Spanish.

"A steady aim fore and aft," shouted Drinkwater—"Fire!" and ranks fell on the forecastle and poop, like the yellow grass before the scythe of the mower.

"Keep your ranks—load and fire as fast as you can."

We did so; and neither the gunner, Drinkwater, nor I, remained idle. We took deliberate aim with our pistols, but we could neither of us get a shot at the careful Mantez.

The miracle was soon explained to our enemies. The gunner had abstracted all the shot from the small arms and great guns: and when they were about to reload, they found that they had nothing but blank and damp cartridges to fire with. Being well armed ourselves, in a short time we should have destroyed every man in detail who should dare to show himself. But, alas! we were not fated to gain a victory so easily. We were vanquished by one of the silliest accidents possible.

Already had we prepared ourselves to take possession of the poop, for those who were there still alive had given back so far as to be out of the line of the musketry, and laid themselves down upon the deck—already had the Spaniards forward, taking a dislike to the appearance of affairs, begun to steal down from the combat one by one—already had the *braves* that remained, marshalled themselves to make a rush aft, and decide the contest

with their cutlasses and their knives—already had I anticipated safety for my family and self—already had Drinkwater anticipated the peaceful command of the vessel, and doubted not but that he should live long to enjoy the respect and the lucrative friendship of the great merchants, command the best of their ships, and be always the welcome guest at their table. All these brilliant hopes were quenched in a sudden and miserable defeat. There was one long head on the poop, which is better than a long arm, that prerogative of kings, or a long sword, that effective weapon when a man has the strength and skill to wield it.

This ferocious and domestic combat began a little after noon. In the tropical latitudes, to save the pitch from boiling out of the seams, and the heads of the mariners from being carbonaded, so soon as the sun has risen a few degrees above the horizon, it is the custom to spread an awning over the quarter-deck. This awning is composed of stout canvass, and is suspended in its situation by a ridge-rope passing down its middle, and fastened to cleets on the main and mizen-mast; it is hauled out by a few ties on each side, attached to portions of the standing rigging. In a merchant vessel, and especially in a Spaniard, these are not very numerous, nor well secured. Now, as our faction stood in a compact body, blazing away, fore and aft, under this awning, very much incommoded by the smoke that we made, and that the very awning tended to confine about us the particular long-headed fellow alluded to, the honour of whose name or acquaintance I never possessed, sent a few hands, whom for the smoke and the awning we could not see, being also much too busy to look for any thing of the kind, to cut the suspending fastenings at a signal.

Whilst we were just going to reap the fruits of our conduct and our courage, we heard some one shout the word "Now!" and down came this immense sheet upon our heads, entangling us in its folds; but we had not only to bear the weight and the incumbrance of the awning; our evil-wishers jumped upon it from the poop, from the forecastle, and from the rigging, we all the time struggling under it. It was impossible to keep our legs; every man of our party was overthrown, and then commenced a very novel kind of combat, at which the party of Don Mantez found they had every advantage, having the free use of their arms, and nothing but the sky above them, while we were nearly smothered beneath by the heat, and every motion hampered by the canvass. In this fight, as no person could see his foe, every one pricked for his man with daggers or knives, thrusting the blades upwards and downwards, according to the situation of the belligerents. It was a sort of lottery of murder—a pricking for prizes. Too soon the awning became saturated, the deck slippery with blood. It

was a contest much in the Spanish line. Man after man, on our side, transfixed with the deadly stilettoes, ceased to struggle and to breathe.

In this singular and sanguinary *melée*, Will Watkins, the Silver Spoon, never moved from his post. He kept the ship's head exactly as he was ordered, steering extremely fine. He had seen man after man jump down from the poop, trampling his friends under the accursed canvass, but he moved not from his station —his man had not yet arrived.

At length, Don Mantez, seeing his party so much in the ascendant, now prepared to aid in subjugating us in a manner more effective, and with weapons a little more destructive than his voice. He came cautiously down the poop ladder, but, immediately he was in the full view of Will Watkins, the latter allowed the helm to take care of itself, and, rapidly disengaging his pistols from his belt, he let them fly one after another.

"That there von," says he, "I owes ye for the shot in the desert island, and this ere von comes from your murdered brother, ye varmint."

Both shots took effect, but neither of them apparently in a mortal part. The Spoon having thus abandoned the helm, he had no inclination to resume his post, but, flinging himselft down on the deck, he crept to us under the awning. We immediately heard the creaking of studding-sail booms, and felt the ship heel over considerably to port. She had flown up into the wind.

By this time hardly one of my miserable adherents had escaped without a wound. Alas! the major part of them, entangled in the canvass, had been slain. I will not speak much of myself—I had not escaped. Drinkwater, though dreadfully stabbed in various parts of his body, was still vigorous; but he had lost all the better qualities of courage—he was wolfish—he panted wildly for blood. He now sought for revenge and slaughter, caring nothing about victory. He thirsted to see the faces of his enemies. His fury permitted him no control of his actions; he was no longer fit to direct others. Our opponents, knowing that our only escape could be down the after-hatchway, had thrown gratings and other weighty articles on the canvass immediately above it. We now called for aid to those on the main-deck; they commenced firing up the hatchway, being, from their standing on the main-deck, able to do so; this soon caused the living Spaniards to move off the gratings, but they threw the dead bodies upon them instead, and our musketry had previously supplied them with more than a sufficiency of this dead weight. The stauncheons to which the accommodation-ropes had been fixed were beaten down early in the *melée*, and thus the battens and the gratings lay directly upon the combings of the hatchway. We all felt

that, if this impediment were not removed, every man under these toils must be slain in the detail.

Some of us had endeavoured with cutlasses and knives to cut away the canvass, but this only attracted attention, and pointed out to those above us a wretch in whom life was not yet extinct. These openings also showed us how still more securely and fatally we were caught, for they had let down the splinter netting upon the awning, and we were exactly like the beasts of the forest caught in a real net.

We had ceased to show resistance. We found that wherever any motion was discovered, a stiletto or a bayonet was immediately thrust into the moving body. Already had those upon us begun to shout their barbarous pæans of victory, and we could hear them consult about the necessity of the gradual removing of the net and canvass, in which we were entangled, in order to draw us out and throw us overboard one by one. I can hardly remember what were my individual feelings at this juncture. I think that a blind rage was predominant. I had forgotten father, mother, sister, and friend :—all life, all energy, seemed concentrated in my agony for revenge—yet I dared not move, dared not show that I was living. I was obliged, with my burning heart, to lie degraded under my enemies in a base simulation of death. Even the desperate Drinkwater, warned by repeated stabs, had ceased to curse, and to howl, and to uselessly flounder about in the toils.

From this dilemma, the end of which seemed to be certain death, those of us that were still alive escaped by a real miracle. This we owed to the dumb and the much-despised Jugurtha :—ever honoured shall he be in my heart,—for ever shall he sit on my right hand. How wonderful, yet how barbarous seems his intellect !—how animal, yet how sublime his devoted love!—how merely instinctive, but how noble his unswerving gratitude! As he sits by me, striving to borrow light and life from my dull eyes, I ask myself what is happiness,—what is ecstasy, if they be not those triumphant feelings that spread over his face when he thinks that he has pleased me by some little attention, or roused me from myself by some mute and loving antic? Words! O how needless are they, my poor companion, for a friendship like our's!

As thus we lay, without a metaphor, in the shadow of death, stifled with our own dying breaths, and dabbling in the mingled blood of each other, a terrific explosion shook the huge old ship to the centre, an overwhelming light burst upon us; the canvass and the net was shivered into a thousand pieces, the after hatchway was cleared of every impediment, and the riven limbs of our opponents were scattered round us in all directions; at first, I be-

lieved that my father, in his despair, had fired the magazine and blown up the ship.

This event, so terrible in the act, and so disastrous in its consequences to our enemies, was produced by the bravery, the power of mind, and the fidelity, of Jugurtha. He, alone, seemed fully to comprehend the cause of our sudden discomfiture on the quarter-deck—a reverse that came upon us in the very moment of victory—he, aided by the party that we had delegated to defend the ladies, the cabins, and the treasure, had trained one of the cabin carronades up the hatchway; and thus, with a charge of grape and round shot, blown away every impediment.

Long before our enemies could recover from their astonishment, the wounded and the dying of our party, assisted by our friends on the main-deck, repaired to our last stronghold—the cabin. Those who were hurt unto the death, and those who were disabled, were removed withinside : the rest formed upon the main-deck, ready to repel any attack.

Our consort, the South Sea whaler, of her own accord, at this pause, came ranging on our weather quarter, for our own ship was still coming up, and falling off from the wind, owing to the abandonment of the helm, and hailed us repeatedly, demanding what was going on, as we seemed like a party of madmen destroying each other. She was answered by two or three voices, ordering her, under the threat of receiving a broadside, to sheer off, and mind her own business. Our Yankee friend swamped and swore that we Englishers were strange catamonkeys, that, instead of piping to dinner, amused ourselves with cutting each other's throats. But seeing that there were several females in the after-cabin, whom nothing could induce to lie down on the deck, as we had directed, the skipper very considerately lowered his quarter-boat, and placing hands in it, towed her alongside, ready to shove off in case of an emergency, his ship still standing on within half-pistol shot.

The calm that succeeded the explosion that freed us from the meshes of the splinter-netting and the awning was not of long duration. The Spanish party seemed now infuriate—even those who, in their cowardice, had shrunk down into the hold, rallied. Notwithstanding the great havoc that we had made amongst them, their numbers still trebled our's, reduced as we were by the carnage under the netting. The party that we had despatched to the defence of the main-deck were, as yet all unwounded; but they did not consist of more than fifteen altogether, my father and Don Julien included. They were, however, well armed, while our opponents had nothing but cold steel to trust to.

My own wounds were, though painful, not dangerous. The corrupted Spanish gunner had died. Poor Drinkwater was fast

hastening to his end—he was outrageous for revenge. However, he was borne into the after-cabin, in spite of his resistance, and the women did their best to bandage his wounds. Unluckily for us, the surgeon was not then of our faction.

In this miserable plight there was again a dreadful pause. The Spaniards, perceiving our fire-arms, and viewing with dismay the resolute line that we had formed across the deck, assailed us with the bitterest imprecations, that were howled forth, rather than spoken. Captain Mantez had been painfully, though not seriously wounded, by the pistol-shots of Watkins, and, with his consummate prudence, he kept himself secure on the deck above us. His wounds had been already staunched by his companions, so, with his sword drawn, he hailed those on the main-deck, and endeavoured, by his command, his curses, and his gesticulations, to urge his men on to the attack, for a long time without apparent effect. Whilst our enemies were covered by crouching behind the gun-carriages, and other shelter, we did not like to waste our first fire, reserving it to meet the rush. In the mean time, the priest, in his full canonicals, with his ivory crucifix in his hands, and chaunting expressively a part of his religious offices, came and stood between the threatening parties, and thus caused a cessation of the murderous conflict.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

My sister, suite, and myself, effect our escape. The breaking-up of the family party, and a distressing scene at the yard-arm.

The sudden cessation of an undecided contest is always a pause of pain, of repentance, and of fear. It is in this respite, a thousandfold more torturing than the conflict, that the agony of wounds is felt—that grief again dares to utter her piteous wail —that reflection condemns—that remorse wields her scorpion scourge—and that Terror, and his still more abject sister Cowardice, whispers to the beating heart that there is no shame in submission—no dishonour in flight. When the holy mediator had gone forth on his errand of peace, my comrades looked round upon each other despairing and aghast. Their diminished numbers, their gory wounds, and the inequality of the struggle, already prompted them to utter those fatal words—"What shall we do?" which so often means that "we will do nothing but yield."

But this was not the language of all. There were still among

us a few resolute hearts. Jugurtha seemed like some grim idol, carved in black marble, the emblem of a barbarian god of slaughter; for, during the short interval of the battle, he was stern, motionless, and terrible. My good old father, so unmilitary in his appearance, was calm as the righteous at the point of death, when "the wicked have ceased from troubling." Julien was chafed, impatient of this suspense, and all too eager for the shedding of blood. The rest of the party looked forward with agonized anxiety to the effect of the priest's interference.

All hope from this, however, soon vanished like a good resolve. No sooner had the Spaniards got the ecclesiastic among them, than they hailed it as an assurance of victory—a receiving of a consecrated banner—a divine injunction to rush on and slay. The good man's voice was drowned in "Vivas!" They embraced his knees—they knelt before him—they kissed his garments—but they would not listen to him. How are we fallen when religious fervor can be made the cloak for so many horrible passions, and so many dark deeds! He who had gone forth, as we fondly hoped, the harbinger of peace, became the earnest of homicide. He was good, but weak; and when we saw him conducted, all in tears, most respectfully down the fore-hatchway, as into a place of safety, we had no hope.

They began trying the guns near them, but they had all been drawn. They then formed themselves into a compact body, and advanced steadily upon us, on both sides of the deck; at the same time orders were given for a party to take us in the rear, by getting over the taffrail, and entering the cabin windows. This decided our fate. We had now nothing to do but revenge ourselves, and die.

"Life for life!" I shouted to the opposing bodies. "Let every man mark his man. Life for life!"

"Two for vun, and carry forrards," said William Watkins, discharging one pistol with good effect upon one Spaniard, and then flinging it among the crowd with great force and precision. "Dot and go three, and vun more makes four," he continued, using his other pistol in the same fashion. "Now if they gets four lives out of me, I'm either a cat or a varmint."

We had discharged all our fire-arms, and they were now but a few paces from us.

"To the cabin!" I exclaimed. We retreated—seized the matches that were burning beside the carronades that Drinkwater had loaded to their very muzzles with grape and canister, and trained forward, and we fired them through the bulkheads directly in the centre of the two columns that were closing upon us. Dire was the yell that followed. Complete and horrible must have been that slaughter, though I looked not upon it.

That needless act will sit heavily on my conscience for ever and ever. The echo of that yell from the dying and the mutilated will be loud at my dying hour. But I was wounded, exasperated, mad. Though I consummated that holocaust of murder, yet I provoked not the deadly struggle. The simultaneous report of the two guns, overcharged as they were, and pent up within the cabin, astounded even unto momentary deafness. It was a miracle they had not bursted. It was some seconds before we became conscious of our position; and when our sense of hearing returned, after a silence like that of death, the yell I have before mentioned smote our ears, which was followed by prolonged wailing, groans, and all other sounds, that mark agony, despair, and the fearful grapple of death. But not only before us was heard this complicated dirge of woe—from the after-cabin there came the half-suppressed and feminine shriek of horror. But, amidst all this, there arose one shout of triumph. It was from David Drinkwater, who was bleeding away his life among the women.

"Hurrah! glorious!" he exclaimed. "I die like a ——." The blood gurgled in his throat, and the word was uttered in eternity. May it be forgiven him if it was a word of wickedness.

Though the devastation of the grape-shot among the Spaniards was tremendous, there were still enough left to revenge it. Yet they paused a full minute ere they rushed upon the few who had worked them such fearful desolation. But, at length, it came. Mightier bodies have hurled themselves upon the foe, but never came a wilder, a more frantic onset. Mantez himself, no longer regardful of his person, though not at the head of, was amidst the furious group. The doors were not entered, but what remained of the bulkheads were torn down, and the old and classical simile of the wolves leaping into the sheepfold would have strictly applied. They were upon us and amongst us: there was nothing left for us but to yield, to fall down, and simulate death, or to fly. To fly! Whither? but to the clear, cold caverns of the ocean. In those transparent depths, death seemed beautiful to me, very beautiful, in comparison with the gory wounds, the prolonged pangs, embittered by the vindictive exultation of our enemies, that too surely awaited our parting agonies, should I remain in the ill-fated vessel.

Whilst our conquerors were dealing around them, with a maniac thirst of slaughter, their fatal stabbings, I rushed into the after-cabin, where I found a scene scarcely less terrible. The carpet was saturated with blood, and groups of females were lying on the deck, with their garments dabbled with the vital stream. I had no time to observe the detail. In my perturbation, I did not even distinguish my mother. There was but one

object upon whom I could, for an instant, fix my attention: it was my sister, in the attire of the cabin-boy, kneeling beside the departed Drinkwater, absorbed, enrapt in prayer, her crucifix in her clasped hands. My sudden irruption did not startle her from her holy abstraction. But the moments pressed; I placed my hand upon her shoulder, and expelling my words with the low energy of despair, as if from the depths of my heart, I said, "Come, Honoria."

She looked up, all resignation, and appeared as one who had already passed the precincts of the grave. I thought she smiled. Her gentle answer was, "Whither, O my brother?"

"To die, and escape from dishonour."

"I come."

I dared not look behind me: I rushed through the open windows of the cabin, but scarcely had the parting waters received my falling person than I heard another splash beside me, and another, and another. Honoria, and Jugurtha, and, lastly, my faithful Newfoundland dog, had followed me instantly. There was fear of immediate drowning to no party. Indeed, though Honoria and myself had sought death as a certain refuge, the grim king held not his court for us that day in the regions of the illimitable sea: in truth, we had escaped from the most imminent danger into comparative safety.

I have before mentioned, that the American whaler that made herself whether we would or not, our consort, marking the deadly strife that was taking place on board of us, and observing, also, that there were several ladies on board, had lowered down her quarter-boat, though all interference from her had been peremptorily refused by the Spaniards. We had not been in the water two minutes before we were in the boat, but they had been sufficient to render Honoria insensible, though Jugurtha had taken every care of her in the water. These two minutes might also have been fatal to me had it not been for my dog. My wounds, though slight, smarted dreadfully, and I had made but little progression in the art of swimming since my wreck in the brig Jane.

When Mantez and the surviving Spaniards found that Jugurtha and myself had escaped, their fury was boundless. They had no ammunition, or certainly they would have destroyed us by the means of fire-arms. They turned, however, impotently, every thing they could lay their hands on into missiles: blocks, marlingspikes, cold shot flew about us as we were hauled into the American's boat, in every direction: fortunately, we escaped unhurt; but their horrible words wounded, nay, almost destroyed me. They assured me that all my family was in the act of being massacred. I shuddered: the appeal that I made to the Americans to attempt a rescue was scarcely articulate; a torpor seemed to

enchain all my faculties, and I became helpless as an infant: yet all my perceptions were vivid, strangely vivid.

I lost neither word, accent, nor gesture, when I heard Don Mantez, cursing me with the deadliest concentration of hate, bid me go to the devil, and there remember that my sister was in his power. This intimation he conveyed to me with a mixture of obscenity and blasphemy disgustingly horrible. I replied not: I looked upon my apparently helpless sister, and then, for a brief space, despair bound me in his icy arms, and I wished her and myself dead.

My swooning sister and myself, amid this dreadful stupor, were handed on board the whale ship, taken into the master's cabin, and Honoria was actually the first who came into the full possession of her faculties. She had the privilege of weeping. She had scarcely recovered ere, bursting into a passion of tears, she flung herself into my arms, and exclaimed, "Dear Ardent, you still are left to me."

Captain Darkins, commander of this South Sea whaler, his surgeon, and his chief mate, were burning with curiosity, standing around us, eager for information as to all the strange appearances that they had witnessed on board the Santa Anna. They had soon discovered that the negro was as dumb as our companion, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog. They had, therefore, nothing left for it, but to await the perfect recovery either of my sister or myself. I do think, that, at that time, I was fast verging towards insanity. I seemed to distinguish every thing through a blood-red atmosphere. Yes, every thing appeared red, saving the Spanish ship, that I could descry through the starboard portholes, and she looked to me like a mass of lurid fire. Yet, though my fancy cheated my judgment then as to colour, my perception of out[illegible] was correct. I felt giddy, most sick and giddy, after two or three attempts to shake off the delusion. At last, fairly exhausted by my useless struggles, I let my head fall upon the table near which I was sitting, and groaned forth, "Honoria, I am going mad. Every thing seems wet and bloody."

Then arose the heroism, the exalted heroism of the feminine soul—she whom I deemed but as a child, not yet sixteen—whom, until so lately, in all my intercourse with her, I had known only as one varying from the laughing to the gentle being, now that I was humbled, she was exalted—now that I was subdued, she stood before me as one created for a conqueror, as an angel, not only of light, but of might also.

"Arouse thee, brother," she exclaimed, with an energy that derived all its strength and power from the pathos of her voice. "Arouse thee, brother—we are orphans, and strangers are looking upon us: good, and kind, and hospitable strangers, I trust;

but even these should observe in us no weakness. We cannot help their pitying, let them not contemn us. We are alone in the world, Ardent, and we have much, very much to do. Hitherto I have loved, almost worshipped you as a hero; and now, when we are called upon to suffer, and to do greatly, let us remember that we are alone in the world. Think that I have Spanish blood rioting in my veins. It steals on no more in the smooth current that should be only sufficiently strong to mantle in a blush on a maiden cheek. We have none other but God and ourselves to assist us to our revenge!"

Her words at once recalled me to my natural vision. I looked up into her face sadly. Methought that there was something upon it I had never seen before—it was a shadowing, a darkening—sublime, but not enviable. It offended me, whilst I reverenced it. Her beauty, as I have before described it, was Saxon, and radiant, and sunny, the most remote of any that could be supposed to express a dark passion, yet, at the moment of her excitement, there seemed something mysteriously terrible upon it. Yet I could place this expression on no particular feature—and I scrutinized them all—for I was in that state of prostration of intellect, which makes the mind gladly fly from the present, and the crushing evil, to occupy itself in disquisition, foreign to what ought to be its course of action.

Yet this acute perception, that flashed upon me so suddenly, that she, too, had the one black drop in her heart—that she was not altogether saintly and heavenly, recalled fearful images to my mind; and I once more saw before me the beautiful creature, that I had thought it no sin to love. The depravity of the human heart is awful. At this moment, that my parents and my friends were, in all human probability, expiring under the knives of ruthless assassins, my imagination was entertaining ideas that were only not impure. True it is, that, physically and mentally, I was dreadfully weakened; but yet, how forcibly must this proclaim, that man can have no security but in religion—no consolation but on the assurances of faith—no strength but what he derives from God?

Instead of answering to her spirited, and natural, though wicked call for vengeance, I looked up to her sadly, and said to her, "Honoria, I am heart-sick of all this. Since I came to seek you—you—even you—I have found nothing but a never-varying circle of injury and revenge, and revenge and injury. It were happier for us both if we were now to crouch down and die. Man ought not—at least, I cannot—be always embruing my hands in blood, to redeem which the only just One suffered. If I am again roused to any act of energy, it will be to record an oath, that never again will I resent insult or injury, never more lift an

angry hand against breathing mortal." I again permitted my head to fall despondingly on the table, and buried my face in my hands.

With passionate grief she exclaimed, "The spirit of his race is gone from him, and even now they are destroying his father and mother. May my heart break suddenly, or my senses forsake me!"

Not one word of this short dialogue was understood by Captain Darkins and the other persons in the cabin, it having been carried on in Spanish. The honest skipper, however, not comprehending much about the sanctity of grief, though he was evidently eager to relieve the violence of it, placing his hand on my shoulder, gave me a gentle shaking, and said, "Hålloa, mister, I thought you was a Britisher. I swamp and swear, that was a very particular, pretty considerable fight you ar been making in that hulky craft of yourn; rattlesnakes can't come up to it, I calculate."

"I am more English," said I, "than Spanish," making an effort to rouse myself to exertion; "and my gratitude——"

"Well, well, mister, you may rub that off your log: who is this younker? Why, he is almost as beautiful as a Bostonian—can't be a garlic-cramming Spaniard."

I hesitated one moment, and then said boldly, "We were born in Spain, of an English father and Spanish mother:—he is my brother."

Honoria looked greateful, smiled, and made an action of assentation: "And she consents to duplicity," said my traitor heart—that vile heart that was betraying my immortal soul.

When I had thus far satisfied the American captain, he insisted that we should immediately change our wet clothes, and that I should have my slight wounds looked to, and, much to my relief, he assigned a separate berth to each of us.

A still more humble sailor boy's dress now, in some measure, disguised the wondrous beauty of my sister, whilst the respectability of my appearance was but little deteriorated in a full suit of the captain's. We were not long in equipping ourselves; and when we again made our appearance in the cabin, we found the table covered with refreshments, hot water and spirits being very conspicuous, and every body assembled who could claim the privilege of the *entrée*.

The Mary Ann of Boston, the name of the vessel, still kept running within half-pistol shot of the Santa Anna, which latter vessel began to trim her sails and get things slowly into order. I was now compelled to give a full account of what had so lately taken place on her blood-drenched decks. This sad relation filled them with horror, and called forth shouts of honest execrations,

whilst my poor sister listened in convulsions of tears. When I had finished, I besought Captain Darkins, by every entreaty that I could command, to make some attempt to conquer the ship from Mantez, and to save, if not too late, the many victims to his vengeance. But, even in this short time, I had already began to gather in the bitter fruits of dissimulation. To keep up the plausibility of my story, I had mentioned that my sister was still on board the Spaniard, concealed in the hold, and the reader is aware that it was our cabin-boy, disguised in Honoria's clothes, who was in that predicament.

The supposed situation of a young, rich, beautiful, and well-born girl, worked strongly upon the sympathies of the honest captain, who seemed to think that the chances in her favour were, that she still might be rescued, but he thought that all interference must be too late to save any of the males of our party. I thought so too, as, when I rushed out of the cabin into the sea, I caught a glimpse of poor Julien, sitting down in a pool of his own blood perfectly helpless, and with the pallor of death upon his features, and my dear good father was lying extended upon the deck, with the bleeding body of Will Watkins, the cockney sailor, extended over him. Dreading what might be the fate of the ladies, among such a body of miscreants, flushed with the slaughter, I rather rejoiced that there was but little probability that either Don Julien or the old merchant would witness it.

I spoke much of our wealth, and offered the captain and his officers any portion of it, or even all, if they would rescue it from the hands of the pirates. I must, however, do them the justice to say, that the hopes of saving my supposed sister, and Donna Isidora, seemed to be a greater temptation to them, to make an hostile effort, than that held out to them by riches.

After a brief consultation with his officers, Captain Darkins called his crew aft, and, in a manly, forcible, and short speech, detailed the atrocities that had been committed, and were in all probability committing, on board the ship on their starboard beam, and appealed to them if they were willing to make an effort to rescue so much property, and, above all, so many lives, from the hands of a body of murderers and pirates. They answered with an assenting cheer. We then all armed ourselves; but the principal arm for a naval combat was wanting on our parts—ordnance.

However, Captain Darkins ordered the Mary Ann to edge down towards the Santa Anna, and, in the mean time, whilst the vessels were approaching each other, we consulted together upon the best plan of operations. To judge by appearances, any attempt of our's upon a vessel that I must now designate as our opponent seemed hopeless enough. We had no great guns wherewith to battle, whilst with those dreadful engines she was amply provided;

and I could not doubt but that they had already found the powder that the gunner had stowed away. At all events, there was a great quantity of that necessary article in the cabin, which our party had stored up for their own use. To attempt to board a ship so high out of the water as was this old sixty-four seemed but a dangerous, almost a frantic operation. Our only chance, therefore, lay in taking such a position astern of her as to annoy her with our musketry, and, if possible, find access into the cabin by the mizen-chains and quarter-gallery.

Indeed, so mentally and physically was I subdued, by a succession of horrors, the most violent exertion, and no inconsiderable loss of blood, that the idea of another combat proved me to be a coward. I certainly was the least animated of the party who were now projecting an attack.

As we closed upon the Santa Anna, the Spanish ensign was pompously displayed at the gaff, as if she anticipated an engagement, and then, with a becoming pride, up went the stripes and the stars, a flag which has never been disgraced, and but rarely conquered on the ocean. Strange situation! I was about to do battle under American colours, upon my own and my father's ship, my parents being on board her, either living or dead. But we were deceived in appearances. The Spaniards were but little apprehensive that we were closing upon them with any hostile intent. They were too much occupied in the perpetration of a horror that could have entered the minds only of barbarians.

The two ships were running nearly dead before the wind, to the southward, the whaler gradually closing upon the Santa Anna, which her superior sailing enabled her easily to do. We were well within hail, when the bow gun of the Spaniard was fired, and all on board of us were anxiously listening for the crashing of the timbers; for, at so short a distance, we felt assured that the shot must strike us. When the smoke cleared away, what an object of terror met our eyes! Suspended at the yard-arm, hung the beautiful boy, in my sister's habiliments. He swang to and fro with a wide-sweeping vibration, that made me giddy, and sick at heart. The long black veil streamed with the wind from off his innocent and distorted features, and, at the end of each vibration, the visage, with its bursting eyeballs, turned towards us, and looked down upon our decks reproachfully.

"For me! for me!" my sister shrieked, and fainted. Agonized as I then was, for prudential reasons, I bore her myself to the cabin, nor left her, until I had recovered her; and afterwards saw her in a death-like sleep in the cot provided for her in the berth in the cabin.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Having lost almost every thing, I am at the point of losing myself. My black friend proves now the only light to my eyes. By this dark light I discover that I am but a weak and silly creature.

The brutal exhibition of impotent revenge, described in the last chapter, called forth a loud and a prolonged yell of execration from the honest-hearted Bostonians, accompanied by a discharge from every man who had either pistol or musket. But this puny and futile warfare seemed to make no impression, and take no effect, on the gigantic adversary; she continued her course, with the body of the poor youth swaying to and fro from the yard-arm.

Captain Darkins then employed another weapon, equally powerless with his fire-arms, though it was displayed in an excellent cause, with undaunted courage, and with noble feeling. It was his tongue, strong in vituperation and loud with scorn and horror.

Whilst he was thus pouring forth his indignation, though the Spaniard seemed to take every thing with a characteristic apathy, and neither moved from her course, nor made answer either by sign or word, certain ominous indications were, however, going on on his maindeck, that made Captain Darkins think it necessary to let fall his foresail, hoist his topgallant sails, that had been lowered on the caps, and thus forge a-head. On board the Santa Anna first one gun was run in, and then another, and presently a third, till, at length, nearly the whole of her tier on the side next the Mary Ann were fairly inboard.

The next proceeding of the pirate showed evident signs of weakness, and the loss of many hands; for, instead of her guns being run out simultaneously, they were thrust forth slowly and singly; and when the first was protruded, the American was so far a-head, that it would not bear upon her, and she was fairly before her in a direct line at least five hundred yards, when the huge lubberly pursuer threw herself into the wind, and thus bringing her broadside to bear, discharged some five or six of her guns in a most straggling manner, and with most wretched aim. Of course, not a shot told. Captain Darkins then set his studding-sails, and quietly continued his course.

Though the Spaniards had found it a task so easy to put their vessel into the wind, the operation was to them much more difficult to put her again on her course. When the American was

several miles a-head of her, all things (to use a seaman's phrase) on board of her, appeared at sixes and sevens; some sails aback, some shaking in the wind, and the ship coming up and falling off, apparently, just as she pleased. We soon lost sight of her altogether; and, even to the last, when she was hull down, confusion and anarchy seemed to reign on board of her, for even then she had not got her head the right way.

All this latter information I derived from the good American; for, after I had conveyed my fainting sister to the cabin, days and weeks elapsed before I sought the deck, or took any interest in what was going on around me. Observing the deep melancholy that had settled upon me, Captain Darkins, with the true spirit of the gentleman, seldom obtruded his company upon me, except when he thought that he could bring me consolation, or afford me amusement; and he sedulously kept every officious person at a distance. Of course, with all his profound respect for my grief, when we took our meals, conversation could not well be avoided, and I honestly made every effort of which I was capable to meet his spirit of sociality, though I am conscious that I failed miserably.

From several of these short conferences, I learned that, after he had seen the person, whom he supposed to be my beloved sister, hanging at the yard-arm, he gave up all hopes of being of service, concluding that, after such an atrocity, every passenger had been murdered, and the vain attempt at relief would have been wholly too late. He also informed me that he could hardly answer for his conduct to the owners, if he delayed the objects of his voyage, to perform any chivalrous deed, at the probable risk of the lives of his crew; that he was most anxious to reach his fishing ground, being already full late for his whaling operations; but he gave me some hopes, which were never realized, that we might fall in with a man-of-war, either English, American, or French, and that, if such were the case, he would put me and mine on board of her; and he felt assured, that my representations, such vessel would certainly go in search of the piratical murderers.

Jugurtha and the dog soon made themselves general favourites, and my sister was treated by the crew, from the highest to the lowest, with the deepest respect, they always supposing her to be a beautiful young boy. Every fanciful article of male apparel that could be found was forced upon her; and she having, in a high degree of perfection, the feminine taste in dress, shortly appeared in a costume not less singular than it was becoming.

I could write volumes, and, could I give the full expression of my feelings, most eloquent ones, of the tumult of thought that day and night rushed, almost without ceasing, through my dis-

tracted brain. I lived only to the intense working of my mind: when I appeared most melancholy and most silent, it was then that, like the fire upon the sacred altar, I was consuming myself by my energies—by the continued action on myself; yet I tremble even now, when I think that the incense of my thoughts ascended not to Heaven.

When good Captain Darkins, with his weather-beaten and placid countenance, would place himself benevolently near me, crumple up my emaciated hand in his hard, brownish palm, look into my eyes for a corresponding feeling of kindness, and ask me how my fever was, (for wounds of body and mind had thrown me into an obstinate one,) when he would do all this, I shuddered. The assurance was then always heaviest on my mind, that my disastrous presence would bring to him all evil. I felt myself as one accursed—I was almost conscious that there was a finger constantly over me, pointing me out as God-abandoned, warning all men to shun me, and a voice for ever sounding in my ears, calling on me to tell those around me to look up and see the awful beacon that pointed me out as one to be left to perish in the bitterness of solitude.

As yet, since I had left the hospitable roof of the Falcks, in Lothbury, my presence had always brought misery and destruction. Where were all those fellow mortals that had sailed with me in the Jane? All lost, drowned, miserably drowned, save my faithful Jugurtha. Where were those parents, and those friends, whom I had blasted by my presence at Barcelona? Murdered—savagely, inhumanly murdered. And, on board the Santa Anna, had not my appearance there brought among them strife, desolation, and death? Even to those that remained, what were their dreadful prospects? I felt convinced that the division of the plunder that they had so nefariously gained would cause bloodshed among them; and, when the tempest came—and come I knew that it would—how would the few worn and wounded survivors be able to manage that huge leviathan of the deep, which, even with the full complement of her crew, had so often spurned their misdirected and feeble efforts? They must die in her and around her—the wave must be their grave; their ship, so long their home, their coffin. Their fate was sealed. I had been on board of her.

Though I would sit the livelong day, with the low fever burning in my veins, in brooding silence, yet at night I would speak. I would pour my complaints over the disregarding waves that danced after the careering vessel, sportively in the merry moonlight. Oh! I grew eloquent then. My woes threw a majesty around me: I arose in the solemn dignity of my grief, and harangued. All nature seemed to listen, and there was a consola-

tion to my breaking heart in the apparent respect of universal silence. When the plaintive voice of my ravings grew loud, and reached the watchful seamen above, they hearkened to them with reverence, and they said to each other in hushed voices, "The Spanish grandee is talking to the ghosts of his father, and of his mother, and of his sister : though all is silent to us, he hears them—he sees them, though we cannot : poor gentleman, he must die; but he will go mad first. I shall pray for him before I sleep." Yes, these toil-worn men felt for me—they had some conception of the magnitude of my sorrows, and a deep respect for them—for I suffered alone, and in mystery.

But my good shipmates deceived themselves. I was neither mad nor likely to become so. Such an issue to my sufferings would have been a happiness. Alas! my perceptions were too distinct, my memory too faithful and too accurate, the events of my life too constantly before me, and I reasoned upon them too correctly. Yes, I was accursed. Hour after hour I pleaded for mercy, but it was with a rebellious heart, and the prayer was sternly refused. Often, in these paroxysms of the heart, would I sue for the presence of an angel, that I might confer with him, reason, wrestle with him, as did the patriarch of yore, and prove to him that the burdens laid upon me were more than I could bear. "Where, in what," I would franticly demand, "is my guilt? An involuntary aspiration—an unexpressed thought—an unbidden flushing of the cheek—a tumultuous flashing of the eye—are these imaginative things, so struggled against, and so unreal, are these my crimes? Is it for these that I must walk through my path in the world under the gloomy shadows of the wings of death, whilst my footsteps are uncertain through the slippiness of blood? Is it for these phantoms of the ideal, that my punishment should be so severe—my tortures so real?"

And not always alone would I thus pour forth the accents of my despair. Jugurtha knew that when all those who were not watching on the deck slept, that I arose, and spoke, and played the maniac. I loved his mute company. My complainings were, to my feelings, no less a soliloquy when he listened to them. Listened to them! Nay, he did more; he replied to them, eloquently replied to them, by the speaking attitude—the intense look—the low, inarticulate murmur. He understood me, thoroughly understood me—not so much by my words, or my disjointed and inverted sentences, as by the intercommunion of our sentiments, derived from what we had attempted, and what we had suffered together. He comprehended me thoroughly—his friendship was more than the friendship of man.

One particular night, when my fever was at the highest, when molten lead seemed to be poured through my arteries instead of

blood, and my skull the boiling cauldron from which it overflowed, and radiated through my system; on that dire night of anger, the only night, perhaps, in which pure insanity had mingled with my ravings, I had fairly exhausted myself. Wretched I had long been—I must have now appeared pitiable. I had been standing in the attitude of defiance—my proud spirit was suddenly broken. I could no longer keep myself erect—my limbs collapsed together as if in the death-struggle—I sank on my knees—I inclined forward—my head slowly drooped and drooped, until my forehead touched the deck, and the palms of my hands alone prevented my being prostrate. In this humiliating, brute-like attitude, I crouched at the feet of the astonished Negro. It bewildered him for a moment. He clasped his hands over me as if in prayer, and his tears, more precious than the costliest ointment, fell upon my debased head.

For a short space, all this was incomprehensible to Jugurtha. He had the moment before seen and heard me speaking with force and energy, calling on Heaven for the direst vengeance upon the murderer Mantez, and the next moment he saw me weaker and more helpless than a child. At first, his habitual respect for me prevented his placing his hands on my person; but this, his love overcame, and he lifted me up, and placed me tenderly on the couch in the cabin, and then knelt at my feet. Such attention, such affection, I felt through all my despair. Though my breathing—then all too precious for speech—was an effort that I could scarcely make to prolong life—that breath, though I thought it would be my last, I was resolved to coin into words, wherewith to repay the love of Jugurtha.

"My friend," said I, "I am dying. Be good, be kind, to my sister."

Jugurtha sobbed convulsively.

"Mantez must not live."

The black started at once on his feet, his eyes shot fire; he was glaring a horrible incarnation of revenge.

"Jugurtha—understand, my friend, he must die by the law. You can now write a little, and talk with your hands. If the seas, and the tempest, and God's lightning spare him, hunt him through the world till we are revenged. No—no—you don't understand, Jugurtha; hunt him till he is hung—hung—hung! You will find much honest buckra men to help you."

Jugurtha's countenance fell, and he shook his head, and then came and passed his hand to and fro over my breast. I well knew the meaning of his action, and I replied to it. "No, Jugurtha, there is now no comfort for me;" and, more from physical weakness than disinclination to converse, I relapsed into silence. Yet, this effort at conversation had relieved me—had

dispelled, in some measure, the death-like torpor that had been creeping over my body.

Seeing that I spoke no more, the negro quietly withdrew; but very shortly re-appeared, with a wine-glass, and a case-bottle of rum. This act, so little in unison with the exalted tone of my feelings—this kind and homely idea of Jugurtha to give warmth and comfort to my heart, almost called a smile to my countenance, but I only replied to the well-intentioned act by a gentle shake of the head. Thus disappointed, he removed it, with a look of great annoyance and incertitude. However, he still stood silently near me, no doubt deeply pondering as to the manner in which he could convey consolation. Unwilling to let him suppose that I was unmindful of his presence, I again addressed him, and using the kindest tone that I could assume, said, "My dear Jugurtha, go sleep—turn into your hammock—I thank you with all my soul, but you cannot bring comfort to me. I shall never know comfort so long as Mantez lives, or myself either."

The last sentence I uttered in a tone so low, that at first I felt assured that my companion could not have heard it; but he replied to it in a manner so singular, and yet so apposite, that I immediately concluded that he had. But I deceived myself greatly.

He drew his long knife from his bosom, and placed it in my hands.

"What am I to understand from this?" said I, taking the deadly instrument, and grasping it eagerly in my hand.

He looked all animation in a moment; and, with his right hand closed, struck himself violently on his left breast, and then pointed eagerly to the sea.

"And does this poor, uneducated negro," I reflected, "reproach me with the want of the Roman virtue? Does he think that it is time for me to die, and that I dare not? Does he hold me coward? The act is easy—the transition gentle—and if I die, in an instant I should know all. Ay, that is the forbidden fruit of knowledge—but forbidden only to the dastard."

And then I fell to perusing the blade with a savage avidity, and scrutinizing the point of the weapon. The action was pleasing to me. I then manœuvred and flourished it, and thrust with it at the empty air. I began to fancy, in my ravings, that Mantez was before me—it was a delightful, yet a perilous, a pernicious pastime. One horrible thought was fast engendering another—my senses again began to reel; and it is probable, in the mere wantonness of my illusions, that I had aimed a blow at my own bosom, for I found my uplifted hand suddenly grasped, and the dagger wrested from me, by Jugurtha. This violent action recalled me at once from my wanderings. I smiled faintly, and said, "I meant myself n harm, Jugurtha; but the knife is as well with you as with me."

He shook his head, and put it up carefully in its usual resting-place, in his bosom, and again retired, whilst I fell into a deep fit of abstraction.

He was absent on this mission longer than before; and when he again appeared, he was laden with the huge family Bible of the American captain, the corners of the covers strongly cased in brass, and the massive volume opening with rude iron clasps. He placed it beside me on the sofa with as much awe as if he had been handling one of his fetishes, crossed his arms over his breast, bowed profoundly, and retired.

Who thus taught him to bring the only comforter? But I felt not then the depth of this loving-kindness, nor the beauty of this solemn act. For some moments I even regarded the sacred book with indifference, and when I did touch it, I opened it carelessly and mechanically; but my eyes fell on a line, and a verse, and a chapter, that no person on earth shall ever induce me to indicate. Let it be sufficient to say, that it gave a new direction to my feelings—a new life to my frame—another tone to my character; and the next morning I arose with less fever, but a more obdurate heart. I should have read on—and would not.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Time I discover to be the great worker of miracles. Self and suite reship themselves. I find the last step that I have taken to be a slippery one.

But I speak not of my sister. She avoided me; doubtless, but the strange and unnatural fires that too often lighted up my eyes alarmed or displeased her. She feared incipient insanity. When we were together, she was uniformly kind and gentle. Oh! too gentle. Had we been of one faith, as of one parentage, she would have endeavoured to have poured upon my agitated soul the consolations of religion, but at this blessed source of hope, the only fountain for the wretched, she dared not drink with me. Pitying me, she left me much alone.

With every soul on board she became the especial favourite. Even her timidity seemed to increase the respect of the ship's company. The assumption, on her part, of the airs and the graceful assurance of a *petit-maître*, I observed, with some pain, was giving an independence to her carriage and manners, that, though beautiful to contemplate, might be hereafter detrimental to her womanly deportment.

But though she so easily conformed to the singular circumstances by which she was surrounded, and had a smile for every joke, and the bland look of approbation for every kindness of the hardy seamen, when she thought herself unobserved, she was not cheerful, not even contented. In the deep silence of night, I could, for hours, hear her low, and half-suppressed sobbings. But why dwell so long upon these few weeks of misery? We needed action; we needed excitement from without, and it came too soon.

The American captain had given up to us wholly and unconditionally, the use and occupation of the principal cabin. It is true, that he dined and took coffee with us every day, but he did so merely as a mark of respect, and not as a right; but, after seven in the evening, we saw him no more until the next day. The noble-minded American made no parade of generosity; for when I spoke to him of the ample remuneration it was my intention to make to him for the much inconvenience I and mine had put him to, and the many sacrifices that he had made for our comforts, he did not reject my promises with the proud air of a man that is doing a grand action. As an act of justice, he allowed that remuneration was due to him, and that, when the opportunity offered, he would receive it, though he was well content, on the other hand, that it should be considered, and remain, as an act of humanity, the reward of which he would search for only in his own bosom. With this amiable understanding we met each other without embarrassment, though our misfortunes and our sorrows always induced him to treat us with a respect that his republican spirit would have denied to the highest grade of feudal nobility.

We were fast approaching the cooler latitudes of the south, and preparations were being actively made to contest with the huge sperm whale, when, on one particular Sunday evening, he did not retire from our cabin so early as was his wont. I had induced him to talk of himself. He spoke to me of his comfortable abode at Boston—of his acres, leased out a few leagues to the westward of his native town—of his hitherto cheerful progress—of his present happy position, and his unclouded future prospects. This, all this, made me miserable; but I still urged on the recital. He spoke next with all a lover's energy, and all a husband's pride, of his beautiful wife, and of his lovely, his more than lovely children. Though thousands of miles of bitter and treacherous waters were between him and the objects of his love, his whole soul was at home with them; he grew rapt, inspired, as he continued to speak; he blessed them, oh! how fervently he blessed them, and blessed the Author of all blessings for his overflowing happiness. He took us by surprise—every

sentence of joy became a song of praise, every aspiration a soul-fraught prayer—and yet, there was no cant about this man. As he was carried away by his pure domestic feelings, the tears streamed down his embrowned cheeks; and, when he could no longer find words of his own in which to vent his gratitude and thanksgiving, forgetting at once all distinctions of persons, of faiths, and of nations, he said solemnly, "It is the Lord's Day eve, let us pray."

The appeal was too sudden and too grand to be resisted. Honoria and myself knelt down beside him. Yes, the strictly-educated papist, and the episcopal Protestant, knelt and winged their thoughts to Heaven on the prayer of some new-light methodist; but the prayer was an honest one—for it was from an humbled, a pious, and a grateful heart.

When the good captain arose from his knees, he looked embarrassed. He stammered, and began to apologize. "Signors," said he, hesitatingly, "I was carried away by my feelings when I thought of my dear Mary—forget this exhibition."

"When," said I, laying my hand kindly upon his arm, "when will you have the courage to be truly brave? The courage not to be ashamed of your best actions?"

He grasped my hand affectionately, and left the cabin.

The sun had set—the short twilight of these pure atmospheres was darkening into night—there was a solemnity in the gloom stealing over the cabin, in holy unison with the pious office in which we had been just engaged. Yet it fell not on the countenance of Honoria—for she was hastily, and in a perturbed manner, counting her beads. Unheeded, I disturbed her not in her rapid devotions; but, when she had finished, I placed myself quietly by her side, and merely pronounced her name.

"Honoria."

"What would you, my brother?"

"You seemed troubled."

"I fear me I have grievously sinned. I have prayed with a heretic, and may God forgive me, my heart was with his prayer!"

"Why do you think that you have sinned?"

"Can you ask, Ardent? What would have been the good padre's anger, how great would have been my penance, did he but know of my backsliding—would that I could this moment confess to some father of my church, and relieve my heart from this dreadful impiety!"

"Confess now."

"Alas! my brother, you mock me."

"You ask for a father to whom to confess. I will show you one—the kindest, the best, the most glorious, the most powerful, the most merciful—our heavenly Father—the Father of us

all. Now, my Honoria, kneel, and confess to Him, dread Parent of us all!"

She knelt, and clasped her hands and upturned her beautiful eyes. She was as silent and as motionless as the cold statue of monumental marble.

At length I broke this silence, and said to her, with all gentleness, "My sister, do you confess?"

"I have no words, O my brother."

"I thought so--I thought so, dearest Honoria; I saw the action--I participated in the sin? I will give the deed words—repeat after me."

I had described the act she had committed in the simplest language, Honoria repeating after me word for word; but, when I proceeded to ask pardon for it as criminal, she rose from her knees, and said tremulously, "Ardent, this is an absurdity. It seems to me that I have not sinned before God, though I have greatly sinned before his holy church."

"Yes, my Honoria, it is an absurdity; God and his church are at variance. To which will you adhere?"

"You search me to the heart. Can I hesitate?—I have not sinned."

"Embrace me, my own Honoria—now, now, as heretofore, you will no longer refuse to pray with your heretic brother—henceforward we must be far dearer to each other than we yet have been, and still neither of us be an apostate to our faiths. Before our hearts and our affections were united—now our souls, from their highest aspirations to their lowest cadences, will be in harmony together. I can now speak to you freely, unreservedly; let us share together every thought, every emotion."

"As brother and sister should."

"Most surely, Honoria; as brother and sister should—you say rightly—what tie can be dearer, holier?—there seems to me no other necessary to make all the bliss to me here on earth which I am capable of enjoying."

"My father and my mother had, I have heard, each of them, brothers and sisters."

"What of that? They were never so strangely thrown together by destiny as we have been. It seems to me as if all living but ourselves were hurried into oblivion, leaving us alone; for, wherever we appear, death strikes triumphantly. You no longer, Honoria, fear communion with me in prayer; no longer do you recoil to kneel with the heretic brother: therefore, let us each, after our own peculiar modes, pray in silence that the doom may pass over this good and just man, who has so charitably sheltered us, and that neither he nor his may pay the penalty that seems so fatally attached to my presence."

"Is not this superstition?—Yet nevertheless, my dear Ardent,

it assumes not only a pious but a generous and noble form—I will join you."

I like not to dwell long upon sacred subjects, but highly-wrought feelings must always lead either to despair or to religion, when Hope closes the mourning train that follows the hearse of our happiness to the tomb.

Honoria and I retired to our cots that sabbath eve more composed than we had yet been since our flight from the slaughter-ship.

Who shall doubt that there be efficacy in prayer? Conscience, in its thunders, that are heard only in the vaults of the shivering heart, cries "pray." Where is the religion, however false, that does not, simulating the *one*, the only holy and the true—where is the religion that calls not upon its votaries—whether it be from the solemn cathedral dome, from the rural spire, from the minaret, from the idol-temple, or from the desert rock—to pray and to praise? It is the cry of universal nature, altogether distinct from the dogmas of a faith, or the absurdities of a creed. But we have, in the inspired writings, the assurance multiplied to us in its blessed pages, that it is prayer, and prayer only, that can wrestle successfully with the giant Fate, and work out the miracles of a terrestrial as well as an eternal salvation. What a sublime scheme of love!—of a love that seems even to direct and to reign over power! Let us contemplate for a moment the glorious efficacy of the petitions of a young and innocent heart changing the purposes of the else Immutable!—this is a daring but a pious reflection, for similar instances of the soul-supporting fact abound in the Holy records.

The generous American and his crew escaped. The very next day, and before they had struck a single fish, we fell in with a vessel that had completely made her cargo, and was preparing to bear up for some port in the northern part of New Zealand, to refit for the long voyage, and take on board two or three passengers for America. This was an opportunity not to be lost. It would have been a sad waste of time and of our young lives to have spent two and perhaps three years in acquiring the knowledge of how properly to harpoon, play with, and spear sperm-whales—to cut up blubber, head-up casks of oil, and clean whalebone.

First of all, we took leave of the crew individually, for there was not a man on board of her whose friendship we had not gained. I must candidly confess that, of my party carrée, I was last in favour. Jugurtha, and the dog Bounder, had about equal suffrages for carrying the first place in the affections of the American seamen; but I think, if it had been put to the vote, the dog-fanciers would have carried it. Honoria, or the young don, as she was universally called, they dared not love so much, on

account of the wonder and respect with which she had inspired them. I was, myself, pitied a great deal, and was thought, when I first joined them, to be a little crazed with my misfortunes.

I did not leave them before drawing a very handsome set of bills upon our firm, payable at my old masters', Messrs. Falck and Co., Lothbury, directing, of their proceeds, that one hundred pounds should be divided among the crew. Another hundred I destined to be apportioned among the surgeon and first and second mates in proportion, suitable to their grades, and a third hundred, I, after much trouble and many entreaties, forced upon Captain Darkins. We are always excessively liberal when we are uncertain that we have got any thing to give.

Having made all these arrangements there was still another difficulty to be surmounted, the withdrawal of Jugurtha and the dog from their new shipmates. Not that either of these two important personages were willing to abandon our fortunes, which is a very appropriate term for a succession of miseries; but that the Americans wished to retain them. At last, I was obliged to come to a compromise, by leaving the choice of their destination to the parties contended for. As far as respected one of these, the question was soon decided.

"Will you go with us, Jugurtha, to be shipwrecked again, or stay with your new friends?"

He reproved me for this indiscreet question, in his mute manner, most eloquently. He stood motionless, for a short space, between the two parties. I thought that he hesitated. The crew thought that he had yielded. One droll Yankee, knowing that Jugurtha had a little more than the faintest predilection in the world for that saccharine alcohol, so ill-used by being monosyllabled into the word "rum," continued slily affording him an occasional glance at a bottle filled with it, as a sort of a bait, or a makeweight, thrown into the equally-balanced scales, that should make the one on his side preponderate.

This by-play amused the little knot of seamen among which it was acting, and caused one of them to say, "If the silent snowball does not know, if so be how he'll cast his woolly head to port or to starboard, in this here matter, d'ye see, when he only jist gets a glimpse at the stuff; if ye'd clap it under his smeller like, he'd cast to us in a marvellous immortal haste—let him take a whiff, Zachariah Drainapot."

This outbreak caused either a laugh or a smile to show itself on the features of all present, with the exception of the negro, who advanced towards the man with the bottle, and seized it. There was a momentary shout of triumph among the seamen, and a qualm of disappointment at my own heart. Neither the one nor the other was permitted a long existence. Instead of carrying the

neck of the bottle to his mouth, he dashed its body against the bulwark, and then, drawing himself up proudly, and clenching his huge fists in a threatening manner, he cast a look of demoniac ugliness and scorn upon his tempters. He looked as if he wished to do, singly, immediate battle upon the whole. Having thus fully made himself understood, he turned his back upon them abruptly, and advancing to where Honoria and myself were standing, he knelt before us, and seizing a hand of each, he bent over them and wept.

No one after spoke to him about deserting us. But, since they despaired for the black, they petitioned for the dog. My reply was short. "My friends, give him the liberty of the decks, and keep him if you can." They agreed to this; and we then, Honoria and myself, prepared to descend into the boat. Jugurtha had already placed himself in it, in order to assure himself that we should not be separated, and to hide his emotion. After taking a most affectionate leave of the officers and men, we descended with Captain Darkins into the boat that was to put us on board the "Lively Sally."

We had not pulled many yards from the ship, before the negro missed his canine companion. He stood up, and giving one of his terrible howls, we heard it answered by shouts of laughter, mingled with the sounds of confusion, and the dog was with us in a moment. There was no bustle, nor any thing resembling an ungentlemanly fussiness, about this act of Bounder; he climbed into the boat leisurely, and sate himself very gravely down in the head-sheets. He did not, by shaking himself, show any dispotion to free himself from the moisture with which he had encumbered himself. He had too much politeness to make the boat either his dressing or his drying room.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

We find ourselves not in a land flowing with milk and ore, but in a place redundant in grease and oil. Much time occupied in pastime, and several very good imitations of modern hells, whilst most part of the crew of the "Lively Sally" are active in playing the part of devils.

Behold us all on the greasy decks of the "Lively Sally." The prospect was discouraging; but, before we had time to become aware of all its *désagrémens*, we retired to the cabin, and Captain Darkins related our story at length. It impressed the captain of

the "Lively Sally," Nathaniel Sillis, with terror and astonishment; but he did not seem to be so fully imbued with commiseration for us as we were led to expect. He was evidently, what is called, a hard man. He had a very proper detestation for villany, but he had no idea that that detestation should cost him money. Virtues of all kinds were always to be admired, but those only were to be adopted which were not expensive. He swore heartily at Don Mantez and the Spanish ship, had horrible misgivings as to the fate of those who were left on board of her, and a great many *expressions* of pity for ourselves. But who would become security for our passage-money? He was sure that I could not be certain if there were assets enough in the hands of our various correspondents, should all my father's wealth be lost in the Spanish vessel, to meet our outstanding debts, much less to leave a surplus with which to answer any bills that I might draw on any of the capitals of Europe.

These remarks were the more unpleasant to me, as they were not wholly void of foundation, and I was too proud to make a useless appeal to his generosity. Captain Darkins did what he could to re-assure him, but it was evident that he wanted some security more tangible than asseverations of our respectability, and pathetic narrations of our misfortunes. Thus, it seemed, that whilst he was lavishing his sympathy upon us, and in the midst of all his professions of his ardour in the cause of the unfortunate, he had made up his mind, and was on the point of turning us out of his vessel, with the prospect of a confinement of two or three years on board of the "Mary Ann."

In the midst of this perplexity, and even after he had hinted to us that he was quite ready to see us, accompanied by his deepest commiseration, over his ship's side, a light, not of humanity, but of intelligence, came over his hard features, and he plucked me aside, into one corner of the cabin, and thus addressed me.

"I say, Mr. Englisher, respecting this passage-money, I calculate that I shall not be *deprived of my heart's banquet* in doing a good action, as touching this here passage-money. *It is the essence of morality to do good.* Now this here nigger of yourn looks a handsome, shapely animal enough—worth seven hundred dollars, every coin of it. I touches at Rio—have him in the market in the twinkling of an alligator's eye. Jist give us a bit of security like, upon paper, for the lad, and then we shall come to terms, *and I be the humble instrument, in the hands of divine Providence, of enabling you to punish the guilty, and reward my own heart, by doing good to my fellow-creatures.*"

This professor of noble sentiments had two voices, both of them abominable—the voice ethical and the voice natural; the words that he uttered in the voice ethical, I have denoted by

italics; and this voice was sonorously snuffled through his nose; the other voice was rasped through his teeth; and, until you were accustomed to it, gave that shivering sensation that is felt when one unexpectedly hears a saw being sharpened with a file. I had before heard words of execration and blasphemy, but, altogether, this speech of Nathaniel Sillis, commander and part-owner of the "Lively Sally," was the most horrible, both as to matter and to manner, that ever grated upon my ears. My astonishment has since been, that I did not knock him down upon the spot. I turned my back upon him with disgust, and, advancing to Captain Darkins, I coldly said, "I am sure that your friend and myself will never agree. I and mine, I fear, must still longer trespass upon your humanity."

As we were now seriously preparing to depart, the skipper of the "Lively Sally" seemed as loth that we should go, as unwilling that we should stay, without some security as to repayment. He therefore begged us not to make up our determination so hastily; and said that, perhaps I or my brother might have some loose coin about our persons, snuffling out, as a termination to his speech, in his voice ethical, that "his heart yearned to assist the unfortunate."

Upon this, we began the undignified process of searching our own persons. The return, I have no doubt, would have been *nil*," for in the late terrible scenes in which we had been actors, money was the last thing that entered into our consideration. And yet, it was a foolish oversight, for we had had out of the spirit-room a chest of doubloons on the night before the combat on board our ship, for the purpose of rewarding our own adherents and bribing others of the crew. It was very apparent that money we had not now; and thus the disinterested wish of Nathaniel, of succouring the unfortunate, seemed very likely to be, in our instance, defeated.

In the midst of this unpoetical operation, Captain Darkins spoke suddenly—"I am a dolt—an ass, not to have thought of it before. You know, captain, that I have no hard dollars to spare; for the little cash that I have brought with me will be no more than sufficient for the use of the ship, wherever we may refit, through the winter. But surely my security is good. I will give it you willingly."

I could only express my gratitude by grasping his hard hand affectionately. Honoria did more; she nearly betrayed her sex by kissing the honest tar fervently. Indeed, our emotion quite embarrassed the noble-minded American.

This little scene caused Nathaniel to get up his snuffle. "I asseverate, and I swamp, and I swear, that actions like your's, Captain Darkins, are almighty good for the heart—it is a banket:

I shares in your virtuous emotions, and will lend a willing hand to partake in the good deed of assisting the destitute. Yes, I *will* take your security for the expenses this unfortunate party are likely to incur on board the 'Lively Sally,' that I wish to make mighty considerably like the temple of benevolence."

So, after this, the professor of generosity and the unprofessing generous went to work in the true spirit of barter. Nathaniel wished us to pay for the whole of our passage to New York wherever we might land, he knowing that I wished to be placed on shore in the nearest tolerably civilized place at which we might touch. However, our cause was in good hands. The result of the conference was, that we were to pay so much monthly and to be put on board any other vessel at any time that I should demand it, or any where on shore, if it were at all practicable, Captain Darkins becoming security, that is, undertaking to pay the bills, with interest on the same, I should draw for our accommodations, in the event of their being dishonoured. Nathaniel was exceedingly careful of himself all through the performance of this disinterested deed of benevolence.

When all this was arranged, written, and signed, and the chuckle of successful avarice had a little subsided on the features of our new captain, he was now extremely anxious that Darkins should return to his own vessel. But there was another contention to be fought between them. It was on a subject that I should have overlooked, and yet a most important one, for my sister especially—that is—the nature and extent of our accommodations. On this point, our good friend left nothing to the chance of cavil hereafter. He insisted upon our seeing and taking immediate possession of our respective sleeping berths. All this annoyed our *disinterested* friend most wonderfully.

"Now, signor," said the good Darkins to me emphatically, "you know exactly your rights, and from what I have seen of your character, I believe you to be the man that will maintain them. I do not know how it is—I am not used to be down-hearted—but I feel unaccountably sorrowful at parting with you, and that angel, your beautiful young brother. I reproach myself. I do, indeed, my good signors, I reproach myself, and bitterly too, that I did not make efforts more strenuous to ascertain the fate of your family and friends in that ark of carnage, the Spanish sixty-four. To my latest hour I shall think myself less than man, when I remember that I saw your sister, the victim of their diabolical cruelty, swinging at the yard-arm. It will—it has haunted me in my dreams. When your brother, who stands beside you there, is so unnaturally beautiful, how heavenly must not your sister have been! But I thank God that I saw not her features. Yet, I am not a man—I never shall forgive myself."

The poor fellow seemed to feel this so severely, that I had almost, in order to lessen his sense of self-reproach, confided to him the secret of my sister's sex. I did not, however; but merely confined myself to expressing, that, under all the circumstances, it was impossible to expect that he could have done more.

"I thank you heartily," he continued, "for this assurance. It comforts me. I now leave you, with my best wishes; and you may be assured of my best exertions to set justice in pursuit of the pirates. I have a strong presentiment upon me, if they are not very demons, that the sacrifice of your sister must have satiated even their thirst for blood. Sufferings, of course, and indignities, your worthy family must be supposed to undergo—but all may yet go well. I hope so—I trust so—I will pray that it should be so. Farewell—my blessing, and the blessing of God, go with you! May we meet again under happier circumstances! but, whether we meet or not, I am sure,"—and here he smiled faintly, and endeavoured to conceal his emotion under an affectation of jocularity,—"you and your sweet brother will never forget the Yankee skipper of the South Sea whaler."

I need not detail my answer. We wrung each other's hands, and parted.

My American friend had scarcely got his boat clear from the ship's side, than all sail was made upon her to the north-west. We then, Honoria, Jugurtha, and myself, went on the quarter-deck, in order that we might have a better survey of this floating "Temple of Benevolence," the "Lively Sally," to enter which we had been forced to pay so enormously. A more greasy, slippery sanctuary, never careered over old Ocean's bosom. The odours were to us, at first, almost insupportable. Still she bustled through the water at a very respectable rate. As the wind happened to be strong on our star-board quarter, we grouped ourselves as far aft as possible, thus endeavouring to accustom our olfactories, by degrees, to the mingled effluvia of pitch, boiled oil, and decaying animal matter, upon all of which the skipper and his burly crew seemed to thrive most satisfactorily. A more healthy set of fat-besmeared, truculent blackguards could not well have been congregated in a more oily and fitting receptacle.

After the sufferings that we had undergone, it would have been pusillanimous to have complained of minor annoyances. Indeed, so far from being more wretched by this filthy exchange, an unwonted cheerfulness had stolen over our party, which cheerfulness seemed rapidly increasing to delight on the part of my dingy friend. He rejoiced in the amalgamation of the odours so offensive to my sister and myself; and he ferreted about the decks, and hung over the melting-pots, like a damp-nosed beagle

with the scent strong on the early dew. He would sniff it up, then toss up his head, and widen those mighty gaps in his visage that served him for nostrils, with unsophisticated pleasure. After all, the taste for fragrance is very arbitrary. There are scents, to my feelings, in a perfumer's shop in Bond Street, worse than that of new oil.

Though the *physique* of the "Lively Sally" was so slimy and so filthy, she might have been pardoned, or at least tolerated, had her *morale* been at all respectable. But her crew, which I apprehend to be to a ship what the soul is to the human body, were in a sad condition both as regarded their bodies and minds. They were totally different from Captain Darkins's men. These latter were religious, orderly, and attentive to their duties; never drinking to excess, and, under no exasperation, guilty of taking the name of the Lord in vain. They were, for seamen, what some persons might deem as too strait-laced; and the captain himself was decidedly of a religious turn. How different was the set with whom we now were! Bullying, boisterous, God-neglecting, and man-contemning ruffians, with whom the usual form of speech was an oath, and blasphemy their favourite figure of rhetoric.

The most refined among them was Captain Nathaniel Sillis, the professor of moral sentiments, and the man with two voices; but the little refinement that his education had given him only tended to make him the more odious. Though he was plural, or rather dual, in his voices, he had only one heart, and that was surcharged, even to bursting, with avarice. He was hideously ugly, and at least fifty years of age. He had been extremely fortunate in his present cruise, which had the effect of increasing his unhappiness; as all the crew shared also in his prosperity, the envy that he felt at their little gains would not permit himself to feel prosperous at all. To understand this, it is merely necessary to state, that the whale fishery is a venture in which all who are engaged receive no wages either from the owners or the captains of the vessels, but look for remuneration on certain proportions of the profits. With these humble profits Captain Nathaniel Sillis was deeply enamoured; and it will be shortly seen, how, amidst the verbosity of his moral sentiments, he contrived to woo and win them.

I was curious to observe the manner in which the first meal would be conducted; and, when my curiosity was satisfied, my disgust was completed. I know not whether I can be justified in inflicting upon the reader a description of a dinner, and a dinner-party on board of a South Sea American whaler; for, I can well understand that, whilst the minds of most persons would gloat over the records of a filthy feast of a barbarian Greek or Roman, if such record should happen to be, this year or the next, dug up from the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii, and would pronounce

the description classical, interesting, and commendable, a detail of the feasts of the heroes of the deep would gain no better epithet than that of bestial and revolting. Yet, could the facts be accurately known, I have no doubt that Jason and his officers at their mess-table, a description of which would make the fortune of a modern bookseller and the reputation of a modern author, would be found, in their feeding, not to be a bit the more cleanly than the exhibition which usually took place about two o'clock in the afternoon on board the "Lively Sally."

Still, as it is a difficult matter to describe disgusting things, without being disgusting, and as I am unable to throw either an air of antiquity or classicality over the symposia of the oil-saturated guests, I will merely say, that until appetite had nearly assumed the character of famine, neither Honoria nor myself were able to partake of the rancid and luscious pork, or the steaming dog's-body that was set before us. Even the bread was filthy. Every thing partook of the nature of grease. There was but one course, and that a slippery one. A Russian would have been in his own peculiar heaven at our repasts.

The captain, the surgeon, the supercargo, or an individual that seemed to unite in his person the functions of that officer, and of a purser, with the chief mate, formed the usual party in the cabin. Loud conversationists, enormous eaters, tremendous swearers, and intrepid liars, were these four high priests of the "Temple of Benevolence." I could pardon Captain Darkins for his long grace whilst the pea-soup or the lobscouse was growing cold, for the sake of the cleanly set-out and the decorum that it sanctified. But here was neither grace before, at, nor after meals; indeed, there was not much to be thankful for, unless a man could have enjoyed himself upon food very like blubber, and rum very like liquid fire.

As the characters in this vessel were no otherwise connected with my fate than by assisting to remove me to the great, to the final destination in which I enacted so much, and that has stamped my soul with impressions so indelible, I shall content myself with but a slight and rapid sketch of their peculiarities and their occupations. The demon of avarice, in his worst form, had seized this whole party; and no sooner were the relics of our greasy repast removed by a servant equally greasy, than the other bottle of rum and the cards and cribbage-board were called for.

Nathaniel Sillis, I observed, commenced operations by displaying a long moral sentiment, and concealing the fives of hearts and diamonds. His opponent, the surgeon, less nimble than the skipper with his tongue, but infinitely more so with his fingers, when he scored his game, had a trick of leaping the pegs, and this manœuvre he performed in a manner so skilful, that it was

only the steady and disinterested eye of an overlooker that could discover it. The cards were begrimed with dirt, and the spectacle was altogether disgusting. The chief mate and the supercargo at first contented themselves by looking on and betting, but this soon ceased to furnish them with sufficient excitement. Chalk and a still dirtier pack of cards were produced, and they were soon deeply engaged in cursing each other, and in the mysteries of the game of put. They showed no money in these transactions, but booked their losses and their winnings as they occurred, for they were playing for the anticipated profits of their voyage.

This scene was too revolting, too brutal, to fear that it could do harm upon my sister. I perceived, at once, that no familiarity could render it supportable to her, and thus have a tendency to blunt her perceptions of refinement and delicacy. She looked upon it shrinkingly, and with mute astonishment, and, ere the orgies commenced, she besought me, in Spanish, to take her on deck. To this I hesitated, as I did not wish, thus early, to exasperate my new companions by any undue appearance of fastidiousness. I quietly told her, in reply, that, as she was growing a stout and spoiled boy, she must do as spoilt and stout boys did, and seem, at least, to enjoy her grog. I also cautioned her against ever, excepting when she slept, being from my side, in order that she might be sure of my protection in the event of any accident. I also let her understand, that, though her extreme youth might afford her some plea for deserting the table, it would not serve myself, and every annoyance was better than that of being separated.

As the captain knew I had nothing to lose, he did not press me to play with him, so I was allowed to remain in the quiet contemplation of the scene before me. I remained below so long as I thought that common civility required, and long enough to see that the skipper kept himself in an admirable state of coolness, whilst the temper and property of his antagonist were running a desperate race to try which should leave him first in the lurch.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Is a chapter which moralizes, and vainly teaches how to resist temptation.

As I handed Honoria on the narrow and lumbered quarter-deck, a new and singular scene burst upon my view. The wind was fair, the breeze steady, and but little labour and not much attention

were required in the navigation of the craft. The afternoon was sunny, and the sea tolerably smooth. All this was well, and approached the beautiful. Indeed, every thing above and beyond the decks of the vessel was cheerful and lovely, but, on the decks, what a contrast! It was as if a huge cage full of demons was being conveyed through the quiet realms of paradise. All around were brawling, wrangling, and scoffing. Every nook and corner of the deck contained a nest of noisy gamesters. The variety of gambling going on at once was quite astonishing. From the simple odd and even, and the hustle-cap of the charity-boy, to the aristocratic piquet, all were in operation.

The crew was numerous, as it generally is in vessels of this description, and thus gave an animation and a spirit to the scene that was peculiar and singular.

I must, however, do this strange ship's company the justice to say, that neither the officer of the watch, nor the man at the wheel, were gambling; but, for some time, my eyes in vain looked round for some other person who might not be thus interestingly engaged. I could not help smiling when I saw one of these assiduous wooers of Fortune, when ordered aloft on some trifling duty, throw his hand of cards into his bosom, and do his duty with more alacrity than the cat could have begotten, in order to hasten down to resume his favourite game. As every one about us seemed to be a little or a great deal plunged in this insanity, Honoria, in her quiet and intelligent way, asked me for an explanation of all that was going on around, observing, that any thing would be better than to converse and think on the past.

To this I assented from the depths of my heart; and, placing ourselves upon the taffrail, I then commenced the lecture on gaming, which I have since extended into three volumes, post octavo, and to publish which I wait only for a sufficient number of subscribers from the gentlemen who frequent the clubs in St. James's, to warrant me against loss on going to press. As I wound up one of my well-turned phrases, by saying, that "this passion, when it once gets firmly engrafted in the human breast, is, like the cancer, not to be extirpated whilst there remain life and strength to feed it; for, though dramatists and novelists have fancied a reformed gamester, they have fancied what history has never produced," she observed—

"Will not, my dear brother, the fear of death conquer this passion?"

"It will restrain, but not conquer it, for a genuine fear is all-powerful; but when the fear ceased, the passion would again show itself in all its pristine energy. The prospect of death will not deter a thorough gambler, for many have gamed on their death-beds, and have shaken the dice-box, whilst their mind's eye has

shown them the grim monster, as if in mockery, shaking his glass, with their last sands in it; and many have gambled away their lives."

"I shudder whilst I listen to you. It is a passion, Ardent, that I cannot comprehend. What can be the fascination in that which appears to me as childish and ignoble amusements, judging from all I see about me."

"The means, as you observe, are unworthy, from their unintellectual nature, of a child of five years of age, but the ends are terrible, which are nothing less than concentrated avarice run mad. Each of these gamblers envies, and passionately desires, the property of the other."

"And this is incurable, you say?"

"Incurable."

"Then I declare, Ardent, that our inestimable piece of dark friendship, our Jugurtha, is a gambler—look you there."

"Most of the negroes are," was my cold reply, as I cast my eyes in the direction that Honoria pointed out. Half concealed beneath a mass of canvass was Jugurtha and another, playing with a greasy pack of cards, every one of which, from the innumerable marks upon its back, must have been better known to the American than the prayer for his daily bread. The game, as well as I could judge from the distance, was all-fours. There were several Spanish dollars upon the deck between them. More fortunate than the Persian king, who, history tells us, offered so great a reward for it, the negro had found a new pleasure. His upper and lower railing, of large white teeth, glistened, in his enjoyment, through the night of his countenance. I looked on for some time in silence, and half sorrowfully, when I discovered that he was winning.

"And now, Ardent," said Honoria, "since Jugurtha has become a gambler, will he be no longer brave, and good, and affectionate, and true towards us?"

"All who game are not gamblers, but all who game much are in sad danger of becoming so. It is an excitement, this gaming, peculiarly adapted to the fire of the African temperament, and the laziness of African habits. Jugurtha is now under the process of inoculation, and, by my soul, he seems to take the virus kindly. Did you mark with what unsophisticated delight he swept that coin into his hat? This will never do." I lifted up my voice, and called him.

He bounded from off the deck, and was in a moment before us. It appeared that Captain Darkins, as he went down the side on leaving us, had given him a handful of dollars, and these having been discovered by the wily and grasping American, the latter had resolved first, to amuse himself with his victim, and then to

fleece him. But I soon understood Jugurtha was no novice at cards, draughts, dominoes, or any other of the low games prevalent among seamen. Without meaning a pun, my friend was something of a black leg; and I am sadly afraid that the childish delight, and the ignorance of the game that he had exhibited, were nothing more than so many decoys, by which he intended to lead his unwary opponent into loss. Owing to the imperfect state of communication between us, this latter suspicion I could not verify.

I exhorted, and Honoria entreated, yet few words were needful, for, when he understood our wishes, his compliance was immediate and most cheerful. He ran and offered to return the money that he had just won. But the Yankee was too proud to receive it, or else he had some sinister motive in his refusal. This ready acquiescence on the part of Jugurtha much gratified, and, in some degree, amused Honoria; for she remarked to me, smiling, "that there must either be some defect in my theory of gambling, or that Jugurtha must be a paragon of virtue."

As we were thus standing aft, conversing, I holding the dollars that I had determined should not be appropriated by Jugurtha, a desponding-looking and miserably-clad young man slouched by near us, with that reckless and shuffling step, which so plainly shows that all self-respect has gone from the man who uses it. He had every appearance of a sturdy sea-beggar. All the crew were, more or less, greasy and dirty; but, excepting this man, I had seen none that were ragged and scant of dress. His hair was matted together with pitch and oil, his red worsted banyan, or rather shirt, was full of holes, and discoloured with patches, not of repairs, but of oil. Stockingless and shoeless, his canvass trousers shone with a dark polish of accumulated filth, excepting in those parts that were broken up into rents. As he drew his body listlessly past us, at the gingling that I made with the dollars as I shook them about in my hand, he pricked up his ears like the charger who hears the call of the trumpet, and he eyed the coin with that ferocity of desire, that, till then, I thought only belonged to famine.

"This man," said I to Honoria, in Spanish, "is a victim."

"Speak to him, my brother, and reclaim him. He will not be more obdurate than Jugurtha. There is something in his countenance that Vice has not wholly made her own."

And so there was, for the man's brow was lofty, and the upper part of his face was fine. The chin, however, was too little prominent, and there was an evident want of the indications of determination in the muscles about the mouth.

"My good friend," said I, carelessly, yet nodding to him kindly, "this seems to be a happy, a very happy ship."

He shrugged up his shoulders, and looked a thousand ridiculous denials.

"You don't mean to deny it, certainly," I continued; "every one appears so amused and so animated. It seems to me that all play and no work is the order of the day."

"And the night too, I guess," said he, speaking for the first time.

"The night, too?—well, and so much the better. To be sure," said I, "if this quarterdeck was well scraped, or that rent was mended in the spanker, it might be as well; but, of course, when you are all so happily employed, it would be only throwing time away to exhaust it upon such trifles."

"I'm just speculating, Mr. Britisher, that you are doing a pretty considerable laugh at us, and that you are folding it up in your heart that we are a precious set of scamps—and so in God's truth we be; but every body's not born to ride on alligators, though they may have a tarnation cute notion of a silver saddle."

"Upon my word, I do not understand you. If you mean to insinuate the English proverb, that I mean to ride a high horse, though others are more deserving of that honour, you quite mistake me. I have nothing to complain of. The ship lies her course, the sails are properly trimmed and draw well, though it must be confessed that a trifle of repair would do them no harm. It can be neither my business nor my inclination to find fault; indeed, I ought to rejoice to see the watch on deck so happily employed at cards, dice, and dominoes, that it would be but a waste of time to wash the decks, coil down the falls of the ropes, and point their ends. But, let us speak of yourself. You seem to be but thinly clothed, and the nights in these high southern latitudes are sometimes, even at this season, very cold. How does this happen?"

"An almighty run of bad luck at cards."

"And you have lost every thing that belongs to you?"

"Every thing—past, present, and to come—every thing but what I stand in."

"Well, well, such a state of happiness as this ship seems to enjoy cannot be purchased without a little individual suffering. We can't all win, you know. I always do. I have the infallible secret, but I am a humane man; therefore, now that I have attained this certainty of success, I spare my fellows, and never use it."

At this, his eyes glistened with rapture, and an air of involuntary respect pervaded his countenance. "And will this secret, sir, bring you into the right soundings at all games?"

"All games of mere chance."

"O, I wish I knew it—I wish I knew it—then should I be able

to meet the face of my poor wife—then should I be able, with a swelling bosom, to fondle my children and invite them to their father's knees: but now, death or the gallows would be less painful to me than to cross the threshold of my own home. What a blessing you would confer on me—on the innocent sufferers for my wickedness, if you would teach me this secret!"

"I paid a great penalty for it—you must do the same. But first you must acquire self-control; without this, you will never be able rightly to make use of the intricate calculations that I can teach you. Have you nothing to receive for this voyage?"

"Not a cent, and it has been so prosperous too. Not to mention the seal furs, and the sea elephant oil that we have on board, we have taken more fish than any of our consorts. I have lost every thing—my three years' labours have been in vain. O, sir, teach me but this secret."

"Well, well, all in good time. I am going now to give you the first preparation for it—your first lesson in control. Here, take these twelve, thirteen, fourteen dollars. I give them to you for the express purpose, and for none other, of going to your purser or your supercargo, and purchasing with them the clothing and necessaries that you stand in need of. Spend the whole, and bring me the gentleman's receipt. Give me no expressions of gratitude—you don't know what service I may, in return, require of you. Perhaps it is my intention, through you, to win one half of the property in this craft, and let you win the other; but, as I said before, I must prepare you, by showing you how to prepare yourself. With that money in your hand, before you go to the purser, you must seat yourself down for three minutes at least, and overlook the play of every party that is now going on. Omit not one. Then, if you get safely to your destination without hazarding your money, and bring me the receipt of the whole, I shall find that you have sufficient firmness and self-control about you to receive my next lesson. Depart now, on your errand, and, for the sake of your family at home, may you prosper."

He departed on his trial, all animation, joy, gratitude, and hope. Jugurtha looked after him very gravely; but, before the tyro in my new system of winning was out of hearing, Jugurtha opened his black monster mouth with the most terrific yaw-yaw of a laugh that I had ever before heard. Of course, we looked at him; for, after such a summons, who could help doing so? He then went through the antics of playing cards, pointed towards my new friend, and, with a chuckle, turned his pockets inside out, showing us, to use an expression of my friend Rory O'Rourke, "a very palpable repletion of emptiness."

"What does Jugurtha, and what do you mean, Ardent?"

"Jugurtha knows human nature, and means that the man will lose his money immediately; and I mean, if the man have resolution, to teach him, by degrees, to resist temptation; if the man have not, he and the money are lost, and I have proved my theory, Honoria, that a confirmed gambler is irreclaimable; for what can be more decisive of this insanity, if a man cannot desist, for a short time, from the *habit of gaming*—in order to obtain the summit of his ambition—the becoming an ever-successful gambler?"

Jugurtha was right. Long before he reached the purser, he thought that he could deceive me—he began to play, won, and then lost all. For some days he hid himself from my sight; and, at length, crept up to me all confusion, in the same tattered dress in which I had first seen him, and said to me, "Ah! sir, Yankee as I am, I am a born fool—I could not master the first lesson in the art of being a successful gamester, so I have taken a solemn oath, and forsworn gaming altogether."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

This chapter being almost wholly conversational, contains but little point—yet it ought not to be neglected, as it affords some excellent cases of conscience, and a means how to checkmate that ugly antagonist on a moral case.

In such a vessel, with such a commander, and such a crew, it may well be supposed, that my sister and myself preferred to have the gorgeous vault of heaven as our canopy, to the carlines and planking of the decks. It was not until night had closed around us, and threw over us something more tangible than her veil of darkness in the shape of a filmy mantle of cold dews, that we sought the shelter of the cabin of the "Lively Sally." We there found a regular gaming-table established, to which, not only the officers, but every man on board who had money, had also access. A more grasping set of human beings were never collected. Avarice seemed to have hardened, verily, to have been burnt into them. Yet were the demoralised individuals who composed this set, neither outrageous under their losses, nor apparently insolent over their gains. A quiet, yet desperate eagerness distinguished all their proceedings.

We retired early, and in disgust; and, in the act of withdrawing ourselves from this scene, could not Honoria prevent herself

from evincing something almost as marked as contempt, an expression of her feelings very virtuous, but, in our present situation, rather dangerous.

And this, thought I, is man. Truly may it be said, that he is endowed with a plastic soul. Is it the same being, who, in civilised courts is the refined hypocrite, and the oily-tongued sycophant—in the city, the overreaching merchant—in the wilds of New Zealand, the ferocious cannibal—in the backwoods of America, the stoic and the scalper of sculls—in this American whaler, the sordid and grasping gambler—and everywhere the child of circumstances? It is—let us all therefore be as virtuous as we can, but let us be no longer proud in our virtue.

"Here," said I, to myself, "is the wily and sentiment-professing Nathaniel Sillis, exhibiting astonishing energy, and the most Machiavelian finesse, to possess himself of the small portions of property belonging to his officers and crew; had he been born in Austria, and the portals of the court been open to him, he might have out-manœuvred Metternich. As a hecatomb of murders constitute a victory, so does a vast cheat, that wrongs millions, make an excellent stroke of diplomatic policy. I have therefore no right to judge this man more hardly than I would any able minister or skilful politician—at least, until I have heard what he has to say for himself. At the age of fifty I shall, perhaps, be able to form an opinion, which of the two antagonist principles, extreme selfishness, or a liberal philanthropy, is the better calculated to preserve unbroken the bonds that hold society together." I already know which does.

A sojourner on the waters, with a rebellious heart, broken fortunes, and a lovely sister both to guard and guard myself against, I might, by these appalling circumstances, have been subdued into despondency, had I not been compelled to brace myself up against contumely. I soon found that this Temple of Benevolence, the "Lively Sally," was nearly as inhospitable as were the shrines of the middle ages—affording sanctuary, but also denying sustenance. I was treated, not only as an unwelcome, but as a suspected guest. Nothing so beautiful as Honoria, disguise it as you might, could be looked upon with any sentiment at all resembling ill-will, and yet her reserve, her extreme shyness, and the silent contempt that would often momentarily pass its shadow over her features, made them regard her with a feeling of respect, and a deference too abject to be pleasing to them; but yet, with no ill-will. We were daily growing more uncomfortable.

And Jugurtha, my own dark friend, my dingy, adopted brother, he, even he with his vivid animal spirits, and almost inexhaustible good-humour, seemed, at last, to droop among these uncongenial Americans. He, from the first, ceased to assist in

the working of the ship, and unremittingly confined all his attentions, to make as little comfortless as he could, the uncomfortable situation of Honoria and myself. The other individual of my suite proved to be the best philosopher among us; his equanimity remaining unruffled, his teeth and his claws having early taught the seamen that a kick would be acknowledged with promptitude, and that he was not in the habit of receiving cuffs, without bestowing instant payment.

The weather had now become very warm, and the nature of the cargo disagreeably distinguishable to the olfactories; consequently, my sweet companion and myself were always to be found in the most windward situation of the vessel. By our reckoning, we were fast approaching the principal port in the northernmost part of New Zealand, and I began to anticipate an early deliverance from this greasy receptacle of oil and gamblers, for I was determined to embark in the first vessel we met, be her destination what it might.

The skipper had lately begun to bestow the vanity and the vapidity of his conversation upon me more often and more plentifully than I, with all my politeness, could find agreeable. I shall record only the last, as it will form rather a curious episode upon the ruling passion. The wind was nearly aft, trending a little to the starboard quarter, the breeze moderate, and the day joyous in a brilliant sunshine, and the "Lively Sally" was racing with her own effluvium, which, active as she was, much to our satisfaction, she could not overtake. Honoria and I were sitting, hand in hand, upon the taffrail, each of us wandering through a little world of our own—now straitening, now releasing the tender clasp, as our fitful imaginings rose, lingered, and departed, in our minds. As we thus sate in a blissful distraction, happy, yet conscious of the miseries that were darkening around us, the too shrewd and unwelcome visage of Mr. Sillis appeared suddenly close to us. We neither of us saw him approach.

"Well," said he, "I've a particular sharpset notion that you two slick-away-roarers are a considerable curious family. You've been spying into one another's eyes this last half hour."

"Have we?" said I, a little embarrassed; "have we? But what better could we look at, captain?"

"O, why, that's as that is—but our main-royal draws tarnation well. The 'Lively Sally's' a regular clipper, I calculate; but vanity is a pitfall for the feet of man, and a stumbling-block for the righteous."

"Now don't be sentimental, Mr. Sillis; anything but that."

"Come, come, Mr. Spaniole, was not you and that young strip a-doing the sentimental particularly 'cute just now—looking, as the scriptures saith, for the motes in each other's eyes—more beams

than motes, I speculate, in one at least, in those blue peepers of pretty face's."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That I don't palaver as much sentiment in three days as you two acts and looks in three minutes. Ay, you may cast of that sheepshank in your hands, but its 'nation true for all that."

The constant exposure to the sun and air had already made too ruddy the cheek of Honoria—now a lovelier red rushed through the glowing crimson—no, it was only—it was merely the blush of indignation. Not knowing what the man meant, or fearing that he meant too much, I suddenly changed the subject, by asking him if he had had a run of luck the previous evening. He brightened up at the question, yet it did not afford him all the pleasure that I anticipated.

"There is scarcely anything to win," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "scarcely anything. There's Timothy Clayton, the carpenter, has rather won than lost—greedy, over-reaching rascal—will only play at all-fours, and I calculate he cheats mainly. No, I'll have nothing to do with him—wish you'd take him in hand."

"Why should I?"

"Yes—know you're sharp as a wild cat—heard of your being booked up always to win. Got the trick at the hells in London, on course."

"But I've no money wherewith to play with this carpenter."

"Advance you a hundred dollars directly on your nigger, and for all interest only ask to go your halves in your winning—so pelt away."

"This is excessively kind of you—I feel it as very great kindness indeed. One hundred dollars on the negro—play with the carpenter at all-fours—yours the half of the winnings. It *is* kind—especially the last condition."

"Always told you so—always said that you would find me an uncommon, pretty-considerably, out-of-the-way kind sort of man, with a great deal of sympathy for the unfortunate. Ah, Mister Spaniole, to relieve the wretched is one of the first duties of humanity—but you don't like sentiment though it comes from the heart; so let us send for the carpenter—you can play very well here—better let me lend you a pack of cards, though."

"Not just now—we'll dispatch that little affair by-and bye, to your satisfaction, depend upon it. But now let me correct a little mistake of yours—I do love sentiment dearly, let it come from whence it will—even from the heart of a gambler—I love it for its own sake; therefore, mark you, Captain Sillis, as you afforded me a very great supply of this valuable article lately, some of it hangs about my heart heavily—how could I reconcile it to my

conscience to impoverish and perhaps ruin this poor carpenter, although he does cheat a little at all-fours, and will not let others cheat him at loo, monté, or brag."

"Sir," said the American, "now I honour you much—I find you are a man after my own heart. These very reflections troubled me at first, so I reflected again—nothing like reflecting twice, when once won't do—especially when you have a point to carry with your conscience. Try it, sir—you'll find the stiffest conscience listen to reason in time—I have won nearly all the money due to every one in the ship—conscientiously, sir, conscientiously, or Nathaniel Sillis would not have won it."

"Now we come to the point—make that clear to me, and this carpenter of yours shall be beaten high and low, and he shall never score Jack for the loss of the game."

"A certain class of persons, poverty keeps virtuous. Poverty will not let a man get drunk, or gormandise, or run after the allurements of naughty women. It is a great destroyer, is vanity in dress. Poverty and idleness cannot exist together. Poverty makes men laborious, and go to sea, and take more spermaceti whales for the good of the community at large. I labour hard for the good of the community."

"Oh! I see—the sacrifices you make are great. But what will the owners say, when your crew return to port, after three years' labour, ragged and pennyless?"

"Why, I'm principal owner myself."

"But the other owners?"

"They'll be glad of it. The men must be off again directly."

"But the authorities of the town?"

"All owners of vessels too."

"Now I perfectly understand it. You make great sacrifices for the public weal. But your reward also must be great."

"My property is."

"So my remark must be understood. You have a large and numerous family?"

"Know better than that."

"Numerous and dependent relations?"

"Not a soul I care for in the world."

"No friends—no object of love—of charity?"

"I am not a fool—but Nathaniel Sillis.

"Then, in the name of all that is rational, for what purpose do you continue amassing wealth at your age; and labour to wring from the hard hands of your own crew the painfully-earned wages of their toils and privations?"

"Told you before—to keep them virtuous."

"As regards them—but as regards yourself. What do you want with all this money?"

"What do I want it for? I do want it—and more—more—much more. Did I say there was nobody I cared for? I hid it in my very heart. There is one I care for—one I live for—to ruin—to beggar—to cast out of his splendid home."

"Who is he?"

"The first merchant—the first man in our place—or was."

"What did he do to you?"

"When I was a young fellow, and we were strictly governed in our parish, he put me in the stocks for playing at cards on a Sunday. By cards he shall be ruined yet—if money and hate can do it. And what can they not do in the hands of an injured and an honest man?"

"I was going to correct a little mistake of yours—to tell you exactly what you are; but I will postpone it at present, for the breeze is freshening. There are a few black, ugly clouds in the south-east, and you had better take in your royals, and have hands by your top-gallant sheets and haulyards, if the gentlemen playing their various games will permit themselves to be disturbed."

"You're right, master, I affirmate. Hands up, shorten sail."

And thus ended my last sustained conversation with a nautical and sentimental gambler.

The peaceful, prosperous, playful, playing days of the "Lively Sally" were rapidly drawing to a close. Without a metaphor, her captain had not done speaking many minutes before she threw up her hand, and threw down her cards, in a very droll, yet a very ominous manner. I have before observed, that the men would sometimes, when sent aloft in a hurry, thrust into their bosom their cards, in order that they might not be tampered with by those left below. Four of the maintop-men were having a comfortable game at long whist, penny points, in the maintop. One of those who was sent up to furl the royals, happened to be dealer, so, according to custom, he placed the whole pack between his canvass shirt and his breast-bone, and went and laid out on the yard: owing to a violent pitch, and a sudden gust of wind, the fifty-two cards were discharged from their resting place, and fluttered in all directions about the rigging, so that the ship seemed to be making her way through a cloud of coloured paste-board. But few fell on the deck, the rest whirling, darting, rising, and sinking, with the eddies of the wind, finally settled upon the now half-angry bosom of the ocean, for the amusement of the dolphins, porpoises, and barracoutas—or any other odd fish who might understand them—and never did a pack of cards turn up for so large a pool before.

The breeze gradually freshened, and the commander and his crew were now obliged to occupy themselves with more serious subjects than was even that of juggling from each other their re-

spective properties. The rigging began to strain, the masts to bend, and the ship's timbers to creak. Sail after sail was reduced, and now the ocean began to toss about his multitudinous arms, to moan over his vast surface, and burthen the winds with his ceaseless and plashing sighs.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Crowded with events, and mournful with the fate of the "Lively Sally," is this chapter—the end of the game and of the gamester, and the opening of new scenes.

This was the first time that Honoria beheld the rising of a storm, and her soul seemed to rise with it. The increasing wind was still nearly aft, and the vessel seemed to be striving with it in an emulous race, whilst the vexed billows foamed and bayed after it vainly, and were left alternately behind, like wearied hounds that strain and fail in the chase of some noble stag. As yet, there was no actual danger, but much to be apprehended. The storm continued gradually increasing, not in sudden gusts, but equably, as when some heaven-gifted orator, who, haranguing the multitude, grows into pathos and into passion, until he moves the minds of thousands, and concentrating them into one, hurls the mental shock against an altar or a throne.

The topsails were first doubly, and then closely reefed. The coming tempest seemed to disdain to take its weak opponent, man, by surprise. The spirit that guided it appeared to say to us, "Come, and we will wrestle together on the ocean. Gird up your loins for the struggle;—be firm, and waver not, but let us contend like foes worthy of each other. Let there be no mean surprise—no subterfuge—no ambuscade. Listen to the blasts of my unearthly trumpets. Mark how the waves leap to the echoes. I am the strong South-East. Prepare yourselves. Lo! I come."

"I hear the god of the tempest talking to me," said Honoria. "How awful—how magnificent—how terrible is his voice—and yet how beautiful! Hold to me—support me, Ardent—I can no longer face his breathings. How the ship reels! Large as she is, now she seems to me but as a particle of dust bounding before the breath of the mighty Invisible. Ardent, my brother, is there danger?"

"Not yet, my sister."

"But what is that bustle and knocking that I hear in the after-cabin?"

"They are only, my dear love, putting up, shipping they call it, the dead-lights—that is, barricading the cabin windows against the assaults of the wave."

"What a dismal term is that—dead lights!"

"It would be a curious speculation, my Honoria, to attempt to discover the origin of many of these sailors' phrases, almost as curious as speaking on the subject just now. Had you not better go below?"

"If there be danger, no—and if there be not—that cabin is the last place to which I would confine myself. With what a measured, yet mighty intensity the hurricane increases!"

"It does indeed."

"Would it not be truly noble, could we take wings to ourselves, and dart over these boiling surges, and outspeed this blast? Noble sport, Ardent—would it not be glorious?"

"You may do it, Honoria, even now—no wings can outstrip the flight of the mind; it is a strange and a bold wish you utter, my sister."

"Yes, and 'tis better I should do so; what circumstances may make me yet, I know not. Scenes like these, and scenes, Ardent, that will be remembered, must make me either an Amazon, or destroy me. And yet I feel that I want, yes, in spite of all my boasting, greatly want some sustaining feeling—some grand principle for which I would struggle to live, or in which I would rejoice to die. Do you hear me, Ardent? the roar of the waters has become terrible."

"I hear you perfectly, Honoria; your silver and bell-like tones are beautifully distinct amidst these hoarse rushings of uncouth sounds."

"And yet I hardly hear myself."

"Stand more closely under the bulwark, and speak on, there is a comfort in your voice. I want no sustaining principle whilst Honoria is near me."

"Thank you, Ardent. Thank you, my brother. How lone and solitary we appear—no one comes nigh us; and methinks that there is a sickly terror on the faces of those than I see at the wheel. How they seem to labour—and there are four—must there now be four to do that which I have seen one do, listlessly, and by his single hand?"

"There must. Those men need much of their strength, and all their watchfulness, to keep the ship flying *before* the wind, straight, like an arrow shot from a bow. The least error, the least remissness on their part, and the ship would fly *into* the wind, and be instantly on her beam ends."

"What is that, brother?"

"The ship will have her side turned to the wind, and will turn over."

"Horrible! and must this be so?"

"We are in the hands of God. Crouch down more; it seems to me that no one could face this blast and live."

Seated on the deck, close under the lee of the bulwark, and with our arms interlaced, we waited patiently, yet with thrilling awe, for the event. Since Jugurtha had been on board this vessel, he had, with many amusing airs of pomposity, enacted the gentleman. He perfectly well knew that his passage was paid for, and he had hitherto shown himself infinitely above the degradation of soiling his ebony hand by touching a rope. But now, we caught a glimpse of him, dancing about the deck, not only working with all his energies, but also, by his gesticulations, directing and encouraging others. However, he came not near us. The ship still flew before the wind.

"Talk to me, Ardent. Let me hear the sound of your voice. It may be our last conversation. Joyful we cannot make it. Let it be tranquil and tender. Tell me, of the green fields of my father's England—of the England of your infancy—the land you love so much."

"With all my heart, Honoria—in all but three or four months of the year the smiling fatness of that land is wonderful. There are vales in the midland counties that appear to burst the very bosom of the earth with overabounding fertility—the quiet and humble cottages——"

But this pitiable attempt to cheat the dreadful scene of its horrors was interrupted by a piercing shriek from my sister.

"What, what, my brother, is all this?—see the ruin that is upon us!"

"Have we not made our minds up to the worst? I will not ask you not to tremble. It is nothing but the three topmasts snapped off clean in the caps. You see, now, we have nothing but the foresail set, and that, owing to the tremendous force of the wind, they dare not clew up. The ship will steer the better for it.—Look not among the wreck, Honoria—'twere best you should not."

There were several mangled bodies crushed to the deck by the fall of the top-hamper, and our dog Bounder had a narrow escape as he plunged through the entangled rigging.

I remember but little more of this disastrous day. The waves were beaten down by the wind, and the whole surface of the sea was covered with a white haze, that looked half vapour and half snow. The atmosphere was darkened, and nothing could be seen above but a lurid haze; for a space of less than two minutes there appeared right a-head, and directly in the ship's course,

heavy masses of blackish-blue mountains belted as high as the maintop, with a ridge of foam of a dazzling whiteness. But the sounds that, for a few moments, burst upon us, were overwhelming, and imagination can only give a faint idea of it, by supposing legions of demons endeavouring to drown with hisses the thunders of the Almighty.

What more do I know of all that immediately ensued? Nothing,——save that I felt my sister creeping and cleaving more closely to my bosom—a shock, a hurling about of many things—a howling of eddying waters in my ears, and all, for a time, was still. And then, methought, that I was lying upon a downy and velvet bed, and much need had I of such yielding softness beneath me, for my body seemed to me to be one entire bruise, and all the bones of my limbs to be broken; and the loud strife of the waters with the winds and the rocks was still howling in my ears; but then that noise was not the voice of the waters to me, but the hum of a vast multitude, among which rose the angry revilings of human voices, and distinct execrations upon the name of Ardent Troughton. So powerful is the omnipotence of the mind in its health and its hallucination, that I conceived my whole situation at once. I then knew that I had never embarked on the ocean—that I had never seen father, mother, or family—that I had never been articled to a merchant in Lothbury—I had heard certainly of such a person, or, at least, an indistinct rumour of him; but, in a few moments, I lived out a whole foregone existence—I was a knight—I had undertaken to prove the innocence of a fair damsel falsely accused—I had been overthrown in the lists—there was no strength, or fortitude, or virtue in me—I was the derision of a reviling crowd, so I resolutely kept my eyes closed, resolving to die by a mighty effort of the will, and I fancied I had succeeded.

But the grim hunter, Death, that pursues us all so indefatigably, and overtakes us so surely, will, in his caprice, sometimes suffer himself to be pursued, and unsuccessfully. I had chased him into the cold vestibule of oblivion, but the mocker eluded me still, and led me many a weary step through romantic scenes, gorgeous temples, and fancy-built cities; and, emerging from those visionary regions that separate the mortal from the eternal world, I once more found myself breathing upon the green sod, a gentle breeze playing upon my face, bringing with it a thousand aromatic odours, with a bright sun above me, that dazzled my eyes into blindness each time that I attempted to open them. I was again *Ardent Troughton, the Wrecked Merchant.*

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

I am now truly "the shipwrecked merchant," and being lost on a desolate coast, I come to myself, and find a companion beside me—am forced to set up housekeeping upon a small capital.

No more of the dangers of sea—of hurricane—of wrecks. Ocean, thy magnificence shall no more win me to do thee honour; thou hast ever been my greatest enemy—when the calm smiled and nestled on thy illimitable bosom, it was ever to betray me. When there the winds pursued each other in madness, I was ever driven over thy deeps like the murderer fleeing from vengeance; and yet, old Ocean, I tell thee I defy thee. Nothing have I asked of thee but the cool and translucent grave of thy depths, and that hast thou refused me, my ever greatest enemy: for weeks and months my body lay a willing victim upon thy billowy altars, yet the offering was refused, and then thou heavedst me as something loathsome from off thy breast to peril my immortal soul by temptations almost beyond mortal sufferance.

And yet, thou sea, whom the men great in song have named "multitudinous," what are thy tempests howling along thine unechoing waters, compared to those of my passion-tossed soul? Verily no more than the lightest breeze of the south that wantonly lifts the fair small curl on the white forehead of beautiful infancy. But the fearful and continued struggle in that desolate island has long been over—and did I conquer? Alas! yes and no. Reason and conscience were strangely at variance; these two powerful gods strove together in the human temple, and in their strife shook it to desolation. Conscience at length conquered; and, for a time, reason, the vanquished, and the coward, fled. But I speak in vain parables. I must away with these reminiscences of pure thought. I have lived to know that the greatest of all blessings is the power to forget. Let me, for a space, chronicle action only, and leave the working of the mind untold.

I was prone on my back upon the earth, my body one universal ache, all my senses steeped in agonizing lassitude, and the many painful attempts to open my eyes were protracted by the dazzling brightness of what I at length knew to be an almost vertical sun. I struggled to alter my position, and I then found my bosom oppressed by some heavy substance. In time I contrived to lie upon my side, and then I gradually accustomed my eyes to bear the

brightness of the almost intolerable day. A gentle breeze came across the dimpling waters, that brought with it a delicious sense of life, and something like vigour to my frame. I now discovered that I was lying upon a fine sand, nearly as white as drifted snow, which was singularly contrasted by numerous tufts of the most verdant grass bursting through its bed.

There was something so invigorating in the breeze, and in my change of position, that I felt it a positive happiness; and this sensation I wished to prolong to the utmost, dreading to anticipate, and fearing to find my situation surrounded by horrors. As yet I seemed to be dreaming, or if awake, all consciousness centred in self. But memory slowly began to dispel the mists that hung before her terrible pictures, and gave to me the rending ship, the engulphing waters, and my clinging sister—the last idea was enough —I called upon her name—the desolate shore rang to the sounds of "Honoria!"

The call of despair was heard—I sat up—in all the pallor of death her beautiful face lay in my lap, her fingers were entangled in the lappel of my coat, my dress was rent from my bosom, and her grasp was not to be removed. I looked upon her for some moments in stupor—I could not comprehend the event of my misery. I think that I must have fainted, for I cannot else account for my inactivity, or the oblivion that ensued upon my first seeing this dreadful spectacle.

At length, I remember me, that, not being able to unfasten her rigid fingers from my torn dress, I cut away, with my penknife, the portion that they held; and the sun growing every moment more insupportably hot, I arose, and rallying all my energies to overcome the faint sickness that was upon me, I lifted the body in my arms, to bear it away to the shade of many an unknown tree that I discovered inland a few yards from me. An ecstatic thrill shot through me, when laying her blanched cheek against mine, I found that it was not cold, that her lips were still red, and that the blood was oozing from a slight wound in her temple. She lived—it was enough. What sovereign elixir—what magic medicine could have given me more strength? The burden of her weight was no longer heavy. She lived! I was in prowess a Goliath—in fortitude a hero. I could have laughed for joy, had it not been for an irrepressible passion of tears that came to my relief. Again, I was supremely, madly happy—she lived—for what?

The awful question occurred to me, but I drowned it—I pushed the horrid thought under the waters—I strangled it as I would have strangled the assassin of my mother; but it rose again to the surface—it would not be slain. Honoria lived—and for what?

I placed her under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading tree, of a genus totally unknown to me; but from whose leaves there continually distilled, in large drops, dews of a refreshing coolness, and there arose around us a gentle mist of refreshing and aromatic odours. The turf upon which I sate was more like moss than grass; the spot was deliciously cool, and had even the surprising effect of enabling me the better to sustain a raging thirst that till then had been preying upon my vitals.

Having placed Honoria upon the cool and soft grass, and adjusted her torn habiliments over her beautiful person, I left her for a moment, and repaired to some bushes, amongst which I saw a vast plant growing, with scoop-shaped leaves, in the hollows of which, as I suspected, I found much limpid water, either from the rains of the late storm, or the dews of the previous night. These leaves I cut away with my knife, taking care to lose none of the liquid that was contained in their hollows. With this water I moistened my lips. I found it extremely cold, with a slightly bitter, and a somewhat stringent taste, by no means unpleasant; but whether wholesome or not, then and there it would have been useless to have thought upon.

With these vegetable cups I approached my sister, and taking her head gently upon my lap, I proceeded to drop the water between her lips. I distinctly perceived a faint breathing. I found also that the blood was stealing languidly through her veins. At length she breathed forth a deep sigh, and her lustrous blue eyes opened upon me; the look shook me to the soul—there was a smile in them so deep and so blissful, that they seemed to have borrowed their beneficent light from above—and then her lips gently moved. At first, no sounds issued from them—I bent my ear over them, and then I heard her say, with a pause between each word, "Ardent, I am so happy—I thought that I should never bring you to life again.'" She then drew me towards herself, with a gentle, an almost imperceptible pressure of the arm, that had hitherto hung lifelessly round my neck, her head fell on my bosom, her eyes closed, and a blissful slumber enfolded her in its shadowy and downy wings. I looked upon her as she slept — the rigidity of her features had passed away, and given place to a serene expression of loveliness, a calm delight. A whole heaven of content was written upon her countenance. Even smiles began to dimple round the corners of her mouth, and the "eloquent blood" to sing the song of triumph of returning beauty in her cheeks.

And then I aroused me up to meditation. I looked upon the transcendent loveliness sleeping in my arms—and casting my eyes on the solitude that surrounded me, I shuddered. I became one vast principle of thought. Everything physical seemed to be

driven from me, and scattered to the viewless winds. Fever no longer raced through my pulses—thirst had ceased to squeeze my heart like a dry sponge grasped in the hand—and hunger no longer fed upon the principle of life. During that prolonged and healthful sleep of Honoria, I lived over my life again. Not an event escaped me. It appeared to me that I had the supernatural power of controlling time itself—of making one of its hours do the work of almost a quarter of a century.

Again I advanced and retreated in innocent flirtations with the five Misses Falck—again I posted up the books of their respectable father, and treated with a contemptuous kindness his fine and city-bred sons. Again I listened to the superstitions of the enthusiastic and honest Gavel—was again wrecked with him, and saw, once more, his noble self-immolation. Again, I first saw my sister, and unknowing her as such, profanely dared to love. Again, I fought with the pirate Manuel for the lives of my parents —and long, very long, I dwelt on that blood-stained scene;— and here I paused—here I made my memory linger. And were not all these retrospections madness? Another would have thought of the present moment, and of the immediate future—but these I shunned as I would a city teeming with the plague. I could look guiltlessly, and somewhat proudly, upon the past—but the present was to me a mingling of bliss and torture almost insupportable— the future full of pitfalls and gulfs, on a path that led to perdition.

Yes, that present was a fierce blending of agony and happiness —for she was confidingly sleeping in my arms—my sister! Would she awake to die here with hunger? I looked around me, and saw the many shrubs and trees bearing fruits—some of them must be wholesome—and not far away I recognised the stately cocoa-nut tree, with its long fan-like leaves, and its clustering fruit embedded in their centre—these, I knew at once, from the many drawings and engravings that I had seen of them. No, our danger lay not in hunger—but in a foe more dreadful.

Again I forced my mind to recur to my father and mother— that father, so mild and sensible, and upright—that mother, so beautiful, so noble, and tender—and both, though so lately known, so deeply loved. I persuaded myself that they were dead. With a wilful grief I conjured up the manner of their dying— I saw the flowing of their blood—I heard their last ejaculations—I fancied that they even blessed me and Honoria as they died: the picture grew too affecting, too tender for me, and I began to weep. At first the tears appeared to be wrung from me slowly, and each as it fell gave birth to a pang. At length they fell more copiously, and brought with them a strange solace—a feeling of comfort. Yes, weeping may sometimes be a pleasure—'tis a pity that man's nature denies this consolation so savagely to man.

I had thus been chewing the cud of bitter fancies, and Honoria had been sleeping more than three hours. The sun had made a considerable progress in his downward course, towards the wood-crowned hills in the west, when my hot tears falling upon the brow of my sister, she awoke. She kissed me affectionately, and then gently said, "Ardent, my beloved friend, where are we?"

"Alas! my sister—I know not."

"And you have been weeping."

"Strangely—passionately."

"Why, kindest, best of brothers?—but silly, silly girl, to ask you why."

"Not for ourselves—not for ourselves, O my Honoria, did I weep; but our present afflictions are enough."

"Say not so—I know of none—are you not with me?"

"Fond and foolish girl."

"Yes, I am foolish, very silly, do you know, Ardent? And yet to mention at such a time—pardon me, but—I feel that I am perishing with hunger—do you not blush for me?"

"Why, why, Honoria? This seems a bountiful land. Look, between those picturesque rocks, nearly on the water's edge, are trees that bear for us both a refreshing and a nutritious repast—but I fear to leave you here alone."

"I will rise and go with you—we will never part more."

"Never."

As she arose, and I was drawing her to me with a tender embrace, a slight scream of pain or of terror shot through my brain. The volumes that I read in that scream were terrible—and yet it was, with her, but a simple expression of physical pain.

"Oh, Ardent, look at the back of my neck."

I examined it, and found the flesh nearly lacerated, by the deep indentation of the teeth of the upper and lower jaw of some animal. I told her what I had observed. She passed her hand two or three times over her brow, and said, "Everything is in confusion here, Ardent. I was going to ask you by what means we were brought hither. Now I remember me, that I found myself on yonder white sand, endeavouring to recal you to life. How I came there I know not. I thought that you had borne me through the whirl of waters. Ah! Ardent, you did—you did—and thus almost exhausted your own life to preserve mine."

"No, love, a merit so glorious is not mine. I only remember having clasped you firmly in what I conceived to be the embrace of death. On the contrary, when I first awoke to consciousness, I found you apparently lifeless, but evidently having rescued me, for a part of my coat was held firmly in your grasp."

"How could we both have been saved?"

"I know not—let us advance to the scene itself."

Forgetting our hunger, we stood upon the beach, on the spot where we had found ourselves in the morning. The view was one of a peculiar loveliness. The white sanded beach extended in a curve from north to south, for about two miles, and we had been cast ashore in the deepest part of the bight. The horns of this bay terminated in two headlands of jagged, lofty, and terrific rocks, yet even on these, so genial was the climate to vegetation, many beautiful plants and shrubs had taken root.

The chord of the arc was one nearly straight line of continuous surf, extending from headland to headland. This was probably formed by a coral reef. Along this line, the turmoil of the vexed waters was astounding; though, as we looked around us, there was a calm in the heavens, and all near us on the waters, and beyond the surge. Yet on it a riot of bubbling foam was dashing, like distant thunder. Beyond us the long unbroken heave of the sea rose and fell gently; yet when its quiet swell touched that magic line, it seemed driven into sudden madness. It was there a contention of the waters, awful to look upon.

"We must have passed through that!" said my sister, closing towards me, and shivering. "We must have passed through that, and in the midst of that dreadful storm."

"It must have been the storm that enabled us to pass through it. The waves must have risen high above the reef to have borne us over it, so little bruised as we find ourselves."

"But why, Ardent—has not this miracle of preservation happened to others?"

"It may have, and yet we know it not; when the vessel plunged into the abyss of waters, we alone were on the sternmost part of the ship, the most remote from the point of concussion—the stupendous wave that dashed her head amongst the sunken rocks, and strewed her in pieces, must have been followed by another equally large, that sweeping us, linked together in each other's arms, over the barrier, thus insured our safety, and ours only, for we were the only substances that were detached from the vessel. Even the men, in the latter part of the storm, had lashed themselves to the rigging or on the decks, and all must have gone down with the vessel in the deep on the outside of the reef."

"But this dreadful reef, my brother, seems at least half a mile from where we stand—what bore us to the shore?"

"The impetuous waves—at least, I can assign no other cause."

"A horrible thought comes over me, Ardent. What awoke me when I found you lying, as I thought, dead upon the sand? It must have been the pain of this wound in my neck, made by some wild beast. We shall be devoured, unarmed as you are. I must have cried out, and thus startled the monster away. We are utterly defenceless, and must sleep no more."

"On this there is no use speculating. But few of these islands contain animals of any size to be dreaded, even by an unarmed man; let us see what we can procure for food."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

A tissue of expedients—hard to put a good face upon the matter when there is but little prospect of making use of the teeth—I find that I am but low in the scale of climbing animals.

We now turned our steps to the clumps of cocoa-nut trees, and, in so doing, we mutually felt how physically weak we had become; yet each of us assumed a strength that was not possessed, to cheer, and if possible, to support each other. When we had arrived beneath these trees, that for the present, were to be the storehouses from which life itself must be supported, we found the fruit far beyond our reach; it was therefore most providential for us that we discovered five of them had fallen from over ripeness. Of these five, one only, which had recently dropped, contained the refreshing and milky juice that we so eagerly sought for. This we shared between us, and ate the greater part of the fruit that lined the interior of the shell. This was the first meal that we made upon this island, for such we conjectured it to be—a frugal and a crude meal truly, but still an invigorating one.

As we sat upon the sands, after our repast, the distant surf still roaring in our ears, the idea of our utter solitude seemed simultaneously to strike our souls with dread; for, after gazing at each other anxiously for some moments, we broke out together in nearly the same expression, Honoria in Spanish and I in English, "How awful is this wilderness!"

"And yet," resumed I, "ought we not to be more than thankful—to be grateful? God grant that our solitude may not be made more solitary. One of us might be taken from the other. I would sooner die on the wreck than linger life out here alone."

"That solitude never can be mine, Ardent; I would not, I could not, survive you an hour. But see, the sun is already behind the mountains. The shadows of night are stealing over us, and I am growing chilly."

"Do not despond, my beloved Honoria."

"O no, Ardent—my spirits are growing lightsome. My lord and king—for surely you must be sovereign of the land—a poor shipwrecked maiden prays of you your royal hospitality—a cham-

ber, a couch, and a leech, for my limbs are growing weary and my wound, from some ravenous animal of your majesty's dominions, stiff."

"Fair princess," said I, smiling languidly—"for doubtless, by your beauty and the dignity of your carriage, although disguised as a seafaring youth, you can be no less, I will give unto thee not the half only, but the whole of my kingdom. Myself will be your leech, and as we marvellously lack servitors, we will also be your chamberlain, and your guard through the night; but sorry are we to add, that your sleeping-room is yet to be found. But does not this banter sound hollow and mockingly? Honoria, we have as yet used only the language of affection—we should, before this, have used that of piety and of prayer for our more than miraculous deliverance."

"You say rightly, my brother. He who gives the bird its nest and the wild beast his den, will not surely utterly desert us, whilst we duly honour His name and bend submissively to His holy will."

"And, Honoria, we will not pray apart as heretofore."

"Surely not, my Ardent; henceforward and for ever my God is your God, and your faith in him my faith. You are more eloquent than I; give words to the grateful aspirations of my soul—pray, and aloud."

We knelt together upon the sands, prayed, and felt supported and comforted. I then examined the wound, or rather bite, on the back of Honoria's neck. It was of no consequence, though, from the discoloration between the marks of the two rows of teeth, it must have been very painful. Nowhere was the skin abraded, yet the identation made by every tooth was distinctly visible. It struck me as having been the morsure of an old animal. All I could do was to bind round her neck my own silk handkerchief, merely to keep from it the chill of the evening. Our clothes had long before dried upon us by the heat of the sun. We had lately led a life of too great exposure to fear from any attack of what is generally called cold.

Hand in hand, we walked up from the beach to where the rocks, trees, herbage, and underwood, were fantastically intermingled. Though the distance was not more than a few hundred yards, owing to the extreme purity of the atmosphere affording no refraction for the light, it was nearly dark before we reached the spot most likely to afford us a resting-place for the night. I saw, at once, that we had made a great mistake in not sooner seeking for our covert. However, Honoria bore up wonderfully. For myself, when I found the dried leaves crackling under my feet, I could have thrown myself down upon them and slept, regardless of danger from beast or reptile, so weary did I feel myself: but

this danger I would not permit my gentle companion to encounter.

I soon found that it was useless to penetrate into the interior, for, owing to the thickness of the foliage, the darkness was intense. I therefore looked along the face of the isolated rocks that fronted the sea. I was just upon the point of recommending Honoria to lie down and repose beneath one of them that arched over the sanded turf considerably, when I perceived something very dark on the surface of another rock close by. About as high from the earth as my own face I discovered a hollow embedded in the solid stone, of no great dimensions, but sufficiently extensive to receive a human body much larger than that of Honoria, when lying horizontally. I groped about it with my hands, and found the bottom of this niche level and perfectly smooth, and free from any substance. The place was not altogether unlike a sleeping berth, built up against a ship's side.

"You see, Honoria," said I, joyfully, "Providence has not deserted us. It has given you a bed-chamber in the living rock. Your couch will be hard, but it is perfectly dry, and you will sleep secured from the dews of the night. Here no wild beast can reach you. But I will first of all go and gather some of those leaves that just now rustled so loudly beneath our feet."

"No, no, Ardent; you shall not leave me. Besides, what insects might you not put beneath my head among the leaves. I have heard of scorpions, centipedes, and other horrors. No couch can be hard enough to refuse me a balmy repose whilst my dear brother is beside me."

"You are right, Honoria; I must select your bedclothes by daylight. Now, my beloved, as the darkness grows so black, let me lift you in at once, and may all good angels guard you."

When I had laid her gently in this stony recess, by lifting her up in my arms, and she had composed herself, she exclaimed cheerfully, "Ardent, this is beautiful—it is quite commodious, and under my head I find a natural pillow. Come in, Ardent, there is plenty of room."

"Not for kingdoms, Honoria. I will watch here beneath you. Believe me, my love, that I feel neither weary nor sleepy."

"I cannot suffer this; I will get out and come down to you. Why should I thus be in complete safety and comparative comfort whilst you should be exposed to all the unknown dangers of this desolate place, and exposed to the cold of the night? I tell you there is plenty of room beside me—come, my Ardent. Do you cease to love me? Am I not your sister?"

"You are a dear, a blessed, an innocent one. Urge me no more—I have just now sworn to the Great Being who created those brilliant stars that are now shedding their pure light upon us, to remain here beneath you all the night. I am not at all cold

—I shall, after a space, probably sleep. Why do you sigh so piteously? I tell you that I am growing quite happy. Say the Lord's Prayer—then sleep, my beloved."

"Kiss me first, Ardent, and I shall try."

I chastely pressed her lips to mine, and bidding God bless her, sate down at the base of the rock in deep meditation. After a pause of some time, her gentle voice again fell upon my ear.

"Ardent, I cannot sleep."

"What wants my love?"

"Nothing, Ardent, but to hear your voice, or not to hear that dull and mournful roaring of the surf."

"Turn your face from it."

"I have; but I hear it still; and it makes me think of the ship and all who have perished in it."

"Sing yourself gently to sleep, Honoria; you will then hear it no more."

"I cannot sing anything profane after my last prayer for the night."

"There is your vesper hymn to the Virgin."

"But it is popish, Ardent."

"It is the pure offspring of a sinless heart, grateful to my ears, and doubtless acceptable to God."

"May He bless you, Ardent, as my heart now blesses you, for ever and ever."

And soon her soft voice rose from out the rock in gentle harmonies. The sounds mingled with the mournful booming of the ocean—the stars were shining in their peaceful brightness above— a holy calm stole over my soul—my head drooped upon my bosom—and I slept, ere the sound had ceased in my ears, the dreamless sleep produced by exhaustion and fatigue.

Thus passed and ended the first day of our abode on Honoria Island.

"Up, you sluggard—fie upon you, lie-a-bed!" were the words that awoke me on the following morning, pronounced in the most cheerful of all Honoria's cheerful tones. "Do you not see, Ardent, that it must be at least eight o'clock? Why, this rock of your's will shortly be so hot as to serve us for an oven to bake our breakfasts in—the sun is shining on it so powerfully."

"You are merry, my sweet sister. Have you been up long?"

"Down, you should say. Yes, and have performed my ablutions in the bath among those rocks, and there, like Undine, made my toilet among tangled sea-weed. How do I look this morning?"

"Beautiful, most beautiful; but, it must be confessed, a little sun-burnt, and a good deal freckled. Really, sister, you have made the most of your wardrobe—and now for my bath and

breakfast. Would that the appliances for the latter were as vast as those for the former."

"Come down with me to the beach among the rocks to the right, I will show you plenty of materials for breakfast, if you dare venture upon them."

Taking me by the hand, she led me to where the debris of some granite formation, advancing far into the sea, showed a variety of grotesque forms. The rocks had shaped themselves into Gothic arches, Grecian columns, with fantastic capitals, long vaulted halls, floored only by the blue wave, and which seemed here to be eternally still, for the whole was belted in by the vast coral reef that I have so often before mentioned. There were also some grottoes that had bottoms more stable than the waters, and which would form cool and pleasant retreats in the heats of the mid-day.

When I found myself among these natural structures, so grotesque and often so beautiful, I could not repress my exclamations of astonishment and pleasure. "You have brought me, Honoria, to water palaces—we must reside here during the day. See what beautiful seats these ledges of rock make round this almost perfectly octagon room. How lofty is the ceiling, and how beautiful its fretwork—but the breakfast—that you know is the indispensable."

"Well, come a little farther out—there the water is clear enough. If my eyes deceive me not there are oysters for you as big as dinner plates, and not very deep either—and what I have heard the seamen call conchs—see, there they are in thousands—in what beautiful shells they inhabit! And see, that projecting point is actually covered with something like muscles. What beautiful fish, also, are darting to and fro. Come, Ardent, I am ready for breakfast." "And so am I, Honoria; but I see that we must walk to our friends, the cocoa-nut trees, for it. The beautiful transparency of the water deceives you as to its depth. The bottom, and the places that contain all these treasures, must be at least three or four fathoms beneath the surface. Alas! owing to the faults of my education, I can swim but little, and cannot dive at all. Had we but Jugurtha here, we might fare sumptuously every day. I am but a poor, helpless being, after all, Honoria."

"Say not so—I care nothing for a fish diet—a cocoa-nut breakfast is a luxury. I will go and select some of the finest."

Having taken advantage of her absence to make my toilette also, I found myself afterwards so much refreshed by my cool bathe in the sea, that I felt myself in perfect health and strength. Emboldened by renovated forces, I even made the attempt to dislodge some of the shell-fish that seemed not too deep; but though I

contrived to reach some of them, I could not stay beneath the water sufficiently long to detach them from their beds.

I said nothing of my unsuccessful attempts to Honoria when joined her, who was beneath the trees contemplating the fruit. There they were, it was true enough; but it is a matter of some difficulty to breakfast heartily, whilst the food remains some forty feet suspended over the mouths that are watering for them.

"Now, Ardent."

"Well, Honoria."

"There are plenty there—a couple full of milk will serve us for the present."

"Yes; but how are we to get them?"

"Shake the tree."

"Well, we'll try. It is as immoveable as the rock."

"You must climb up, Ardent."

I did not know whether I could climb till I had tried; but I had my doubts about the matter. The stems of the trees were quite bare, and nearly smooth; and so, alas! were my hands, I feared that I should not succeed even so well as I could with my swimming and diving. However, I put the best face I could upon the matter, and contrived to rise my legs at least a couple of feet from the ground, but my head rose not at all.

Let naturalists say what they will, man is not—like bears, squirrels, and monkeys—a climbing animal.

Honoria could not help laughing, awkwardly as we were both situated. She offered me her shoulders, which I accepted. By this assistance I placed myself about five feet from the ground—ascend I could not, and, for a long time, I was too much mortified to descend: there I remained *in medio—tutissimus est* it might have been, but the maxim applied only to the cocoa-nuts. At length, I was forced to come down with torn trousers and scratched hands.

"What a helpless creature your brother is," said I, deprecatingly.

"Not at all—you are neither an ape nor a savage. You will learn to climb in time. We are hungry, but we need not despair. We can, after all, eat the inside of some of the old and fallen cocoa-nuts; and we can easily find fresh water; but can't you knock them down with sticks and stones, as I have seen the naughty boys pelt the walnut-trees in Spain?"

But there were no stones and no sticks. The beech was composed of a fine white sand, and the soil higher up of a rich loam; but nothing bigger than the smallest pebble was to be discovered. We, therefore, as a last resource, gathered up three or four of the soundest nuts, and then proceeded inland to look for water. I knew, from the extent of the mountains to the westward, that land so large as this seemed to be, must not only possess

streams, but considerable rivers; but so thick was the vegetation, that the interior seemed impervious. Carrying our food with us, we had walked a few paces inland, when Honoria stopped suddenly, and burst into a wicked laughter.

"Ardent," said she, "we are two innocents. We shall never be able to live on a desolate island. Here we have lost nearly two hours before it struck either of our foolish heads that we might knock one cocoa-nut down with another—at least we may fling at them."

I turned back, little inclined to share in Honoria's hilarity.

"I shall starve you and myself, Honoria, by my brute stupidity and want of invention. There is food both above and beneath me, in the air and under the water, and I am not man enough to procure it. God help me; how am I deceived in myself!"

However I went to work heartily. Taking off the husks of three or four of the old cocoa-nuts, I began jerking and flinging at the bunches above me. About one shot struck out of ten; and when it did strike it seemed to have little effect, so tenacious was the tree of its fruit. At last, when I was nearly exhausted by this novel exercise, I loosened and brought down a couple that were in excellent order, and full of milk. The playfulness of the girl seemed to be fast returning to Honoria; she encouraged me by her voice, and when I had gained my object, she fairly shouted with triumph. It had now become extremely hot; so with our breakfasts in our hands, we retired to our newly-found marine palace, and then boring in the eyes of the nuts, we drank up the cool, delicious, and refreshing milk.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Useless attempts at endeavouring to make ourselves useful—we find everything bountiful but our own resources, and I begin to perceive that my education has been dreadfully neglected.

I now began to reflect upon everything; so, instead of breaking the shells as we had done the day before against the rocks, to get at the food inside, I incised them all around with my penknife to a considerable depth, and then striking them smartly against the rock, I produced two tolerable cups and covers. I was proud of this poor attempt at ingenuity, at which Honoria actually shouted with joy. Having each of us devoured a cocoa-

nut,—eaten would have been too mild a term to express the eagerness of our hunger, we returned thanks in a short prayer.

After our frugal repast, seeing that my sister was in one of the merriest of her moods, I put on my gravest face, and handing over to her the two cups with a low bow, "Permit me, Miss Troughton, to present you these two kitchen utensils towards your commencement in housekeeping."

"I receive the offer gratefully. They are, as you say, a commencement. What shall we do next? Just now, I feel health and spirits enough to do anything."

"I am very happy to hear it—you shall procure our dinner. My arm and shoulder aches dreadfully with flinging at the cocoa-nuts. You may be a better shot than I."

"But when all these nuts are gone, what shall we do? Besides, I don't think that I shall like to live on cocoa-nut, even if we could get it."

"Nor I either; but let us not be dainty too early. Our joy and gratitude to Heaven for our preserved lives, and wonderful health, ought to be sufficient to our happiness at present; still, as you say, cocoa-nuts and sprained arms for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, will be *toujours perdrix*, *ad nauseam*, as your padre said of his morning blue-pill. Let us therefore, sweet Honoria, seriously think of our situation. We stand in need of food, clothing, and habitation."

"Are we not gloriously housed in this splendid grotto?"

"We are; it is a palace fit for a marine god. Were it on any inhabited or approachable shore, it would be visited by thousands as a wonder to be looked upon; tables would be set forth with every delicacy—the dancers would wind through these romantic halls—and that beautiful fretted roof would echo to the newest and the most exquisite melodies; yet I do not think any one would be induced to sleep here. Your bed-place, Honoria, in the rock, would be far more comfortable: the dampness of this grotto, that is now so refreshing, would be death, if we slept exposed to its chilling action. No, Honoria, we must seek for ourselves a less magnificent, but a more comfortable dwelling."

"With all my heart, Ardent; this shall be our suite of drawing-rooms, that's settled; you shall build us a more humble and more commodious residence as our kitchen, our dormitory, and for every-day use. We will king and queen it here."

"I build, Honoria! You mock me. Poor child of refinement and civilisation that I am! Would that Jugurtha were here! Nothing can be more pleasant than sitting here, as we do now, hand in hand, in health, and all our present wants supplied; but we must take counsel for the future. Therefore listen to me, my dear Honoria. There is in England a popular tale—the most

popular tale that we have—one which every Englishman who can read at all has read: it has been imitated a thousand times, and translated into every modern language. You must have heard of it in Spain—it is called the History of Robinson Crusoe."

"Yes, I have heard of it; but it was forbidden me to read."

"Well, as we sit here, I will tax my memory to tell you all that tale. Mark it well, and, as I proceed, give me any, the minutest suggestion that may occur to you; for truly I am as an infant, as helpless and as weak."

After a pause, employed in rallying my memory, I began as usual,—"Once upon a time," and continued, Honoria looking like one entranced. As I proceeded, fact led to fact, and having read this romance repeatedly, I don't think I omitted a single incident. The fond and intense gaze of my sister's blue eyes was never off my countenance; but she spoke not, but shook her head, from time to time. She saw no parallel in the circumstances. When I detailed Robinson's commencement of his building his tents, she interrupted me for the first time, by asking me *when* the wreck of our ship would be washed ashore, that I might get axes, and adzes, and saws. To expect this, I told her, was hopeless, as it was very probable that, outside the reef, the sea was so deep that there were no soundings; and that the vessel, having struck against it, rebounded, and was probably, having now met with her centre of gravity, as measured by salt water, being borne away many miles afar by the under-current of the ocean. I again repeated, that, as ourselves appeared to be the only substances not attached or lashed to the vessel, the wave that followed the submersion of the vessel must have lifted us over the reef, and flung us upon the beach.

There was no consolation in this at first; but it produced much after a few minutes' reflection.

"I observed," said Honoria, "that though, just before that mighty crash that was succeeded by our mutual insensibility, the seamen of the ship had tied themselves to the ropes and big pieces of wood that were lying in the middle, that our black friend, Jugurtha, was perfectly free."

"Yes, Honoria, so did I; but he was forward, and from the nature of the rock upon which we struck, the ship must have gone down, after her rebound, head foremost; we, close under the taffrail, that is, the very aftermost part of the ship, being much above, whilst all the rest of the vessel and her contents were below the water, it was, undoubtedly, by this accident that we were saved."

"But where was our Bounder, our dear delightful dog?"

"Perished with the rest—or if saved, hunting for his own subsistence and recreation in those distant forests."

"Go on with Robinson Crusoe," said my sister despondingly.

At length I came to that part of the narrative where Robinson sees the prints of footsteps on the sand. At the mention of this we both suddenly started to our feet.

"Let us to the sand—dolt that I am! Let us, Honoria, examine it carefully; we may thus unravel the mystery of the bite upon your neck."

But our wisdom came too late: having for the whole of the day before confined ourselves to so small a space, we had trampled it in every direction, and nothing was to be seen but the prints of our own feet.

"We may as well go on with the story," said Honoria. "The sun is here overpoweringly hot: let us to our marine drawing-room."

"Alas, Honoria! we are more like two babes, lost in a wood, than rational beings cast upon their own resources. Why, why was I ever born?"

"To make my happiness, Ardent."

We resumed our seats on the ledges of the grotto, and the history of Robinson, which I brought to a conclusion.

When I had finished, Honoria said, "Well, Ardent, I must confess that there is but little similarity in our cases. He had everything from the wreck—we nothing. All that you can do is to begin to learn to run fast, and then hunt goats like Robinson Crusoe."

"You are laughing at me," Honoria; I have never yet gone barefoot, and observe, the shoes of both of us are burst. Let us now see what each of us has, in order that we may set up as our own butchers, bakers, builders, farmers, and shoemakers. Let me see the contents of your pockets, Honoria. Everything may be of value."

We each commenced our search—the result was most dispiriting.

"Well, Ardent, I have only a pocket handkerchief, a small pocket-comb, and Murray's abridgment—the former in tolerable preservation—the latter all soiled and rotten with the water."

I had been in the habit of giving her daily lessons in the English language, and she had always the grammar about her. The result of my self-inspection was hardly more satisfactory. I had one penknife, with one slight blade only, one pocket handkerchief, one silver pencil-case, one pocket-comb, and lastly, one silver toothpick. The latter, it seemed but too probable that I should not wear away with too much use.

When this melancholy survey was over, strong yearnings for food told us that it was dinner-time. We had no occasion to mention the fact to each other. My arm was now stiff with my morn-

ing's violent exertion—I could hardly lift it from my side. It was but a poor prospect that, of being obliged, under a burning and almost vertical sun, to go fling stale and old cocoa-nuts at new and fresh ones for our dinner. I stated all these difficulties to Honoria.

"I would not mind trying myself," said she, "had I but some covering for my head. Surely, with your penknife, small as it is, we may be able to procure hats. I will show you my idea of one. Come up, Ardent, to the underwood."

So placing her handkerchief over her head, and tying two of the corners under her chin, she took my hand, and led me over the burning sand. We were soon among the bushes, and she then made me cut off two broad and long plantain leaves. After a little shaping with my knife, we then cut some tendrils of a parasitical plant, that proved to be very strong. Making two holes in the crowns, and two in the sides of the leaves, near where they were bent close to our cheeks, we tied them under our chins, and thus saw ourselves furnished with two immense, green, very light, and deliciously cool coal-scuttle bonnets! As we walked along, we seemed like two gigantic grasshoppers.

"We must have a new bonnet every day," said Honoria, laughing.

"Extravagant spendthrift! You see that we are surrounded by fruits—let us pluck and eat."

"The temptation is great, but do you know their natures?"

"Not of a single berry. You know that, like yourself, I have never before been in tropical climates. The cocoa-nut I knew at once, from description. Fruit, at least, such as these appear to be, if not actually poisonous, must be to us, at first, very unwholesome—and illness, here, is death."

"But I have read in books, that those fruits that the birds have pecked may be safely ventured upon."

"Believe it not. Many animals fatten upon the berries of our own nightshade—but if you vehemently desire to eat of any of them, let me try them first. This looks very like an immense nectarine—shall I try it for you?"

"Ardent, why are you so cruel?"

We then, leaving the tempting fruits behind us, repaired to our larder, the cocoa-nut trees; I made an attempt to strike them, but my arm and shoulder were so stiff, that I could not make a single missive reach them. Honoria's attempts were more ridiculous than my own. These nuts were, to us, as unapproachable as the golden apples of the Hesperides. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with a couple of stale, shrivelled, and milkless ones, which we retired to eat in our splendid marine apartment. Our appetites enabled us to make a tolerable repast,

which provoked a thirst that we had no immediate means of assuaging.

"We are likely to lead, Honoria, rather a Brahminical sort of lives. Let us go and seek for some spring. Our cups will be of great service to us."

We had not to travel far before we found a limpid stream, bubbling over a rocky bed, ending in a pool just at the margin, where the sand belted the green turf. It had no apparent outlet, but, no doubt, the loose and fine sand absorbed it, and it was thus filtered through to the sea. The water was perfectly tasteless, and of a delicious coolness. This was a real treasure to us. We drank repeated draughts of it, and enjoyed them the more we compared them with the bitter water we had been before compelled to drink from the hollows of the large leaves.

"Now that we are so refreshed, Honoria, let us think about making your bed for the night. We will gather carefully, and select the smallest and the driest of the dead leaves; but what is this?" I exclaimed, as we advanced still farther, but very cautiously, among the underwood; "this certainly must be the cotton bush, or something very like it. How soft, and silky, and firm it is—and so plentiful, too. Honoria, to-night you shall sleep on a bed of down—examine it closely—you see that it is perfectly free from every insect. This is a treasure indeed."

We soon denuded several of these shrubs, and bearing the woolly substance in our arms, we speedily made a soft bed in the cleft of the rock, that promised my sister a luxurious repose during the ensuing night.

Determined, for the present, to sleep in the same place as I did on the previous night, that is immediately beneath her, I also made some preparations of a similar nature to insure me a softer bed.

"We get on extremely well, Honoria; we have our marine and our inshore villas—our orchards, and good water, and no bad beds—fire now is the next most important thing that we must procure. It is the distinguishing mark between the brute and the wild man. The most ignorant savages have been able to kindle it. There certainly are some apocryphal accounts of some human beings about the coasts of Magellan, that had never seen fire until visited by Europeans; but I believe them not. Surely, Honoria, if such men exist we are not so degraded as they—we will make a fire. Let us collect some of the driest leaves—some of the oldest sticks—like this, with touchwood in it, as the schoolboys call it. Now we must look about for a flint—we shall do well yet, my love. Are we not rational and educated beings? Yes, yes, we shall be able to do without Jugurtha, poor fellow, after all."

The idea of a comfortable fire in the evening, and roasted cocoa-nuts for supper, had made me quite cheerful. Intending to light our fire, and sup in the grotto, we carried thither everything that we thought the most combustible; this caused us several trips. At last, we had collected what we deemed to be a sufficiency of fuel, but anything resembling a flint we could not find. This, however, gave me but little concern, as I imagined that a piece of the rock would serve as well.

Full of joyful assurance, and determined when our fire was made to attempt to roast, at least some of the muscles, that actually were within reach, clinging to parts of the submerged rocks, Honoria and myself laid our fuel gingerly. I then took some of the dry and dusty touchwood, and, with a piece of granite, began to chop away furiously at the back of my penknife. I struck my fingers until they were covered with gashes and bruises. My sister relieved me, but with no better success. Once or twice we thought that we had elicited a few sparks, but they fell uselessly upon the decayed wood. We were astonished at our ill success. Robinson Crusoe, and all the other shipwrecked mariners, had knocked up a fire so easily: we concluded, therefore, that we were deplorably stupid.

This failure annoyed me excessively. I could not conceal my mortification, and I was fast losing my temper, the more especially as I saw that Honoria was inclined to laugh at me. I then remembered me that rubbing two pieces of wood together violently, would produce ignition. I rubbed, with all my heart and soul, but produced nothing but vexation. I could make the miserable sticks warm, and nothing more. I suppose that, as yet, I was not sufficiently the savage.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Self-contempt grows daily more strong upon me—sad anticipations, not being able to do anything better, I become an old story-teller; and, finally, know myself to be nothing better than a fool.

After all my vain attempts, which I then thought I might, in some measure, attribute to the stiffness of my right arm, I grew silent and melancholy. I longed to talk, but dared not, for my thoughts were preying upon the future, the miserable future that awaited us. I could not, however, rally my spirits. It was no use on the part of Honoria telling me that she cared not for the

fire, that she felt no want of it, and that we should have better success another day. Towards evening, I grew perfectly miserable, and the sun of the second day of my sojourn on the island went down on my discontent. We neither of us supped—I, because my misery gave me a distaste for food—Honoria, because she saw me miserable.

Yet, subdued as I was in mind, and wearied in body, we did not fail to pray fervently before we retired to rest. When we had so done, I lifted my sister again into her sleeping berth, that felt, she told me, like what it was—a bed of down. I kissed her, prayed to God to bless her, and wished her good-night. I then lay down beneath her, on my bed of leaves, covered with cotton; and though infinitely better lodged than I was the previous night, it was long before I could sleep. Honoria did not, this night, complain of the never-ceasing moaning of the surf, but fell asleep almost immediately that she had laid herself down. I employed my restless hours in thinking over all manner of devices that I had ever heard of, to procure fire. I had no method of concentrating the sun's rays by the means of lenses or glasses. I thought of all manner of fires of all manner of colours. Squibs, crackers, Roman candles, and sky-rockets, danced before my mind's eye, but they afforded me no clue—I thought then of all manner of combustions, not forgetting that singular one called spontaneous. Even that afforded me no indications of the way to strike a light—for, if I had been inclined to make a bon-fire of myself, for the benefit of my sister, I had no spirits with which to saturate my body. At length I fairly fell asleep, among vain and mocking images of Greek fires, blazing ships, flashes of lightning, and flame-vomiting volcanoes. These glowing scenes must have occupied me through the whole night; for, it was well advanced in the morning when all these dreamings took a more peaceful and rural character, for their wild sublimity had dwindled to my fancying myself standing in some cockney-trodden fields near Islington, looking carefully on at a stack of damp hay on fire.

"I have found it!" shouted I, starting up from my sleep.

"Found what, my Ardent?" exclaimed my sister, poking her pretty face from out her stone bed-place in the rock.

"Found out how to make a good fire. Waking I am but a fool, but I am excellently wise in a dream. See, the sun is already high—to our baths and our breakfast—this third day begins gloriously. My Honoria, we shall have a good fire, and roast muscles for dinner. We shall be happy yet. When we have once a good fire, I don't know what we may not do."

"Will it help us down some fresh cocoa-nuts?"

"To be sure it will. I'll make a fire round the bottom of the tree, and burn it till it falls."

"Then help me down, too, Ardent."

The next day found us overcome by lassitude and far from well. The fruit of faded cocoa-nuts grew disgusting to us. Water, pure blessed water, the next best gift to the sun that ever was vouchsafed to man, was still a luxury to us. As if in mockery of our sufferings, this particular day seemed to be more gloriously beautiful than any of the preceding that we had passed in this solitary paradise.

We spent nearly the whole of the day in fruitless, and I must own languid, efforts to produce fire. Another painful annoyance was now added to our other misfortunes; our miserable salt-water-sodden shoes failed us utterly. We found the little that remained of them gall our feet so miserably that we preferred being barefoot. This confined us almost exclusively to the narrow margin of the smooth, hard, and cool sand, washed by the flowing of the sea; for the part from where the waves formed their weedy outline up to the bush, during the greater part of the day, was heated like an oven—to enter the bush was still worse. Every step was barred against us by myriads of vegetable spears, not certainly so large as that with which Goliath went out to meet the slinger-boy, but to our tender feet much more appalling.

Our miseries were thus closing in around us. On an island, perhaps on a continent, of vast extent, we were imprisoned to a small plane or slip of ground, and domiciled like seals in a sea cave. But alas! we could use neither the land nor the water like these amphibious monster.

I judged of my own altered looks by those of Honoria. Pale, languid, yet resigned, whenever I was not occupied in traversing to and from the spring, to fetch for her a fresh supply of its ice-cold water, or renewing my childish attempts to create fire, she sate by me, her head reclining upon my shoulders.

And my reflections were very bitter, even unto death. My own helplessness—my utter worthlessness, was the severest goad to my stricken soul. There seemed to be nothing before my eyes but a lingering death to both, and the direst madness to the one that might, but for a little while, survive the other.

I heaped unutterable scorn upon my own head. I, a man, in the vigour of my youth, once so proud of my activity and the grace and power of my person, was then placed in an Elysium to starve by slow degrees—with whom?—my sister: whose existence was the one great pulse of my heart? Despicable Ardent! The Indian, whose whole vocabulary of language consisted of the jabbering of a few words, would be twice a king—a hero, an angel—to what I was. Even the small green monkeys, that flung themselves in their wildness from tree to tree, placed as I was, were my superiors.

For one moment I utterly disbelieved all the statements that I had ever read, or heard of, concerning persons wrecked like ourselves upon desolate places. The next, I gave them the fullest credit, and heaped unmeasurable infamy on my head, for being so much weaker, and so much less inventive than my fellow-men. I was a prey to every contending feeling that could disgust me with my own existence, which, seeing the fragile and exceedingly lovely being near me, I dared not leave.

I must here remark, that, as far as my observations extended, the place we were in was totally free both from musquitoes and sand-flies, those more than Egyptian plagues. Had these been added, we should doubtless have sunk under our wretchedness.

Towards the evening my sister slept. Burning with indignation at my inutility, and harrowed by self-reproach, in spite of the glowing sand beneath my feet, and the risk of noxious and venomous reptiles under the covert of the jungle, I determined to seek some other vegetable food that might tempt her appetite, and which, from similarity of appearance to that with which I was acquainted, I should suppose to be wholesome. Both the plantain and the banana, I felt assured, from the description I had read of them, I should know when seen. I had already met with a noble-looking plant that had large leaves, which I supposed to be a species of plantain; I also thought that I should not be mistaken in the guavre.

In penetrating the thicket that belted the sand I suffered much; but when I got more in the interior, and found both the trees and shrubs of a larger growth, my advance was much less difficult. I passed by many fruits of a most tempting appearance. Some of them I tasted without swallowing. They proved mostly to be cool to the palate, and of a mild subacid taste. Enticed by the brilliancy of the foliage on my right, I proceeded to that quarter, and, to my inexpressible joy, found not only a great profusion of bananas, but also many water-melons. With these delicious fruits I provided myself amply, and before Honoria awoke I had the extreme pleasure of arranging them near her.

A few minutes before the sun disappeared behind the lofty mountains to the westward, Honoria rose in a fever of thirst. How deliciously grateful was the expression of her mild blue eyes, as they fell first on the fruit and then dwelt upon mine! Our souls had a felicity of their own, independent of our bodies. This blessed feeling seemed to us an assurance that, when our immortal essences should be separated from their corporeal incumbrances, the most ineffable bliss awaited us. Thus Nature confirmed to us the benign lessons that Faith had previously taught.

That evening we both ate plentifully of our new diet, and the

breathings of gratitude prevailed in our prayers before we retired to our respective sleeping-holes for the night.

The next day we were both ill—miserably ill—alas! how wretchedly ill! We could scarcely, supporting each other, crawl, on the next morning, to the coolness of our grotto. Much of the fruit remained from the last night, yet neither of us seemed inclined to eat. The cry was for water.

The concentrated pangs of a nation perishing by the plague could not be greater than was the throb that wrung my heart just before I fainted, in my vain attempt to reach the spring. I thought I felt that death was folding me to his bosom. The horrid thought of leaving my helpless companion to expire by slow starvation, aroused all my energies to struggle with the overwhelming conqueror. Then, as I found myself grow more and more weak at every effort to rally my pulse and my respiration once more to their wonted duties, there came, with the certainty of my defeat, the illimitable, the ineffable misery.

But I recovered, and my recovery brought back some portion of my strength. I was able, at length, to reach the water, and bear back with me an ample supply for the fast-sinking sufferer in the grotto.

"You have been long, my Ardent."

"Have I? But it is by absence from each other that we measure time. Is it not so, my sister?"

"Truly, dear brother. It was wrong in me to remark it. O my God! how is it thy divine pleasure that this will end?"

"Let us trust to that Providence. See, Honoria, everything around us breathes of beauty. The breezes come in upon us here, through those noble and eternal arches, bearing to us a thousand fragrant odours, cooled by passing over the rippling sea. Mark how wantonly happy the fish—how intensely happy these beautifully plumaged birds appear."

"You are very kind, Ardent, and all that you say is very true. But I am so ill——"

"It will be temporary—it must soon pass. In this land of loveliness, sickness or suffering ought not to be. It seems like an absurdity, an anomaly, to mention them amidst these glorious scenes. But woe is mine! I comfort you not, my Honoria."

"You do, indeed, Ardent. My pain, my misery, seems to be strangely, as it were, only on the surface of my being, whilst there runs below it a strong, a vivifying, and abounding stream of bliss—and that bliss seems to me identified, O my Ardent! with your being. Speak on—your words are very sweet to me."

"When we become acclimated to this place, my Honoria, and accustomed to a purely vegetable diet, our strength will return, and with it our health and spirits, and then——then——"

"What then, Ardent?"

"Why, then we shall be happy—very happy, of course. We will never speak, though, of the future. Let us say constantly to each other, are we not happy now? Let each hour be sufficient to itself. Can we then be unhappy?"

"But how is all this to end? How is it to end?"

"That is the very question that we are never to ask. Do you understand me, ever dear Honoria?"

"Yes, I think I do—I was wrong—I am always doing or saying something wrong—unintentionally, believe me. Pardon me, for I fear that I grow worse. We shall die, both of us."

"Had you said I shall die, you would have afflicted me greatly, my beloved. To associate me with you, in death as in life, is most kind. Do you know that, had we but health and the means of living here in this sequestered elysium,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'

I should almost dread our return to the sordid haunts of man."

"Why should that separate us? Vain speech, we shall die here—I must sleep."

But why should I recount the many days of illness through which we languished? One day better—the next worse. Even Honoria's transcendent beauty was fast melting away. The skeleton stood out terrifically distinct. Her hair became matted—her voice hollow—the purity of her skin was all but absorbed by the multitude of freckles that spread over it. Indeed, nothing remained of her surpassing beauty but her large blue eyes. They grew more lustrous, and more intensely blue. They seemed to me, as she wasted away, to increase in size. Whenever I looked upon them, my heart wept blood.

For myself, I was a hideous spectacle. My complexion, which was naturally dark, had, in every place that was exposed to the sun, become nearly black, or of a fierce reddish black hue. The lower part of my face was covered with bushy hair. Whilst the appearance of Honoria was too human—for it reminded you of death, and of the grave—mine was scarcely human at all. I also was wretchedly emaciated and gaunt. We may be truly said to have lived for each other; for had not one been alive, the other would have laid down quietly to die.

And yet—all the accounts of shipwrecked persons upon uninhabited places cannot be false—why, then, was our condition so much more wretched than theirs? I can only answer, that I must have been most weakly constituted as to inventiveness of mind, or have been so thoroughly an aristocrat, that I was destined from my cradle to live upon the labour of other men's hands.

It was most evident, that, even under the most favourable auspices, I could not live upon the labour of my own.

As we neither of us increased in strength, we began seriously to think that our last hour was rapidly approaching. Then arose those mysterious feelings of innate modesty, that never leave woman until every other virtue has left her. Though both Honoria and myself were thrown upon this coast nearly in the same plight as to dress, when, in a short time, I was nearly all rags, she had contrived still to keep her sailor's jacket, trousers, and waistcoat, about her, so as to wear a decent appearance. How she managed this, with none of the implements of housewifery, a woman only can tell. Latterly, whilst I had been used to sit idly, plunged in despondency, she had employed herself, ill as she was, in plaiting many yards of strong sinnet, out of the fibrous coverings of the cocoa-nut.

I took no note of time. It must have been at least a fortnight that we thus lingered on. At length, death seemed inevitable, and not only inevitable, but a consummation to be ardently wished for. Honoria said that she knew she should die first; she declared if, by some miracle, her powers of endurance should exceed mine, that she could not survive me an hour. But what now she most dreaded, that made almost her only present misery, was the idea that, after death, she should lay unburied and exposed.

To all my reasonings upon making this a source of uneasiness to her during our apparently short stay in this world, she listened not only unconvinced, but impatiently. At length, hiding her face in my bosom, and bursting into tears, she asked me to dig a grave for her.

When once the request was made, it was unceasingly urged. She would assist me to the last remnant of her strength. She could undergo every torture but the idea of lying defenceless upon the naked sands. It was in vain that I beseeched her to look upon the grotto, or the crevice in the rock as a larger tomb. She must be hidden from sight—and that, too, in a place where, in all probability, no human eye had wandered, or ever would wander. The occupation of digging our own graves! It must, however, be done.

Many through affectation, many through a deep religious feeling, have, during the hours of vigorous life and health, prepared for themselves the receptacles of death. But feeling or affectation was altogether foreign to my nature. I think that then I feared not death, yet I loved not to contemplate it. Oh! then I bitterly cursed my helplessness!

With feeble and tottering steps we passed from the sand to where the green turf encroached upon it. If rural beauty could reconcile one to graves, we soon found a spot that would leave

us nothing to wish for in living. It was just where the spring, rushing forward to the dark clear pool in the sand, that absorbed all its waters, made a pretty bound from the ledge of a miniature rock of about two feet, into a basin formed of rounded and very small pebbles beneath. Just here, there was no tree of any lofty growth, yet the place was surrounded by the most superbly flowering bushes; the sward was green with the richest verdure, and gorgeous with many flowers. It was secluded, even amongst the universal solitude. It was a retreat that spoke of peace, though not of silence. It was here, then, that we destined that our remains should amalgamate with the generous soil, and exhale away in myriads of flowers.

When we had resolved upon this, Honoria's spirits strangely rose. She told me that she felt as if the door of a friendly house was open to her—with her spirits, a little of her lost appetite returned to her. She was, in a few hours, evidently in better health. Yet was she angry when I hinted to her, that the finding and the digging of her grave would be the means of making it unnecessary for her. She persisted in it that we must soon die, and entreated that we might lose no time in making our departure decorous.

I once thought that I had some energy of character. I deceived myself. My nature is, and must ever have been, weak and pusillanimous. Yes, it was necessary for me in order to be brave or active, or even intelligent, to receive strong excitement from without. I had no mental mine, no noble resources within me to draw upon. Why did I suffer, why join in this miserable mockery—this childish playing at grave-making? Every nerve, every pulse that I had, ought to have been urged to the utmost in the endeavour to sustain and invigorate my dying sister—fool, coward that I was.

We procured for each of us a couple of large flat shells from the beach, where they were in abundance; we then marked out the limits, and began to scoop out the earth. The mould at first was dark in colour, and very light in ponderosity, and was plainly nothing more than a foot or two of decayed leaves, and other vegetable matter, resting upon the rock.

## CHAPTER XLI.

My sister outstrips me in ingenuity—she continues to make several things—I try my hand at building, and am only able to make that last home that will endure to the day of judgment—brighter prospects burst upon us at the very moment when we had closed our eyes in despair.

Our work went on but slowly, and for two days. It is most certain that we improved in health, and began to eat the various fruits that we now adventured upon more freely, with a relish unknown to us before. We also slept soundly, and the third day I became heartily ashamed of my occupation.

"Come, Honoria," said I, as we both arose at sunrise, "no grave-making to-day. It is a detestable occupation, and I am sick of it."

"Well, Ardent, to please you, we will only work one hour now, before the sun grows too hot, and an hour in the cool of the evening. That will be delightful."

"No, I thank you, sister. Delightful!—hum. I think it would be much more delightful, if we could each of us get a draught of sweet cocoa-nut milk. There it hangs, tempting us, while we are grubbing like worms in the dirt. We can but fail, after all—and then, if you please, we will employ the cool hour of the evening in trying to climb up the rock at the right hand, and thus discover in what manner of place we are. Let us rouse ourselves, and we shall then be able to do without graves."

"As you please, Ardent. I hope this show of strength and courage will last. I feel myself a little better—but, depend upon it, our case is hopeless. Could you but see yourself, so great is the change in your appearance, you would be affrighted."

"Well, sister, let us not bandy compliments. To our prayers —then each to our respective baths—and then to a cocoa tree. Whilst a piece of flesh remains upon my hands or feet, I will attempt to climb the lowest."

In another half hour, behold us again standing under the tree that had so much baffled us before. We looked up. The lowest branch of fruit was, at least, five-and-thirty feet above my head. We could not play the magnanimous fox, and stalk away, pronouncing the unattainable fruit to be sour. Yet, as we looked up beseechingly, the fable struck me, and I could not forbear mentioning it to Honoria. She smiled, for the first time for many days.

"By that sweet smile, Honoria, I will mount that tree, or lie down and die at its roots."

"No rash vows, Ardent, or you'll get no more smiles. Shall I help you again?"

"Yes, dear—now for it."

"No, no, you naughty boy. You shall stand no more upon my poor shoulders. Let me show you a better way. Tie knots in this plaiting that I have made for you. Fasten a piece of rock to it, and throw it up till it catches between the branches, close to the trunk of a tree."

"Excellent, your are my guardian angel," and I kissed her with rapture. A few attempts, and the upper part of the line was safely jammed. I then tied it tightly round the base of the trunk, and with but little difficulty, but with great pain, I soon found myself in the bosom of the tree. I left none of the nuts there.

I also took advantage of my elevated position to make some observations on the nature of the place in which we were confined. I made no new discovery, except that the forest grew very thickly behind us. I then descended. My feet were covered with blood. Blistered before by the heat of the sands, every knot that I had trodden upon, or rather embraced with the soles of my feet, had torn away the skin, and inflicted a wound. Skilfully as Honoria had plaited the fibres of the cocoa-nut husks, it was, after all, but a rough and a very prickly line.

My sister was more grieved at the state of my feet, than rejoiced at the number of plentiful and refreshing meals that I had procured. However, I made light of the matter, and swaddling my feet with some portion of my shirt, tied round and round by this invaluable sinnet, we repaired to the grotto, and, considering all things, that day we fared sumptuously. Having been wounded, I assumed airs accordingly, and rebelled against grave-digging. We then employed the rest of the day in plaiting line, and in tolerably cheerful conversation.

On the following day, the spirit of ingenuity seemed to have descended upon us. We repaired to our grotto as usual, and there my genius took so rash a flight, that I actually took measure of Honoria's naked feet for a pair of sandals. Even if we could contrive to fabricate one pair between us, we should have gained something. We had the means of fastening them to our feet, but the difficulty was to procure the soles. Inspired, no doubt, by St. Crispin, and conjuring my still weakly sister not to remove from the coolness of the grotto until I had returned, with my bandaged feet I contrived to penetrate farther than I yet had done into the wood that belted us towards the interior.

It was my first intention to cut down a large branch of a tree with my penknife, one that would have been of a sufficient volume

to have allowed me to cut out a sole. But my only implement, my penknife, gave such evident signs of breaking, and the labour seemed so interminable, that I was forced to relinquish this notable project. However, I cut myself a long wand, of about the thickness of my thumb, with several hooks upon it, and then proceeded to bark some of the largest trees with my penknife, in hopes to find some of the rinds thick and stout enough for my purpose of shoe-making. I thought that I had succeeded. I next loaded myself with as much fruit as I could conveniently carry, and, after an absence of five hours, I returned, weary but joyous, to our marine drawing-room.

How shall I describe my astonishment and my admiration at what I then beheld. My sister was decked in the prettiest mother-of-pearl sandals that could be conceived. At first, I really thought that she had been visited by some seaborn immortal. With what disgust I now looked upon my specimens of various barks, that it had taken me so many hours to procure.

"What mermaid, what nymph of the sea has been with you, thus sweetly and gracefully to deck out my love?" I exclaimed, as seated upon a natural bench, she thrust out coquettishly, the prettiest little sandalled foot in the world—albeit, that it was dreadfully freckled, and very, very red. "Who has thus made graceful this blessed foot?" said I, taking it up and kissing its high and classically-turned instep. "What nymph of the dark green ocean caves has made this offering to my innocent sister?"

"Ardent, the same being will make you a pair. I assure you that they are very cool to the soles of the feet."

To make these very picturesque sandals, she had merely taken two of the large, flat, mother-of-pearly shells with which the beach abounded, chipped, and then ground them against the rock into the shape of the sole of her feet. To fasten them she had perforated the edges in about four or five places on each side, and then passed a small plait of cocoa-nut fibres, over and across the foot, much in the manner which skates are fastened on. This adaptation answered excellently for the rocky pavement of our grotto, and the hard sand on the margin of the sea. On the loose sand it was nearly useless, and not more available in the bush. However, flushed as we were with the success of our first attempt, we hoped soon to be enabled to see ourselves elegantly and usefully shod.

The rest of the afternoon we were particularly cheerful, though we consumed most of it in abortive attempts to produce fire. We never alluded to grave-digging the livelong day.

On the following morning I made a great improvement in my cocoa-line, by which I ascended the trees. Instead of knots in the rope, I now tied pieces of stick transversely, in the manner

that boys make the tails of their kite. But this was not all. On this memorable day I procured for us the first animal food that we had tasted for nearly a month. We had long been tantalized by observing all day long, from the very steps as it were of our grotto, in the clear water beneath us, abundance of muscles, oysters, and other shell fish, attached to the edges and sides of the rocks. Under my direction, Honoria soon made a net-like bag, clumsy enough to look at, certainly, but sufficient for our purpose. This I attached to the end of my long hooked stick, and very soon rasped off the tenacious gentlemen, who dropped, with their houses, generally, into the bag that I had so hospitably prepared for them.

Here was a luxurious addition to our usual fare. However, this happy event had nearly been attended with disastrous consequences. In my haste to offer the first fruits of my ingenuity to Honoria, I imprudently made use of my penknife with which to open the oyster. I had nearly broken this, to us, invaluable instrument. It was saved only by the presence of mind of my sister. How important the merest trifles had become to us. We now chipped the edges of the shells, until we found them open enough to introduce another shell, and thus we managed extremely well. I began to think that we were Robinson Crusoeing it admirably. The fire, the fire, would that we could make a fire! Gladly would I have welcomed a storm of thunder and lightning, for the chance that the latter might blast and fire the trunk of some old tree.

Hitherto, the weather had been delicious. Hot, certainly, intensely hot, during the middle of the day, but this only made our cool marine retreat the more luxurious. Yet we had hardly seen a cloud flit over the deep and eternal blue above us. The dews fell copiously during the night, but from these we were well sheltered. On the whole, I must say, that habit had tended to ameliorate our situation to us, and I began to conceive vast projects. I had even come to the resolution, when the wounds on my feet were healed, and I had inured myself to go barefoot, that I would arm myself with a pointed stake, and make myself a second Nimrod in the woods.

Two more days passed happily enough in climbing cocoa-nut trees, hooking up oysters, and making plait and resolves. On the second of these days, towards evening, for the first time since our being cast on this shore, the weather grew chilling, the large belt of surf at seaward rose mountainously, and the rain descended, less in drops, than in wide and thin sheets of water. The waves now leaped the reef merrily, and came tumbling in upon our sequestered beach. They soon hissed and bellowed through the fissures of your grotto. I had hardly time to save many yards of excellent sinnet that were lying upon the floor. This beautiful grotto afforded us a shelter no longer. The waters

dashed through it, and fairly drove us from it. We were expelled, and forced to wander up, through the descending torrents of rain, to the inland rocks, in the clefts of which we had hitherto made our bed-places. Wet, and dispirited, I could do nothing better than lay Honoria in her niche, and plucking as many green and leave-clothed branches as I could, endeavoured by their means to keep out the cold and searching wind.

But everything was saturated with moisture. The branches themselves, though they impeded the free ingress of the chill blast upon the poor girl, were, themselves, laden with water. I slept not all that night, but walked through the driving rain to and fro, before my sister's resting-place, or when I heard her voice, stopped to converse with her. She uttered no word of complaint, but just as the day broke, she told me, that though she felt very stiff, she found herself much disposed to sleep.

With the rising of the sun, the wind and rain went down, and the air grew again warm, balmy, and genial. The surf on the reef still moaned out its thunders, which were all the tokens that remained of the storm of the last night. Indeed, as it grew warmer, the fragrance from the flowers and shrubs became inspiriting to the highest degree. Whilst Honoria still slept, I lifted her from out the wet cavity which was her resting-place, and laid her upon the driest spot that I could find.

Her slumbers were long and lethargic. It began to grow hot, and I would have aroused her, but I found it nearly impossible. As the day advanced, I was obliged to move her from place to place in order to procure the necessary shade for her. I felt myself to be ill, stiff, and very weary. I had watched all night. I bore up, as well as I was able, against my increasing drowsiness. At length I could no more, and I sank down in sleep beside her.

My blood crept slowly through my veins as if each drop would petrify with horror, when Honoria awoke me, by kneeling over and shaking me violently by the shoulders. There was no doubting the wild and over-eager look. The thin and transparent cheek was flaming with fever—there was the strength of madness in the clutch of her bony fingers. The pang of disease was upon her young heart.

"Up, sleeper," she exclaimed, whilst the words grated harshly through her thin and black encrusted lips. "Up, our hour is come at last, and the bed is not prepared. We may be excused for not wearing the wedding garment in this desolate spot. To the grave, loiterer—and perhaps the Great Being who clothes the birds of the air, may Himself find a shroud for us. Up, sir—to work, to work, to dig and to delve."

I have sinned greatly. At that moment I wished sudden death to both of us. Dare I record it? I must—I contemplated it. As

I arose, and lifted her up in my arms, and threw one of them about her neck fondly, my accursed fingers began tampering with her white and wasted throat. Yet I never loved her more enthusiastically.

How fervently I prayed to my God, as I bore her along to the cool spring, either to annihilate us at once by the sudden blast of his lightning, or enable me to resist temptation. As she eagerly drank the refreshing waters, and, as with them I laved her hot hands and her parched brow, she looked upon me madly, gratefully. But still the burden of her mind was the grave. She could say nothing but—"To the grave—to the grave!"

I was compelled to comply. There was no other method of soothing her. I went to the dismal work almost as mad as herself. How frantically she urged me to hasten! She evidently knew me no more. She told me of the large sums of money that she would give me—that they were still on board the Santa Anna—but that I had only to mention her name, and that I should be enriched for life—but I must dig faster, faster! Then she would laugh faintly at the idea of superintending her own burying-place, but she appealed to me if she could help it.

"You are but an ill-favoured and dark-browed man, indeed—I affect not such bushy beards—you are hideous to a degree—so unlike my beautiful Ardent, my dear brother. Make the pit large enough for my father, and my mother, and my Ardent too—they'll all be here in time—though, as I trust in God's mercy, I know not where any of them are, except my poor miserable self. You'll lay me next to Ardent; but make haste—make haste. The wild dog shall not tear my limbs—yes, yes, we will balk the wolf—the hyena shall not dismember me; but hasten—they come they come—hark! I hear them—wicked man, they are upon me, and my grave is not ready—I will not curse you!" She fell to the ground motionless.

Was I also mad? I jumped upon my feet. I threw away the shell with which I had been labouring with my utmost strength. I beat my temples with my clenched hands. Were the wild dog, and the wolf, and the hyena, really rushing down upon us? Mad or not, there was, indeed, the sharp shrill howl of the beast of prey, and the deep loud bark, and shouts of unearthly tone.

And then there was a crash in the underwood; a small animal of the panther kind leaped the streamlet, and passed away like the wind; and, the next instant, Jugurtha was at my feet in the shallow grave, and Bounder racing in mad circles around us.

My first impulse was to fall upon the neck of my black brother and weep. It was but instantaneous—"There, my Jugurtha, she is not yet dead—save her!"

He seized my hands, and kissed them, gave a short mournful

howl, started upon his feet, seized the body of Honoria in his arms, and carrying her as he would a child, bore her through the thicket at a pace that left me out of sight in a few minutes.

However, the sagacious dog remained with me, and, amidst a profusion of caresses, led my way onward. For at least two miles we went through a wooded country; we then entered upon a savannah, which was bounded by a river of considerable breadth. In a bending of one of its sweeps, and embowered in a natural grove of banyans and plantains, stood a wigwam, and two smaller erections beside it. I had been too much torn by contending emotion to be much astonished. I concluded, as I saw a column of thin smoke ascending from the midst of all this, that the land was inhabited, and that we were approaching an Indian village. I suffered considerably in this hurried journey, and was in a state but little short of fainting, when I reached the door-way of this comfortable dwelling. I had barely strength to stagger to something that formed a seat, covered with a rich fur-skin, and drink copiously from a calabash filled with excellent milk, and to observe Honoria, still breathing, extended upon a sort of couch, then, overcome by mental and bodily fatigue, I fell into a deep slumber.

I knew but little of what passed for many days. I had been the victim of the same fever that had attacked my sister; and the first coherent vision that was permitted to me, was the exquisite bliss of seeing her, much improved in looks, gliding about me, and tenderly officiating as my nurse. I was very happy then; and, in the pleasing lassitude that followed my fever, I troubled myself about nothing. It was sufficient bliss for me to hold Honoria by the hand, to pat Bounder upon the head, and to catch a glimpse of Jugurtha's broad grin of intense pleasure.

In my convalescence, and before I had strength to rise from my bed, for such it might fairly be called, from all the excellent accommodations that surrounded me, I concluded that Honoria and myself had been wrecked upon the unfrequented part of some one of the partially civilised Society, or Friendly Islands. I was furnished with milk, good soup, several kinds of broiled meat and fish, and something closely resembling bread. When, one day, Honoria brought me a calabash of a light and pleasing kind of wine, I was completely satisfied, in my mind, that I was in, or near, a society somewhat advanced in the arts of civilisation. I was never more deceived in my life.

Everything about, and around us, was the creation of Jugurtha. The first day that I was enabled, by resting on the arm of Honoria, to walk abroad, I found myself in a rural paradise. By clearing away a few shrubs, a beautiful walk had been made along the margin of the river, and seated there, the picture of happiness in black, I saw Jugurtha making fishing-traps of wicker-work,

and using a sharpened shell for trimming his work, which seemed to cut quite as well as a common knife. The moment that he saw us, he flung away his work, ran up to us, and would have knelt and kissed our hands. I took him in my arms and embraced him very, very tenderly, at which Honoria laughed very heartily. How that laugh rejoiced the inmost recesses of my heart! It was the soul-stirring herald of returning happiness.

"No, no, Jugurtha," said I, "you are here my sovereign—my lord and king. I must acknowledge that, my dear Jug—and here's Honoria laughing at us. Now, Jugurtha, who helped you to build all this beautiful place? Our neighbours, I suppose, are very friendly?"

Jugurtha, to this question, grinned more vividly than I ever saw him before, and showed more white teeth. I never counted them, but I verily believe that he had a few more dentals than is the usual lot of mortals. When he was very much pleased, the extension of his black lips seemed to be infinite; but however extended they were, I always found them well lined with the purest ivory. Jugurtha not only grinned, but jumped, and capered, and tossed up his chin, and finished his pantomime by pointing to Honoria.

She also did nothing but laugh, and I, of course, gave myself the credit of being the cause of their mirth.

"Well, sister, I have no objection to hilarity. I rather like it—especially when one is permitted to share in it. But how, my love, do you intend to pay for those handsome and ample Turkish trousers? I suppose that you have given your promissory note for them at the European store in the next village."

As all these grave reflections tended but to increase the mirth of those to whom they were addressed, I allowed the laughter that I had excited to subside of itself. Now, as Honoria had spent much time, and very laudably too, in teaching Jugurtha to talk with his hands, and had also caused him to make considerable progress in writing, he was able to converse with her more readily than with any other person, and my prolonged illness, after her rapid recovery, was fully employed in these conversations, in which one only spoke.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Very satisfactory, and like all satisfactory things that are human, very short; proving that the black man is the better of the two.

It was long before I could believe Honoria's assurances that everything I saw had been produced solely by the industry and ingenuity of Jugurtha within the space of four little months. How I felt myself debased in my own estimation! Each of us were thrown on shore, under nearly or perhaps actually the same circumstances: I had almost, with my sister, been starved to death, whilst the despised negro had created an Eden of plenty around him. Of course I was burning to learn the means he had used, and in what his immense superiority over me consisted. I therefore shortened my walk, and begged Jugurtha to show me how he contrived what had baffled me, in all my pride of an European education, to kindle fire.

Jugurtha obeyed readily, but with no smile of contemptuous exultation. How great was my astonishment to observe him pluck away two pieces of green branches, apparently taking without selection the first that came to hand, and, gathering a bunch of dry grass, commence rubbing the green wood over it. In a very short time the friction produced a fine powder, which, being blown up, immediately ignited and set the grass in a blaze. The wild, thought I, is, after all, the wise man. My reflections upon this simple event were anything but soothing to my vanity.

In a few days, I was restored to perfect health, and then I began my examinations of all the natural and artificial wonders that I saw around me. We will, most certainly, begin with my sister, who, with the exception of being much freckled, never appeared more gloriously beautiful. Her emaciation had entirely disappeared and she was in exuberant health.

She wore on her head, when abroad, a very fanciful cap, studded all over with small feathers of the most dazzling hue, so closely connected together that the material upon which they were affixed could not be ascertained. The whole was surmounted by a bunch, or we should rather say plume, of large feathers, that drooped coquettishly enough, over the right ear. When, to this, my sister would add a band of the freshest flowers, methought that no jewelled coronet was ever more graceful or more dignified. For vest, she had some remains of her blue jacket, upon

which was attached, in wide stripes, from the two shoulders converging to the point before her, which terminated that portion of her dress, several soft and rich-looking skins. She wore a pair of ample Turkish trousers, made of ribs of cloth, roughly sewed together, by the means of cocoa-plait, which cloth was merely the bark of the wild mulberry-tree, beaten out upon a rock, wet with salt water, then cleared from its outer cuticle, and afterwards cut into long strips. The texture of this natural linen was not much coarser than that of the manufacture employed in England for kitchen towels. The colour was of a dull whity brown, but Jugurtha was actively employed in preparing dyes from plants and berries, with the natures of which he was acquainted, in order to exercise his skill in fanciful adorning, upon a new pair, that was already in a state of great forwardness.

My sister's pretty little ankles were nearly concealed by a pair of half boots, the upper part of which was formed of a sun-dried skin, with the long brown fur outside; the soles were of the same skin, fastened to shapes of drift wood, chiselled out by sharp shells, and rendered perfectly smooth by a file made of a branch of coral. The upper and lower part of this buskin was attached by a clear strong gum that exuded plentifully from a tall tree with very small leaves. Honoria assured me that they fitted her feet perfectly, and she was never more at ease in them in her life. Besides, they were not only tight against wind and dust, but almost water-tight also. They were free from all bad odour, and the only objection that the most fastidious could find against them was, that they were a little larger (to the eye only) than necessary, and had a somewhat clumsy appearance. I longed devoutly for a similar pair.

With a long bow, made of a dark wood, and arrows of reed, tipped with flint-pebble or sharp pieces of shell, shaped for the purpose, she stood the Diana of these favoured climes. She had already taken several lessons in archery during my confinement to the hut, and had made so much progress as to have wounded an edible rat so severely, that he was unable to make his escape; so that Jugurtha killed, and Bounder ate him.

The house, or rather our principal room, was formed like most of those which every one conceives to be the first efforts at architecture under a genial climate. It was an oblong square, the walls of which were composed of a few upright branches fixed in the ground, slightly bound together by the smaller twigs, and the whole made air and water tight by the broad and thick leaves of the sugar cane and the cocoa-nut tree. The shelving roof, from one long pole in the centre, supported by uprights in the middle of the hut, was made nearly in the same manner, and thatched with precisely the same materials. The ground of the inside had

been raised against these frail walls, nearly a foot all round, which served much to strengthen their foundations. This embankment Jugurtha had trampled down hard, and covered with small leaves, and the finest dried grass, together with the soft woolly matter, plucked from the wild cotton-trees. On this he laid a profusion of skins. He had already hunted down and trapped a great many wild dogs and other small animals of prey.

The very day after he had brought us home, Jugurtha began doubling the walls of his house and filling the space between them with clay, which the heat of the sun soon turned into a consistence almost as firm as burnt brick.

As my health rapidly improved, we soon became active together. From sunrise to sunset we were continually and usefully employed. Jugurtha wanted us to act the prince and princess, and remain at home in dignified idleness. To this neither Honoria nor myself would consent. There was so much for us to do, and the pleasure was so great in doing it.

Our first care was to build a separate house for my sister. To make this commodious and even beautiful, as regarded our means and the climate, was our greatest anxiety. We began by making the side-walls loftier, and improved upon Jugurtha's first building by leaving in them spaces for a window on each side, for the door was the only means by which light and air could find its way into our present abode. Not knowing to what extent the cold might annoy us in the rainy season, after some expostulation, I carried my point with my black friend, and we attempted a fire-place of stones, and baked clay within the apartment.

The chimney was next to be erected. I was for constructing it in the cyclopean style of architecture. Jugurtha made me understand that this would not succeed in a climate subject, like this, to such fearful bursts of hurricane. We then commenced it with bricks of sun-dried clay, a groove being left in the bottom and a corresponding elevation on the top of the brick. The ends of each were likewise contrived so as to dove-tail.

We worked at this edifice *con amore*, but it did not, of course, preclude us from other occupations. We conversed but little with each other; which silence was, I believe, a voluntary and unconscious tribute, on our parts, to poor Jugurtha's inability to speak. Our food was most abundant and various, and we throve upon it wonderfully.

Honoria's house, or rather room, was, in the space of a couple of months, completely finished. The stone stove answered well, and the chimney did not smoke. At length, she gave her first party in it with a great deal of dignity. The table in the centre was a large slab of stone, nearly black, the upper surface of which Jugurtha had rubbed quite smooth, by grinding

it with another stone still harder. It was in shape not quite square, nor quite round, nor quite oval, nor very angular, but partook largely of the merits of all these forms. It was elevated upon four substantial pedestals of rock, deeply imbedded in the floor. There was no chance of overturning the table, even in our wildest revelry. Nor could we more easily throw down the seats, as they also were of one consistency with the earth beneath them, hardened and well smoothed down. However, they were well covered with small dry leaves, the wool of the wild cotton, and the furry skins of several small animals.

We had cups of the cocoa-nut shell in abundance, dishes of calabashes, vases, and cups and saucers of various sized and elegantly shaped shells. We had the flesh of several animals, among which that of the wild hog, in its infancy, was the most prominent. Our fish was abundant, and our dessert would have shamed the table of an alderman.

To all this I must add, that no one knew better than Jugurtha how to tap the palm-tree, and by the means of due fermentation, turn its pleasant sap into a delicious wine. At this inaugural fête, all the principal personages in the territory were invited, and no one so far forgot his gallantry and the duties of politeness as to stay away.

We sat down to our table a little after noon, and Honoria did the honours with a grace and dignity that could not be surpassed. Indeed, her attention to her distinguished guests was of that delicate and unremitting nature, that she washed the dishes with her own hands, and cleared the table after the repast herself, for the introduction of coffee. This day we, for the first time, abstained from all labour, not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of our feast. We felt ourselves independent and happy, and our happiness was manifested by our countenances, our voices, and our actions.

Of this party, so memorable in the annals of my life, Bounder was the first who forgot himself. In the exuberance of his enjoyment, he ate so much broiled pig, that he found he could not very well see out of his eyes, so he went to the door-way for more light, and shutting them, fell fast asleep in the sun.

Jugurtha, at various intervals, got up and danced, and was all the livelong day too much in a hurry to express himself by talking with his fingers. Yet, upon the whole, he expressed himself very well. Happiness, I really believe, could do no more for him.

Honoria was condescending enough to sing us a few Spanish and sprightly songs, to all of which her sable auditor danced and snapped his fingers. I made many profound observations, and several excellent speeches, and resolved, the next day, to shave

myself, trusting to my penknife for the razor, and to Jugurtha's ingenuity for everything else.

I may safely assert, that the whole day was one of unclouded pleasure. A walk by moonlight alone, arm in arm with my sister, on the banks of the river, concluded the evening.

I saw her to the threshold of her new habitation. We had no occasion to knock for admittance, for, as yet, the door was not constructed. Indeed, against what had she to bar and lock herself, excepting the too cool winds of the heavens whenever they might blow, and, as yet, they had not chosen to be severe.

After having mutually bade God bless each other, the first uneasy thought of the livelong day, seemed, by her parting expression, to have attacked her. With a sigh from the depth of her heart she imprinted on my brow the sisterly kiss of peace and good-night—"Oh! my beloved Ardent! how will this end?"

"We are in the hands of God, Honoria; but remember, that is the only thought which I forbid you not only to dwell upon, but even to admit. We are happy now, my love. Let us thank God for that. Good-night."

## CHAPTER XLII.

Miss Troughton at home—not the number but the conviviality makes the feast—a little aldermanic excess—after refection comes reflection—gravity an excellent cloak.

After the jubilee of the preceding day the happiness that it had engendered was, in my mind, continually embittered by the ever recurring thought, of "how will this end?" Though I had forbidden this solemn query to my sister, it was for ever resounding in my own ears, and the only answer to it which I could furnish, was in the simple and grand words of the text, "fly from the wrath to come." Yes, all that I could conceive of the most ecstatic bliss—of a bliss that would, in its excess, destroy every wish for heaven, and make the idea of a hereafter distasteful; was to me, and to me only, comprised in the terrible words, the "wrath to come."

I fled. Vain effort; my sister was ever near me—though in the deepest shades of woods—almost, or perhaps quite coeval with this beautiful land, there was the smiling, blooming, and love-inspiring Honoria, more intensely present to me in her absence than when she was actually by me. At length, I found, that, in these imaginative interviews she was doubly dangerous to

me. In these she looked, acted, and spoke, exactly as the demon that ruled within me, and that was urging me on to destruction, wished that she should do. Too often, when maddened by passion almost into a resolution of crime, I, when alone and tempted, fled for protection against myself into the purity of her presence, and the holiness of her innocent look has cooled me into rationality, and made me remember, with reverence, our mutual parents.

I roused myself, and throwing off the rose-entwined though iron fetters of reflection, I endeavoured to remember me of the wisdom that I had met with in time-honoured and multitude-reverenced books. That constant activity of the body is the best preservative against the insidious disease of a riotous imagination, was the aphorism that stood boldly prominent, and seemed most applicable to my case. I tried it. I laboured to excess. I even began to weary the hitherto indefatigable Jugurtha with fresh undertakings, and to distract him with new inventions. This unintermitting toil both of mind and body caused a luxurious appearance of civilisation to arise around us. Though, in the first rudiments of the arts that administered to the preservation of mere animal existence, my black friend was infinitely my superior; after we had made the first advances, I took the lead, and, no doubt, but that he often wearily followed me, being utterly at a loss to conceive the enjoyment of, much less the necessity for the refinements that I introduced.

"Whom do you expect, my Ardent?" was my sister's continual question, when early in the morning I discussed some great improvement either in our dwelling, our furniture, or our plantations, and when wearied, unto death, I returned in the evening from my labours of carrying them into effect.

My only answer to these tender inquiries, was, and could be—but she guessed not how deeply true—"I am working only for your happiness."

"You will increase it the more, my brother, by giving me more of your society. Of what now do we really stand in need?"

"Oh! of very many things. Should we be fated to pass here our lifelong days, only reflect, that we must never allow ourselves to stagnate. I must now labour for twelve hours of the twenty-four, in order that when age shall either steal on or surprise me, I may be enabled to do, almost, without labouring at all."

"How provident you are, Ardent. But if you must work, let me labour with you."

"You work, already, Honoria, more than is needful. Stay at home, and near home dearest, and ornament and improve what Jugurtha and I stronger, though less skilful, are able only to rough hew."

So, for nearly forty days, I and the negro hunted, and dug, and fished, and made implements for all kinds of purposes with an eagerness that seemed a mania. Could we have conversed I should have been less miserable.

In spite of all body-weariness I could not quell the raging of thought. I became a casuist. I tried the question of my feelings in the crucible of all manner of arguments. I sought out God's will—or, at least I fancied so—whilst I was listening all the while to my own. My heart was crumbling away into bitter ashes with the conflicting fires within it.

And yet—I discovered some truths—but this is not the age in which to publish them. What pages, what chapters, what accumulated volumes could I not write, were I, like Jean Jacques, to give an history of my mind, and this period of its severest trial! If life be to be measured by action, and thought be the principal action of life, what ages of misery did I not condense in a few months. In the meanwhile, Honoria, unconscious totally of the cause, and nearly of the extent of the anguish that was fast urging me into insanity, bloomed out daily into more exquisite beauty. I have, unperceived by her, intensely contemplated for, I had almost said hours, her loveliness that was all but divine, and, when at length she has suddenly turned the radiance of her look upon me, I have started, and uttering a cry as if pierced to the vitals, have rushed into the open air, and madly raced along the margin of the river, fool that I was! as if it were possible to outstrip my own thoughts.

Oh, this was an awful, an excruciating combat of antagonist principles, and the arena where they thus furiously contended, my wretched bosom, was made a ruin and a desolation—and I could discover no hopes of peace.

The passion of overworking myself by manual labour lasted hardly so many days as the trust of future humanity floated upon the God-incited waters. Many was the raven thought that departed from the ark of my bosom, but no returning dove brought back to me the beautiful symbol of peace, the olive branch. After this period, I fell into the melancholy phase of my mind. Everything darkened over and around me. It is true, that I still saw the sun in the cloudless heaven, that I still watched the lightning dart its arrowy fire-streams from the eastern even to the western horizon; but the one seemed to me to have lost its glory, the other its startling effulgence. A filmy livery of black appeared to have shrouded all nature—the sparkling stream, the vivid green of the foliage, the gorgeous glories of the host of flowers were all subdued into this funeral tone. A sudden decay seemed to have afflicted the universal face of nature. Everything living seemed progressing towards the grave, everything inani-

mate crumbling into sepulchral ashes. Everything! Did I say everything?—dolt that I am. Oh, no, it was not thus with all things. The glorious, the effulgent exception was thee! my own, my all transcending Honoria. As I gazed upon you, you shone forth to me as something more dazzling than the principle of light. You were, in my eyes, the foundation of a new order of life, a messenger, and a means from the eternal for another and a brighter world, a better earth than that upon which we trod, a more genial heaven than that which now spreads its canopy above us—and, above all, the ecstatic thought of a noble race of beings, to glorify the Supreme, to love each other, and to be happy. And, in this sublime consummation was not I to be a sharer—aye—on that ocean of bliss lay the rock, not disguised, covered by no smiling waters, but palpable, distinct, in all the horrors of crime.

And then I aroused me from my stupor, and began to consider my position metaphysically. I reasoned upon it; I marshalled my thoughts in excellent scholastic order. I had my major and my minor—my propositions and my data, and away I went to work; but I stopped suddenly, as does a man who, advancing on what he considers to be a safe road, suddenly finds a precipice yawning beneath his feet. I soon discovered that I could prove everything, and directly after, quite as easily, disprove what I had before so satisfactorily proved. There was no truth in me. All that I could distinctly understand was, that I had upon me an almost uncontrollable impulse to do, barred by a terrible sensation of remorse.

In the midst of these terrible mental convulsions, one placid night, just as the young and crescented moon had disappeared among the fresh western foliage, I stole from my bed, like one intent upon crime; and, by the clear and serene star-light night, sought my way up to the summit of a grove that grew upon a small but steep hill, but little remote from our cottages. It was one of the high places of nature; a spot on which it would have been worthy, in the days of types and of sacrifices, to have erected an altar to the Living God. There I watched, and—may I say it without impiety?—prayed until the rising of the sun.

I will not say that, by that long night's wrestling with my spirit that I was either re-invigorated or refreshed. In one sense, certainly, I was made strong, for I had required that first of mental strength, the strength of purpose. My determination was fixed—my final resolve was made. That stupendous act of the mind will be, and only can be weighed, when, in the courts of eternity, I shall tremble before Omnipotence as my judge. From that fearful night, testing myself by the opinions of man, the pangs of my expiation ought to have commenced: they were not slow in heir progress.

As I returned to the dwelling I met Honoria, who had just arisen, with the morning hymn in her voice, and in her heart, and on her countenance. I looked upon her with the reverence due to some one not mortal, sent to me to do a heavenly mission. I commenced with her a measured and a solemn conversation. I transgressed my own so often, and so strongly expressed orders, by inducing her to speak of the futurity. I began to be oratorical on the high ends that we mortals may work out in the creation. I was eloquent upon imaginary duties, and stern in enforcing upon her the doctrine that we could not, without sin, be happy then and there, in the simple beatitude of existence that, at least, she had recently so fully enjoyed.

But I spoke mystically, warning her of some important change that must necessarily ensue to both of us; but being, at the same time, most guarded as to the manner in which that change was to be effected, not exactly, even then, knowing my own intentions as to the manner of working out my resolve, I bewildered her, and made myself appear like a hypocrite who uses words to deceive and to confound.

As she turned from me with a benignant smile, after this morning's lecture, I heard her murmur, "What can Ardent mean by all these homilies on futurity, unless it be to build a church?"

It is not here needful to avow what was my intention. Suffice it to say, that then I conceived that intention to be my duty; and that they will go hand in hand, your wish and your duty, to very extravagant lengths, let the ghosts of all the little children, the spawn of heretical parents, whose bodies have been burned in papal flames,—let them, I say, cry aloud.

The whole of this morning I was reserved, and nearly silent. These unsocial manifestations did not much disturb my sister, for I had lately accustomed her to singular mutations of temper. At our mid-day meal, just as I was preparing myself to unfold one of my precursive designs with due emphasis and solemnity, Honoria crushed at once the budding oration, by jocularly observing that Jugurtha was growing stout and comely, and Bounder so fat that he could hardly run.

As, at this precise moment, I thought I was wielding all the powers of my imagination and my judgment in elaborating a sublime discovery, the tendency of which it was my office then to make known in language suitable to the subject, I could not proceed. Not much marking my silence, the lady ran on:—

"A pity it is, my Ardent, that we cannot discover, in these beautiful wilds, some young Indian maid, who might make our Jugurtha a good wife. I think we ought to extend our researches in this our kingdom."

The chuckle and the prodigious grin of satisfaction that anima-

ted the negro's features at this simple and purely innocent remark, drove me almost mad. Had a peal of thunder reverberated beneath my feet, I could not have been more astounded. There was nothing in the words themselves, and still less in the manner of their utterance, yet they seemed to contain in them the mysteries, and the meanings also, of vast volumes. They stung me into momentary madness; I rushed forth, and was a wanderer for the rest of the day.

Late in the evening I returned. Conscious that my acts were not those of a sane person, and, still more to increase my sufferings, I found Honoria in tears. How readily—how eagerly she was comforted. She had fancied that she had unintentionally offended me; and yet the buoyancy of her spirits I could not wholly restore. She had extorted from me something like a confession that I was not quite happy. She asked my confidence. In reply to this torturing request, I had nothing but prevarication and dissimulation to offer. I made the tone of my voice as tender, and my looks as brotherly as I could; but, with all this, I surrounded my person with a respect such as sons pay to an aged father. I repelled everything like familiarity, as much as was consistent with kindness; I permitted her no more the caressing rights of a sister, and—sweet fool—she fancied from all this that I *loved her too little.*

## CHAPTER XLIII.

An emperor in search of his subjects—much more easy to people dreams than wildernesses—when a man argues with himself he is sure to gain the victory—I neither build châteaux en Espagne, nor elsewhere, being so much architecturally employed in my own dominions.

Enough of time and of space has been given to the description of the wanderings and wayward flights of the heart. Come we now to acts; and let me leave to all who may peruse these pages the curious office of imagining all that passed in my mind in my singular situations. I have endeavoured, in my description, to avoid all reflections that were the most obvious: I think that I have succeeded. Not that, at the time, I did not make them, but that it would be weary to record them.

Sorry am I to say, that such is the guiltiness of the human heart, I felt, for the first time in my life, something like a dislike to Jugurtha gaining a fast hold upon me. This feeling I knew I

was base enough to have implanted in me by my sister's unthinking remarks of the previous day. I began to regard him as a moral contingency, something that ought not only to enter into my scheme of action, but one who might be called upon to become the principal actor. And what had enmity to do with him, one so good, so mild, so obedient; one, too, not only devoted, but to whom so much, nay, everything was owing? Could ever distaste to him have arisen in me who had always held ingratitude to be the worst of crimes? I smote my rebellious bosom, whilst conscience answered, it had.

It is not necessary, and it would be too painful, to lay all the plans of my future operations before the reader. Let it be sufficient to him to know that the first of my destined proceedings was to depart immediately and alone, in order to trace the river that ran before the door of our habitation to its source. I made known my intention despotically as that of one whom to gainsay, or even to remonstrate with, would be sin. Brief and cold were the words that I used on this occasion. Honoria did not—I fear me from my harsh manner, dared not resist; but she fell into the very agony of grief. Jugurtha was also stunned for a time, when he found that we were to be separated.

In order to offer them as much consolation as I was able, I fixed the period of my absence to four days and nights, solemnly promising to return before, should I sooner discover the debouche of the stream. I did not then hesitate to leave Honoria under the care of Jugurtha; Bounder I resolved to take with me. Four-and-twenty hours were sufficient to provide me enough of food to last the specified time, and I had already so much benefitted by the instructions of the negro, as to know what of the multiplicity of fruits I might eat in that land of vegetable plenty. I did not anticipate much fatigue, as, by keeping close to the banks of the river, I should necessarily avoid the irregularities of hill and dale.

Astonished, confounded, and mute, and almost dissolved in tears, Honoria, when I blessed her at departing, found no words to express her sorrow. Jugurtha was, for the first time in his intercourse with me, nearly sulky. This unusual manifestation I pretended not to regard; but, at bidding him farewell, recommended the safety of my sister to him, in the most impressive manner of which my powers of language would permit.

With a heavy heart, and a suffocating sensation on my chest, I took my departure from an abode that had afforded me so many months of shelter, health, and, until my feelings had again taken their morbid and passion-tainted colouring,—of happiness, and wilfully plunged myself into the solitude, vast and beautiful, of the wilderness.

I took the dog with me: loth was he to go, and betrayed, by every means that his instinct permitted to him, his disinclination to proceed. Often he would stand still, and turning his head towards our home, howl piteously; he even, at times, showed, so much the spirit of rebellion as to make some retrograding paces. All these little indications of revolt I easily and promptly overcame by the firmness of my manner, and when we had proceeded a few miles he began to close fondly upon my path, wag his tail, and evince other indications of a desire to atone for his late yearnings towards disobedience.

For the first seven miles I found the stream was nearly similar to its appearance where near our habitation—that is, about fifty feet broad, of a remarkably clear water, and apparently of a sufficient depth for the purposes of general navigation. Its sinuosities were few and gentle, and but little or no sand was formed on its banks. Its course was gentle, moving, as nearly as I could calculate, at the rate of a mile and a half the hour. The green sward came down, in most places, to the very brink of the living waters; here and there, there were marshy spots, prolific in the family of birds, of which I could only recognise the general character, the tribes to which they belonged being wholly unknown to me. These places compelled me to make detours inland, which gave me the opportunity of observing the wonderful fertility of the soil, and the unlimited profusion of its vegetable productions. The traces of various species of small wild animals were numerous, and a genus of the rat kind, an animal large, fat, and indolent, crossed our path in incalculable numbers: it was on these, principally, that Bounder fed.

Astonishment need not be expressed at my being thus minute upon all that I observed; for did I not then suppose that this land was to be to me as a future kingdom, and I the patriarch of a race? But on this, my solitary expedition, it was neither for flowers or for fruits, bird or beast, that I sought. My researches were for my brother man—for some traces of the human race. Not a vestige of these could my most patient and yet eager investigation afford me.

At noon, when the heat of the atmosphere became oppressive, I retired a few hundred yards into the forest, and there, with my companion, partook of my mid-day meal. How profound and how awful was the silence! All things living, but those of the insect tribe, had sought repose. I was weighed down by this oppressive calmness; I began to feel painfully conscious that I was alone. What a relief—what a luxury would it then have been to hear the sound of anything human. The tones of my sister's voice would have sounded like the hymnings of the cherubim; even Jugurtha's harsh and guttural tones would have been wel-

come as the waters of the well are to the parched in the desert. I looked to the dog to break the heavy thraldom of this unnatural silence; but he had eaten too many rats, and was inclined to follow his "custom in the afternoon."

After all, man's mind is, to him, a heavy burthen. I began to think, as I viewed the filled and the sleeping dog, that instinct would have been sufficient, and much more certain to happiness for the much vaunted "image of the Deity." Whilst we have pleasurable impulses, and still more pleasurable gratifications attending them, what need we with reflection, that nice judge with the scales, who weighs everything, even to the least particle? and what is all this nice calculation but an unprofitable, a most impertinent intrusion? With many more subtle and silly (and the more silly because the more subtle) speculations of this nature, I had nearly resolved to arise immediately, retrace my steps, and go and live in my little circle like the sensual brute; think myself lord of all I surveyed; eat, drink, enjoy myself, and sleep.

There is no constancy in the mind of man. There never was, even in those whom the world have looked upon as the greatest heroes—there never was, until insanity of some sort intervened. The constancy that we perceive in some men's actions is not the constancy of their minds, but a continuance of the same impelling circumstances that surround them. Habits and physical wants only make what is called, the so much paraded constancy. Unshackle the soul from its physical chains as much as you can, and the little that that much embraces can only be seen in sleep, and then observe in the mind's hour of waking—the body's sleeping—what a vagrant feeble essence this same mind is. She is most emancipated in dreams. A person who is all soul must be all changeableness.

I make these remarks in my own defence. I make them to rescue myself from contempt at my ever varying resolutions. I had then to create my own circumstances—I was the arbiter of my own duties—the maker of my own impulses, and just then, responsible only to my God and to my conscience. Who that is placed in society can say this? Imprisoned within the social circles, how few are those who dare stray much, either wrongly or rightly; and if they do, how quick and how ample is the vengeance taken upon the explorers! Oh! my self-responsibility was then a fardel and a curse to me.

Notwithstanding all my inward discontent, I slept, however, peacefully perhaps, but certainly long and profoundly. I could recollect no dream, recall no revelation; yet I had a deep and untraceable impression that I had been mysteriously counselled—counselled to go on in my purpose. I shook off the dry leaves from my dress, arose, called Bounder from his lair, and, with a

firmer tread, and a more inflexible determination, proceeded on my journey.

I had then—I have even now, my host of vanities. Who that is worth anything has not? Some of mine were personal ones. Let us despise none, and, more especially, let us not despise ourselves. It is an ingratitude to the Giver of all Good to undervalue, and both an ingratitude and a littleness to affect to undervalue the advantages of person. I believed that I then possessed them, not eminently, but abundantly. As I was about to lave my face and hands in the clear water, before I ruffled its placid surface, I gave one minute to self-contemplation. These were the results; and I assure the reader that this was the first time that I had ever mirrored myself since my last shipwreck. We are ashamed to be seen doing these things that we know all do, and feel pleasure in doing.

Tall, muscular, and symetrically formed, I might have pronounced my figure to have been almost faultless, had it not been for the rather disproportionate breadth of my shoulders, a defect by which I lost as much in that refinement of deportment which marks the highly born, as I gained in physical power. My features were regular, and distinctly, perhaps a little hardly, cut; my eyes were restless, fierce, and dark, and through the brown skin of my cheeks there flushed strongly a dusky crimson; my beard, whiskers, and moustachios were, like my hair, coarse, strong, curling, and of a jet black; yet, with all this strong cast of countenance, the general expression of my features, as a whole, was singularly placid and mild. My forehead was high and broad, yet certainly not white, and already marked with several horizontal, and two or three perpendicular lines.

My dress was picturesque and elegant, my outward garments being made of various skins, but fashioned much upon the model of European fashions. The short sailor's jacket looks romantic enough when composed of various furs. I wore a tall conical cap, of the skins of a small species of deer, that was quite impervious to the wet; nor was I without a kind of linen, made of the inner bark of a tree that had been first saturated with water and then a process of decomposition going on upon it, left a very soft and linen-like texture behind. For all these luxuries I was indebted to Jugurtha.

Slung at my back were my bow and a bundle of arrows, made of stout reed, and neatly tipped with strong fish-bone. I did not boast of much skill as a toxopholite, as regarded the accuracy of my aim; Jugurtha was almost certain with these weapons, yet I could deliver the arrow at the object with much more force, and send it one-third farther than he: against a large, and not too distant object, it was, in my hands, a truly formidable weapon. I

was also armed with a spear; that is, a long and somewhat stout staff, tipped with a hard conical shell, terminating in a fine point, that was quite as sharp, and nearly as tough as iron : against the body of man and beast it would have done equal execution with a lance. Confident in my arms, my health, and my strength, I feared nothing that was likely to cross my path, and again I strode on, in imagination, over an empire that I was hereafter to found.

As I proceeded down the river I found the stream widen and grow more shallow, and its course much obstructed by the debris of rock. At this point the navigation seemed to me doubtful, and, if at all practicable, must have been with difficulty, and needed the guidance of a good pilot. In my then frame of mind, I felt this to be a great mortification, as tending to diminish the value of my future kingdom, and an impediment to the rapid progress that my posterity should make in civilisation. What idle dreamers we are!

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Hearsay evidence that may be depended upon—delicate situations and embarrassing combinations—a treaty of peace made with the point of a stiletto—an important person takes leave of the world, apparently not desiring much good from his benefit of clergy.

I have hitherto kept the reader's company, and described nothing but that, to which I was either an eye-witness, thought, or felt. But, as the catastrophe of my adventures is fast drawing to a climax, I must relate, upon the concentrated and carefully examined evidence of others, the series of events that took place in that floating inferno, the Santa Anna.

She was last described as having her sails aback, coming up and falling off at the mercy of the winds, sheets and tacks flapping about in disorder, and the whole picture made still more revolting by the young English lad, attired in my sister's dress, swaying to and fro, a livid corpse, at the fore-yard-arm. If thus dreadful in her external appearance, she was, inside, a still more horrid spectacle. The most apt, the most disgusting, and apt because disgusting, place to which she could be likened, was that of a vast and ill-arranged slaughterhouse. Of all the inmates, the dead were the happiest.

The party that had espoused the cause of justice and benevolence, was nearly annihilated in the struggle; and, immediately this desperate and disastrous victory had been decided in favour

of Mantez, the few of the crew surviving, and none survived that were not wounded, were coolly stilettoed, with one singular exception, and that exception more singularly made by the captain himself. It was the case of the Silver Spoon.

In the fore cabin my father had fallen severely but not at all dangerously wounded. He had received several broad and some deep gashes, and his loss of blood was considerable. Yet he had not lost his own consciousness. William Watkins, the Spoon, lay over him, and in every attempt that the good old man made to rise, he was purposely frustrated by the superincumbent cockney.

Now this Watkins, though a brave, was not only a cool but a cunning man. He had, all along, fought with the utmost effect, yet coolly, and with much discretion. Perhaps more opponents had fallen by his hand than by that of any other of our party, yet he had suffered the least. True it is, that the man was wounded, but neither dangerously nor severely. Yet he made the most of his appearance, by contriving to spread blood nearly over the whole of his person. Similating as much as possible, death, he was seen lying, as I have described him, over my father, when Mantez returned from witnessing my escape through the cabin window.

This wretch, having ascertained the absence of Honoria, was now seeking for intelligence concerning her. The few living that had adhered to us, had been too quickly despatched; and their murderers had not thought it necessary to reserve even one that they found alive to afford them intelligence. In the then state of savage excitement of the conquerors, few paid much heed to the captain's eager inquiries after the Donzella. My mother lay in a state of insensibility on the carpet in the after cabin, and Isidora was actually in a temporary state of insanity. The female attendants, when questioned, truly asserted that Honoria had jumped into the sea. As this assertion seemed to be contradicted by the evidence of his own senses, they only got brutally kicked and beaten for their intelligence.

If, at this moment of terrible excitement, Mantez had seen Don Julien living, he would, undoubtedly, have sacrificed him in his wrath. But he lay among the dead as dead. As the captain had no suspicions but that, when the exasperation of the few of his men that now remained living had somewhat subsided, that he should again reduce them to subjection, but he much feared lest Honoria should just then fall into their hands. He wanted her in his own.

He had already examined the two cabins, and at last paused near the group of bodies so respectably surmounted by William Watkins. He looked upon him with a malicious grin. He only

recognized in him the person who had inflicted upon him the two slight wounds, the only hurts that he had encountered in the affray. When he was fired upon he did not hear, or hearing, did not understand the allusion the Silver Spoon made to his brother. However, he had received from him sufficient stimulus to make him insult what seemed to be his dead body.

"English carrion," he exclaimed, giving him a vengeful kick, "Did you dare to draw the noble blood of a Spaniard?"

Wilkins bore the kick stoically, but he could not resist its physical force, for it so much removed him, that my parent's body lay exposed. Now, of all things, this sharp but really good hearted cockney wished that the old merchant should not be seen until men's minds had somewhat cooled down from their thirst for slaughter. So, when he thought that the ruffian's kick was valedictory as well as maledictory, he slowly drew himself back to his original position. This action was, however generously conceived and skilfully executed, perceived by Mantez.

"What! heretic, not yet in hell," said he, bending over him with his stiletto gleaming before the eyes of the prostrate sailor. "Depart."

Now, the command was simple, energetic, and perfectly intelligible, but as obedience just then would have been inconvenient, the Silver Spoon seized the descending right hand with his left, and with his other hand got a grasp so suffocating on the throat of the assassin, that the little breath that escaped through it was barely sufficient for life, and left nothing for any speech. In a moment Watkins had tumbled him between two dead bodies, and then looking stealthily round, he saw none in the cabin but the dead or the departing. This was extremely fortunate for Mantez —for it saved his life.

"If you please, your honour," said the Silver Spoon, whispering in his ear, and lying lovingly beside him, "I am going to stick you. Have you any remark to make, or hint to insinuate?" He then a little relaxed his grasp.

"Arrah—ah"—commenced Mantez, attempting a shout.

The vice upon the throat was immediately tightened in such a manner that the captain became livid in the face, and his own poniard not only made its way through his clothes, but actually penetrated the three skins that form the natural dress of our bodies.

"Bad manners to you, captain," resumed the Spoon. "Why don't you preserve the genteel style of conversation, and speak in a whisper like I do. Be so kind as to let me know if you have any particular commands before I spit your heart with this delicate skewer."

And there then ensued a fearful contract between the English-

man and the Spaniard, in whispers through their fixed teeth. But the imposer of the terms was not content until he had heard and seen the pirate swear to them on the cross of his own stiletto.

"Now, captain, rise, and remember, that until we land, we never lose sight of each other."

"And you will serve me faithfully until that period."

"Most assuredly—I will be near you sleeping, I will attend you waking. You shall eat and you shall drink, and I will still guard you. I will stick to you like the gold to the fingers of the miserly overseer of the poor."

Don Mantez certainly did not know the value of the last comparison; however, we must suppose that he took it as a strong assurance of fidelity, for he said he was perfectly satisfied. Watkins then assisted him to rise, still retaining the dagger.

Now the conditions of this extorted contract were, personal safety for all the passengers that remained, immediate surgical attendance to the wounded, and a due regard to their comforts. The inviolability of the seclusion of my sister (of whose escape neither party was then aware) if she should desire it; and the most important of all, that Watkins should be immediately installed into the undignified office of being sole body servant to the captain. All this rapid negotiation was concluded in the Spanish language, with which the seaman was nearly as well acquainted as with his own.

In what manner either the one or the other intended to observe these stipulations, it is difficult to imagine; however, they answered very well for their present emergency, and what would the most refined diplomacy ask more?

As my venerated parent, who had been a silent witness to these transactions, and much doubted whether the Silver Spoon was of base metal or sterling, had just gained his legs, and was going to make some sagacious observation, five drunken men, who had recently plundered the spirit-room, and had found the lad disguised in Honoria's clothes below, now reeled into the cabin with that doomed youth.

Every one was confounded. The exasperation of the inebriated and vengeance-desiring crew was at the extreme. In spite of the interference of William Watkins, and the faint intercessions of Mantez, the wretched boy was hurried on the forecastle, and run up at the yard-arm, in the manner before described. With all Mantez's ponderous crimes pressing their numbing weight upon his soul, even he shuddered at this unnecessary and revolting murder.

Though the confusion was extreme in the vessel, yet were they compelled, the less maddened among them, to pay some attention to the hostile manifestations of the American ship. Sufficient

powder was procured wherewith to load the main-deck guns, and, as before detailed, they were slowly run in for that purpose. But, in doing this, every one acted independently of the other. It was evident, even thus early, that acknowledged authority was no more.

The first and second officers had both been wounded. The third and fourth had been killed. Most of the petty officers had fallen. The few that remained unhurt looked upon themselves as invincible heroes, each individual among them entitled to the chief command. The surgeon, and the ship's barber, who acted as assistant to the former, were luckily unhurt. The cook had, in the melée, being most seriously careful of a person so indispensable to the welfare of the rest, crept, for safety, into his own copper, which his mate perceiving, a roguish negro, who aspired to his office, first half drowned him with salt water, and then fastening the lid down to prevent his shrieks being heard, lighted the fire beneath him, and very carefully parboiled him to death. The black villain, who had a taste for a variety of murder, then charged upon our party, armed with the tormentors, the prongs of which he had made red-hot for the occasion, and met a fate infinitely more noble than he deserved, by having one of the grape-shot from the cabin-guns driven through his sable carcass. It is good to record the destinies of important personages.

When all the dead and the hopelessly wounded had been thrown overboard, out of a crew of nearly two hundred men, who had left Barcelona in health, not more than forty-two remained alive, and of these only three-and-twenty were fit for duty; if now, any duty they would condescend to do. That this would be very little was apparent; for, when they had cleared the decks of the dead bodies, they seemed to think that they had done enough for the ship, for themselves, and for glory—they were determined to do nothing more for the officers.

The surgeon of the Santa Anna, I have mentioned in the early part of my narrative. He was a dry, hard character, but I believe, also, a thoroughly good and upright man. He seemed to be one who thought that he understood the nothingness of every thing connected with the ordinary affairs of humanity. He despised all those about him, yet was anxious to do every thing to assist them. He was taciturn, and when induced to speak, uniformly sarcastic. Studious to the manifest sacrifice of his health, he was perhaps more skilful than might have been expected from one placed in his situation. He had served in the Spanish army, and had there found an ample field for practice. A man of this description, is generally a man of disgusts. He had taken several important ones during his career. They had all been productive of loss to him. Among other things, they lost him a wife and

fortune; a high situation at court; and lastly, his high appointment on the medical staff of the Anglo-Spanish army.

Since he had shipped himself on board the Santa Anna, the disgusts that he had taken were numerous, but, as he could not absent himself in a fit of disdain, he forgot them one after the other, to receive fresh ones. In the early part of the cruize, he seemed to be getting attached to our family, and we were, with all his oddities, beginning to taste and to enjoy him, when he suddenly took a disgust at something unusually intolerant and bigotted in the priest, and ever after made only professional visits to our party. He had long before taken a profound disgust to Mantez. When the commotion broke forth in the Santa Anna, he was, by his accumulated disgusts, almost isolated from the rest of the crew.

On that memorable occasion, he was below in the cockpit, trying some chemical experiments, and so deeply absorbed in his occupation, that the noise did not at first arouse him. At length, when the firing became more rapid, and the shouts and screams more incessant, he thrust his bald head up the after-hatchway on the maindeck, and seeing that we were, like so many incarnate devils, but with more than devilish ferocity, cutting each other's throats, he beckoned his professional adjutant, the barber, from the fray, and quickly returned to the cockpit, and spread out his surgical instruments.

But our's was a wrath that knew no mercy, that had no room for consideration either for foe or friend. Where the man fell, he lay. None stooped to inquire of his hurt, or thought of bearing him off to a place of safety. It was not therefore until all was finished, that his services were put in requisition. Even then they were materially lightened by the barbarity of two or three of the crew, who had thrown overboard all those whose wounds they, in their wisdom, considered to be incurable.

The first person on whom Senor Zurbano was called upon to attend, was the chief officer, a first mate, Gomez Alfaruche. The priest was there before him. The man was mortally wounded. He felt this himself; but the lingering hope still flushed his countenance the moment he saw Zurbano. Save by the man of God, he was unattended. Who, in that moment of emancipation from authority, could so far demean himself as to play the servitor—even for one short hour—to the dying?

"What have you been all so industrious in poniarding each other about?—there seems to me to be a strange solitude in the ship."

"Oh! good, excellent, most excellent Zurbano, shall I die—are these wounds mortal? Look—look—the holes are but small."

"Ah, Boccolugo, hand me my probe"—in went the silver—'small, but deep."

"Yes deep—I feel they are—Oh, how deep!—but they do not reach the well-spring of life. Cannot you—so learned, so wise—cannot *you* cure them?"

"You will not want my assistance long. Come, tell all your sins to this holy man, it will be a good rehearsal for you. In the meantime, I will do the best I can for you—do you the best for yourself; for, by the virtues of pharmacy, we neither of us have much time to lose."

This cool announcement of his approaching dissolution had a terrible effect upon the sufferer. He had been before often wounded, and bore his hurts manfully; but to know that he was stricken unto the death, reduced at once the bravo to the most abject of cowards. At once he began to rave, and in his pitiful whinings betrayed to the surgeon and the ecclesiastic the whole of the perfidious and piratical designs of Mantez and his associates against the wealth, and, contingently, the lives of the passengers. Zurbano listened and proceeded with his operations calmly. The priest professed himself to be horror-struck—indeed, he was so much amazed at all he heard, that, before he could pronounce absolution, and just as Zurbano was adjusting the last bandage, the sinner, with a horrible oath, escaped from both.

"Oh, miserable me," exclaimed the padre, "Satan is too powerful for me—one of my flock is lost for ever—I might have got him freed after some millions of years in purgatory, had I been able to have heard his confession and shrived him—but now the devil has got the burly Gomez Alfaruche in *seculis seculorum*. The devil has been too much for me."

"Or the thrusts of the Troughtonians," said the man of medicine drily; and gathering up his instruments, he left the dead with the defender against damnation.

## CHAPTER XLV.

The ladies are once more cabinned, cribbed, and we may add, confined—the wounded are looked to—the Don proves a cur, and slips on the sables of sullenness—for want of some authority to inflict a round dozen every thing is going to sixes and sevens—when the cat won't do, try the clergy, it is the business of the latter to make people go aloft.

It will take me some time to describe the complete disorganization that took place in what remained of the crew of this ill-fated ship—and the strange effects that arose from it, both morally and physically, will occupy me much more. Zurbano

repaired from the first mate's berth without loss of time to the principal cabin, and when there, directly threw off the sloth of misanthropy. My father and Don Julien had their wounds properly attended to, and were comfortably conveyed to their cots, and installed in them in all the dignity of patients. Don Mantez was also attended to, but not without many a sarcastic remark from the surgeon. The women were aroused, and made to understand that any further exhibition of hysterics and faintings would be punished with bleeding, blistering, and salt water, and my mother and Donna Isidora at last soothed into a state of comparative quiescence.

The state cabin was thus, in time, reduced into something like order, and once more wore an appearance of comfort. Zurbano then proceeded to establish a sick-bay on the most airy part of the main-deck, for the reception of the wounded of the crew; and there he and the barber had more than sufficient employment to dispel all approaches of ennui.

Indeed, the master and man had to perform every thing, even to the most menial offices for the hospital. All the active part of the crew had suddenly become grandees.

The man who had taken the helm after the abdication of Watkins, had not been relieved long after the murdering had ceased. It was in vain that he hailed every one in sight; at length, he abandoned his post, and the vessel, with all her studding-sails set, flew up into the wind. It was well for her and her besotted crew that the heavens do not always visit man with retribution. The gentle breeze died away towards sunset, and the immense display of canvass hung listlessly from the yards, like the old banners in the still aisles of some ancient cathedral.

Now, for the better understanding of what I have to relate, it will be best to take a review of the inmates of the cabin. They were now reduced to my father and Don Julien, both of them confined to their cots and wounded; the latter grievously so. The lady Isidora and two female attendants had exclusively the possession of the after-cabin. The male servants that had been allowed to wait on the passengers, as well as those not seamen, who were brought on board by my father, had all perished in the onslaught, or had been savagely murdered after it.

Towards evening the two female attendants had so far recovered the use of their faculties as to get up a fire in the cabin stove, and make some preparations for refection, which was more than needed by all parties. In this approximation of a return to some of the proprieties of social life we must leave them for the present.

Return we now to the captain, with a ship certainly, but with no crew and no authority. In accordance with the compact between

him and the Silver Spoon, the latter followed him like a shadow, or more appropriate still, like the evil genius of an author. Watkins, in addition to the stiletto, had provided himself with a pair of loaded pistols, and Mantez well understood the use to which they would be applied if any thing was attempted against the safety of the denizens of the cabin.

After the wounds of the captain had been dressed, and he had taken some repose in his berth under the poop, he began to be sensible to those most imperative of all demands, hunger and thirst. Then, and not till then, did he come to the full conception of the utter disorganization that had taken place in the crew. There were no longer either provisions at hand, servants, cooks, or fire. Of this the Silver Spoon calmly informed him. Some biscuit, and wine and water, were all that could be procured.

When servant and master had both partaken of these, with but little distinction of rank preserved between them, the captain proceeded to the quarter-deck, in order to make an effort to recover his lost authority. The deck was completely deserted, as well as the helm; and the former was still encumbered with the awning and the splinter-netting, though they had been partially rolled off in order to get at the bodies to throw them overboard. They were saturated, and the deck slippery with blood. It was a sorry and a sad spectacle. Mantez looked upon Watkins with blank dismay.

"Your own seeking, skipper," was the familiar reply to the expressive look.

"What, in the name of the holy host of martyrs, shall I do?" said the discomfited commander.

"Do your best, senor—just for a change—for you have been doing bad enough lately—see what hands you can get to take in the studding-sails, and I'll take the wheel."

Observing when the ship paid off, and got a little way upon her, with the light airs that still blew from the northward and westward, Watkins soon got her upon her proper course. The captain's task was not so easy. There was neither boatswain or boatswain's mate to turn the hands up, and not a soul chose, for a length of time, to pay the least attention to his shoutings.

The only person that appeared in sight was the aged priest, Father Sanvedra; he was haggard and pale, and, as he moved along the deck, from time to time he convulsively wrung his hands. His grief was deep and unfeigned. When his eyes met those of the captain, he recoiled from him as if in horror. He remembered the confession of the so lately deceased chief mate. In Mantez he conceived that he saw the author of the irreparable calamity that he had just witnessed?

"May I claim speech with you, holy father?" said the captain, for the first time speaking very deferentially.

"Be brief, my——" son, he could no longer say—as ascending to the quarter-deck he approached him.

"What fresh calamity, father, am I to expect from your sorrow-stricken looks?"

"Every thing—the worst—the ship and all that it contains are doomed."

"Do you allude to the destruction of the greater part of my crew by this bloody, detestable, and heretical mutiny?"

"Who drove them into mutiny? But of that let us now have no more. Sinner with the blood-steeped soul, canst thou conceive no greater horror than this?"

"My first mate, the bravest and the best sailor that I had, died two hours since."

"Blasphemy! Verily, it is horrible—but a dark horror hangs over us—no longer will my spiritual conscience permit me to call this ark of the accursed, the Santa Anna. She is Anna the denounced."

"Perhaps, my good father, you imagine that for want of hands we shall all be drowned in the next storm? or if the storm be slow to come, we shall perish here on the desolate seas with thirst and hunger, each man panting for the life's blood of his companion. As you observe, holy father, it is horrible."

"Tush! simpleton—is there not pardon and redemption for all this, if not in this world in the world to come?—I speak of an inexpiable crime—of a sin against the Holy Ghost—for which, through the countless myriads of eternal years there is no assoil—know, and tremble with anticipation of your eternal burning—that the light has been extinguished that burned before the shrine of the Holy Virgin—that the clothes have been impiously plucked from her person, a pipe placed in her ineffable mouth, and in that glorious right hand, which shall hereafter lead sinners to the foot of the throne of mercy, a glass of rum has been most sacrilegiously placed." And then, throwing up his hands and lifting up his voice, he continued—"War and destruction! I curse with the ban of God this ship and all that it contains!"

During the latter part of the priest's recital, the ample quid in the mouth of our friend Watkins at the helm, undulated considerably within his capacious and well-tanned cheeks, and right and left the highly-coloured juice was deliberately squirted.

It was not exactly a laugh that issued from the man at the helm, but that sort of triumphant chuckle that testifies to a triumph that is to be secretly enjoyed. The profanation of the little waxen image, for profanation it certainly was, though performed by the most sincere iconoclast that ever existed, was not

the deed of the rejoicer in it. But Watkins had had too much experience not to be sensible that, with so weak a crew, who, if they had any religion, were bigots plunged into the darkest depths of ignorance, the influence of the padre was all in all.

Mantez was so much awe-struck at the anathemas of the priest, that he had not a remark to offer. Of two dangers, the worldly wise will always select the less, when a choice is necessary. Acting upon this principle, Watkins left the helm to take care of itself, whilst he went to undertake the difficult task of converting, *pro tempore*, the father, not from a Catholic to a Protestant, but from a priest to a boatswain's mate.

Luckily for his zeal for proselytism, the breeze just then freshened, and the ship was gradually coming up into the wind. Watkins stood at this juncture full before the aged man, and making him a most respectful reverence, he requested to be heard. This request was not, however, granted, until he had with the greatest possible delicacy stopped with his tarred and horny hand the volcano of maledictions.

"It is most true, holy father; we are a damned set, root and branch, from the main truck to the false keel—we of the laity; but that is no reason why you, my righteous sir, should be drowned; though, perhaps, you have no objection to it; it is an easy passage into everlasting bliss, of which you being certain, may be most eager to participate; but we, who are to be broiled everlastingly, naturally wish to defer the process as long as possible. But, good father, for the sake of us, miserable sinners as we be, do not hurry us all into the next world to-night—postpone, for us, your enjoyment of bliss."

"To-night—did you say to-night? How am I to avert it? Notwithstanding my self-mortifications, it does not become me to be presumptuous; what we know of purgatory is certainly not pleasant, and it would not be decorous in one devoted to the ministry to depart without the last of the seven sacraments."

At this part of the speech, the top-gallant studding-sail booms snapped, with a startling noise, and the sails hung helplessly down, like the broken wings of the vulture, giving at once approaching indications of wreck. The sign was manifest—he who ran might read.

"You and you only can do it; the few men that are living have got drunk, first with blood, and next with rum, and are totally mad with vanity: they are all Dons, no one will obey orders, and it is absolutely necessary that the most sober among them should go aloft and shorten sail. Curse them up from their filthy idleness with candle and with book, for, believe an old sailor, if you do not get them up, we shall, in a few hours, most assuredly all of us go down."

Father Sanvedra went to do as he was bidden, with, considering his years and his infirmities, considerable alacrity, and Mantez stood, lost in wonder and in fear, at the new associate he had formed, who, regardless of all manner of speculations upon himself, went very quietly to the wheel, and shortly after again got the ship on her proper course.

Now, in all the conversations that we have detailed, or may find it necessary to detail, we give only the sense of what the Silver Spoon spoke in Spanish; the spirit of it, and its grotesque peculiarity, are untranslateable.

However, he had somehow, and to his own astonishment, become an important personage; yet even he, with all his acuteness, had not anticipated the strange, but very natural course that affairs had taken. He could not conceive that Mantez would have been suddenly reduced to a mere cipher in his own ship. When he allied himself to him with the strange compact that we have described, he intended only to have hung upon his every action, and have watched his every word, and to have either shot him or have stabbed him to the heart, the moment that he saw him about to act foully against any of my family, or the cabin passengers.

Well, out of the score of the unharmed, but seven were found sufficiently sober to go aloft and get in the studding sails. Nor would these creep up the rigging to perform this necessary manœuvre until each had made a protest against the act being construed into a surrender of his newly acquired rights—that of just doing what a Spaniard so much delights in—nothing.

After three hours bawling and cursing, the studding-sails were got on deck, and the topgallant sails furled. The attempt to reef the topsails would have been utterly futile, so Watkins lowered them down on the cap, and then the seven Spaniards went glorifying and swaggering to their orgies below. Following their example, in the degree, Watkins abandoned the helm, and went into Mantez's cabin, and placing himself directly opposite to him, they both commenced, in the deepest silence, looking wistfully and woefully into each other's face.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

The right reading of an old saying,—"every one for himself, and the devil gets them all"—the organ of disorganization strongly developed—a few family arrangements—a new beau sprung up very difficult to be put down—the Silver Spoon comes into great request—an evening promenade at sea.

It was Liberty Hall on board the Santa Anña; every one did what he liked, and consequently liked nothing that he did. They, the few living remaining on board of her, knew that they could not do everything, therefore they elected to do nothing. Destruction was before them, but it seemed afar off. The sun shone brightly, and the variable airs were pleasant and mild. The livelong day was to them a siesta, if they liked, and the night an unbroken carouse—pleasant times for Messieurs les Espagnols. They had found their home on the deep, and said that it should be their enduring one, and their last. That it would be their last, with the exception of a watery grave, was very likely; that it should endure, even for a very transient time, seemed not at all probable. However, each man followed the devices of his own heart, and, for the present, all was tranquil.

The ship lay out of the track of every vessel, in the latitudes of calms and variable winds; no reckoning was kept—no one took the helm, except it were for amusement. With infinite labour Watkins had cleared and cleaned the quarter-deck, and the female servants kept the state cabin in decent order; but, except in one particular place, every other part of the vessel was left in accumulating filthiness.

A right pleasant life this was, no doubt, whilst it lasted; for the crew had nothing to do, or rather did nothing all day long, but eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, with long interludes of gambling.

Days and weeks thus passed on; my father and Don Julien had recovered from the effects of their wounds, and the two ladies had now no other diseases with which to contend than those of the mind. The people on board formed themselves into little communities, each independent of, and often hostile to the others. As every person went to the spirit and bread room when he liked, and got what provisions out of the hold he chose, the provident among them began to make secret hordes, and, as to the specie on board, instead of Don Mantez and the conspiring officers getting possession of it, every man had taken as much as he could

lay his hands upon; and, of all the party privy to the conspiracy, two only survived, the captain and the second mate.

To add to their other miseries, it soon became quite apparent that the light of the padre's mind had gone out with that before the shrine of his little waxen deity. From incoherent denunciations of vengeance, he proceeded to dreadful self-maceration and enfeebling fastings; this, united to his continual state of religious excitement, did their deadly work upon his brain. He ceased to fast and flagellate himself, but he roved about from deck to deck almost ceaselessly; his seldom recurring sleep surprising him only where he stood: he became a pitiable, a soul-distressing object; and it seemed that, as an indemnity for the loss of his reason, he had been endued with a superhuman eloquence:—how dreadfully that eloquence was employed; his shrill tones, trembling with curses the most awful, and revilings the most bitter, aroused the sleepers in the dead of night, to hear that for them, either in this world or the next, there was no longer any hope.

William Watkins seeing how totally harmless events had rendered the captain, gradually ceased to attend upon him, and finally left it to his Castilian pride to make his own bed, and to cook his own victuals, giving all his care and attention to my father and his companions. Senor Zurbano and the barber came also and joined with them; and as the latter did not altogether, though a professional man, object to be of use, the inmates of the cabin were tolerably well served and attended to. They isolated themselves almost entirely from the rest of the ship's company, coming only, at intervals, late in the evening, on the nearly deserted quarter-deck.

Whether it were from the effects of under-currents, or from the prevailing northerly breezes, which were never more than moderate, the ship was fast making south latitude. Really she was going as directly away from New Orleans as it was well possible for her. Let us now suppose five weeks to have elapsed under the above circumstances, and we will describe the scene in the fore-cabin.

But, before I commence, I must mention how completely the then state of freedom from all domination and restraint had brought out the idiosyncrasies and the latent insanities that some very learned people believe all of us to possess. The character of each individual now appeared in strong relief. My father, who perhaps could boast of the best ordered mind, was much the same as ever, perhaps a shade more circumstantial and exact than formerly, with a spice of petulance and peevishness, foreign to his general character. Having premised this, in order to account for any exaggeration that might be thought unnatural, I shall proceed.

The hour was that which heralds in the sunset, which generally proves to be the most glorious of the twenty-four. It was nearly calm, the water glistening, and smooth, and bright as a polished mirror, excepting when, at intervals, that which love-sick swains call a gentle zephyr, and seamen, a cat's paw, wantoned for a few yards over the surface of the waters, and then died away. The air fresh, elastic, and exhilarating, and the half ports being open, there was a thorough current of this pure atmosphere continually rushing through the cabin. Perhaps there was a fresher breeze rushing across Mr. Troughton's table than could have been found in the circumference of one hundred miles.

At the head of this table he sate,—Senor Zurbano at the foot. This latter gentleman was completely absorbed in the apparently relishing labour of adding copious notes to a most multitudinous manuscript. Near him, but seated a little rearwards, so that he could not be said to be placed at the same table, yet with his head resting upon it, was the barber, now twinkling with his little grey eyes upon his huge mixture of rum and water, now lifting them up, with silent admiration, at the nimble and pen-laden fingers of his master. This man was the happiest of the company; he had that delightful faith in the wisdom of the surgeon, that he felt himself proof against danger so long as he was near him.

My noble mother was, where a good wife always should be, at the right hand of her husband. She was dignified and sorrowful, and ever anon, as the beads dropped through her fingers, the earnest whispering of prayer might be heard. Hanging over my father's left shoulder was our cockney friend, the Silver Spoon, familiar yet respectful, with an impudent humility, dictating to all present; not assured enough to place himself beside my father, yet on such good terms, both with him and himself, as, with an amiable absence of mind, to drink out of his glass and replenish it whenever it seemed good unto him—and the claret was very good indeed. As he leaned over my father's shoulder he had the air of the careless indolence of a spoiled page: besides, he was an oracle.

Side by side, depressed and mournful, sate Don Julien and Isidora. Before the cavalier the wine remained untouched, his countenance was pale and haggard; he looked like one hope-abandoned. The lady was still beautiful, but her thoughts were not with her betrothed. Religious prejudices had come in aid of an unrequited passion, and had assisted utterly to quench the faint fires of her first affection. With a noble candour these first cousins had come to a full explanation; they mutually confessed that their love had perished for each other, whilst they protested that their kindred-born affection and their friendship had increased. They panted for any change—any termination to their

doubts and to their miseries, even were that termination the great end of all—death.

But if these persons were all more or less lugubrious, there was one a striking contrast to the rest; one whose grin was inexhaustible and fixed; for, even in his sleep, he was always mouthing at the flitting visions that passed through his insignificant mind in his dreams. He professed to live only for two things, *l'amour* and *la bagatelle*. This person was dressed in all the *outré* of a perfect *petit-maître*, the caricature of a caricature; he, like the rest, choosing to have nothing to do, mounted his hobby, and was riding to the devil upon it.

This was the second mate, known by the name of Auguste Epaminondas Montmorency. It was an imposing name, and undoubtedly an imposition also;—*c'est tout égal*. The man was pleased with it, and in defence of it he would have perished, because it was not his own. He was about thirty, tall, not badly made, but in countenance most apishly and most fearfully ugly, and ugliest when he grinned the most;—he called it giving an expression. But he had an eye!—what denizen of the French nation has not? always excepting the blind; and with this eye, and his grin, he deemed himself invincible. How he came into this company at all would have been a miracle to any one but himself; but he had a very convenient vocabulary for all his vices. He was too much a man of honour to attempt, by any subterfuge, to conceal that he was one of the pirate conspirators, who had plotted to rob my father; but he called it a little indiscretion. He begged my good father to consider his youth, and asked him to pardon and forget it, for the sake of the ladies, to whom he professed himself devoted. He had renounced the society of Don Mantez;—it was low: he begged, therefore, that he might be looked upon as a privileged guest—he would try to make himself agreeable—he did not, indeed, see how he could fail; and, upon this, his society was suffered:—the devoted passengers could not help themselves.

In addition to all this I must remark, that the cabin door was strongly barricaded, and all the males were armed; the table was well filled with wines and liqueurs, nor were there wanting conserves, olives, and dried fruits, to appetise the fluids. The group was completed by the two rather slatternly Spanish women servants, who were seated upon the floor, one with the head of the other on her lap, assiduously employed upon a well-known Iberian occupation.

"The exchanges are terribly against us, Mr. Watkins," said Mr. Troughton, casting his eyes over his shoulder upon the countenance of the cockney.

"I beg your pard'n, Don—I'm not Mister till I gets my long

togs shipped—plain Vatkins, if you please—or, 'you vickit Vill, for shortness."

"But how, Watkins, will all this end?"

My father and I were, at the same time, asking precisely the same questions, though so very differently situated.

"Vy, as I likes to be comfortable, and make my pals comfortable too—I tell 'ee, governor, it will sartinly end von of these vays—If ve ben't all drowned afore long, some of the drunken varmint 'ill set the craft on fire, and burn us. And if so be, as ve're neither done by fire nor vater—why cold steel 'll do it—for some night these foreign varmint vill go mad and stick every mother's son of us—which includes the ladies, in course; and if v'ere neither burnt, nor drownded, nor stabbed—vhy, ve shall all be starved to death before five months are over our nobs, as sure as witelse was made for man."

Now, in order to spare the feelings of the females, this conversation was carried on, purposely, in English.

"Do you call this comfort, friend Watkins? you don't, I am sure, believe in all these disasters yourself?"

"Bless'd if I don't," was the short but emphatic reply.

"Then you are blessed after a very strange fashion. Could we but induce the fellows to work, do you not think, that, unwieldy as this vessel is, that we could make her reach some civilized port?"

"Sure of it."

"In the name of the safety of all of us, how may that be done?"

"Not possible. Not a soul on board whom they will obey. If Master Ardent was here now, he might have some fish to fry—and yet—hardly knows vat he could do. Them as von't vork for love, and as we can't make vork for fear—there's only von chap as can drive, and that's the devil."

"But do they not fear for their own safeties?"

"Not a man on 'em. Each has got his whack of your 'andsome doubloons, and, so, thinking as how the grub and vater ull last, they trusts to the chapter of chances."

"But what can they imagine these chances can be?"

"The first is, that they think they are sure of speaking with some vessel, and then they all intends going on board and making the craft a——hum!—that hard vord of the lawyers. The only sensible thing they've done, is to take it spell and spell about, at the mast-head, for the look-out. Then, they all fancies that they're not far from some of the Vest Injee islands, and the moment that they sees them, vinkings! von't they take to the boats neither—every willain on um thinks as how he has made his fortin, if he can get clear off from the hooker. The last thing that they

vant is running into an arbor vhere they may find law, bigwigs, and a gallus."

"Now, Watkins, you are a shrewd fellow. Had you been brought up on the Stock Exchange you would have made a fortune. There ought to be many years of happiness in store for you yet. Do not let us abandon ourselves, and God will not abandon us. Do you see that conceited ass in the green swallow-tailed coat? Mantez is out of the question—could you not contrive to make the men obedient to him?"

"No use—no use, Senor. The fellow has three boxes of your doubloons snugly stowed away. He would be as little villing to make a good port as the rest—besides, all the chaps laugh at him."

"Take the command yourself."

"Vorse and vorse, seeing as how I can't navigate—and I'm an eretic. Howdosemever, if you could get Senor Zurbano, and he can dot it to a midge's eye—tell us vere abouts ve be, I think that, by hook or by crook, I could keep the ship's head the right vay—but, let come vat vill, John Espagnol shall not, after to-day, escape vork—and varm vork it shall be."

Having aroused Zurbano from his occupations—upon which he had been more than usually absorbed—for he had taken a profound disgust to Monsieur Montmorency, he was called to their conference, and, in Spanish, the ideas of Watkins was made known to him. Fortunately, upon consulting his ephemeris, the next day would prove favourable for a lunar observation; and, little skilled as was the cockney, he was perfectly able to take the sun's altitude and read off the degrees and seconds from his quadrant, when Zurbano cried out, stop.

Often had my father endeavoured to understand the apathy of this singular surgeon to the imminent perils of his situation—he at length got a clue to it—and it was a strange one. It depended on two things; the one was, that he actually cared little of what became of himself, for, at last, amongst his other disgusts, he had lately taken one to himself; the other, that having cast his own nativity in conjunction with that of Don Mantez—by what process is a mystery; but, however, he had come to the conviction, that he was fated to dissect him after having been hung, for the benefit of science.

In the meantime, Auguste Epaminondas had been addressing a thousand follies, that he meant for gallantries, to the ladies; but, as they were follies only, without a particle of wit or humour to redeem them, we shall not be troubled to chronicle the speeches of this magnificent Sea-Adonis.

And Mantez, the miserable Mantez, deserted and avoided by everybody, he stole about the ship, of which he was the com-

mander, like a leper cast out from society. He grew, by degrees, as neglectful of his person as his second mate became elaborate in the decoration of his. The Montmorency, now, whenever he passed him, grew into a fanciful dignity, and either applied a vinaigrette to his nose, or affectedly pinched his nostrils.

He was truly "fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from his high estate," and it would have been much happier for him, had he been "weltering in his blood," and thus have been spared to him a few more months of intolerable misery.

After the conference in the cabin had been broken up, and when the sun had gone down, the ladies, attended by the gentlemen, came for their brief airing upon the quarter-deck. This was the hour of triumph for Auguste: he chattered like a monkey in a passion, threw about his eyes in every direction, and grinned and bowed, and bowed and grinned again. Sometimes he was even ridiculous enough to extort a smile from the grief-stricken Dona Isidora. On these few memorable occasions he would stand on tiptoe, and stretch out his neck like a victorious cock, strike the lappel of his coat fiercely, and declare himself more than superhumanly blessed. The man was not yet worth hanging.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Two of the principal personages of this veritable history do what has puzzled the best authors and poets, make celestial observations—the ship moves in a right course again—the crew, too idle to labour, are worked to death at the pumps—and other grave matters.

To the astonishment of this rebellious crew, about noon the next day, they saw the surgeon and the Silver Spoon taking the sun's altitude, and at four o'clock in the afternoon that astonishment was increased by their watching the same persons very deliberately take a lunar.

Watkins immediately became a great man.

As he walked forwards among the Spaniards, he was pressed upon, but with tokens of much consideration, and entreated to tell them where they were. But our friend was oracular and mysterious. He wished first to alarm, and then to reduce them into something like subjection to authority. He hinted to them, however, that they were balanced somewhere between the tropics, in a peculiar spot, where the currents that were always stronger than the winds, ran round in circles; and he then took occasion to

rouse them into a state of activity, assuring them that he had no more wish than themselves to run the ship into any port—but that he would join them to beach in some uninhabited spot, but yet sufficiently near to the haunts of men to secure them from the chance of starvation.

But they, knowing his intimacy with the passengers, listened to him as to an enemy—those that answered him, saying, that they would prefer the certainty of falling in with some vessel, and taking their passage on board of her, and abandoning the Santa Anna.

"And so," said the indignant cockney, "my magnificos, you positively will not work."

They replied *unà voce*, that they were all born hidalgos, though adversity had obliged them, for a time, to shuffle off the garb of gentlemen and wear that of mariners—that they only wanted money to resume their rightful station, and that now, having that, the devil might work if he liked, but they would not.

Watkins then attempted a gentle argument with them as to their newly acquired property, not with the remotest idea of being able to induce them to refund a maravedis—for even to honest men, the act of refunding is repugnant—but merely to ascertain how they regarded their robbery themselves.

They were very forcible upon this point—they took up, what they thought, an impregnable position. They looked upon the ship already as a wreck, by which all their engagements were dissolved; and, that they had fairly taken the money as spoils of war, and that their right to it was as good as the plunder which is seized in a sacked town. When the rogues think that they have the law on their side, woe to the honest.

Watkins told them with a sneer, that he hoped they might live a thousand years in the enjoyment of their so righteously acquired property—but that he had his presentiments that the Senors would not lead quite so idle a life as they calculated upon. Indeed, he promised them, with the blessing of God, just as much exercise as would be preservative of their health—and, perhaps, a little more. The hidalgos were too indolent even to mock him, but either settled themselves down to sleep, or resumed their pipes.

That evening, on a consultation with my father, Zurbano having assured him that the ship was in latitude 15° 45' south, and about 25° 40' east longitude, and that a west-south-west course was the best that could be adopted, as that would bring them to Rio Janeiro, or at worst, if they were not so happy as to reach that port, it would throw them into the track of the outward bound English East Indiamen, and to meet a ship belonging to Great Britain would be equivalent to safety—perhaps—to retributive justice.

Watkins was consulted as to the best means of getting sail upon the ship. In order to enjoy themselves the more securely, the Spaniards had lazily got the top-gallant-masts down on deck, the three topsails had, for weeks, lain upon the caps, half clewed up, the courses were also clewed up, but that very imperfectly, and were hanging about the lower yards in admired disorder.

Now, Watkins told them, that whatever they did, they must do themselves. He spoke the truth. Mr. Troughton, who never despaired, then said, they would see what they could do: and Auguste Epaminondas having been invited to join them, promised to assist for the love of the ladies. The trade wind, the little of it that blew, was favourable. So, on to the forecastle went my father, Zurbano, and his man the barber, and the second mate, all under the direction of William Watkins. The ladies offered to co-operate—but their services were declined.

Well, these five went forward, the few Spaniards who were on deck, staring upon them with dull astonishment, and by the means of a tackle, and a good deal of labour, they got the jib well set upon her. The foresail was then set with comparatively little trouble, but the labour of sheeting home the foretopsail, and the hoisting it was one nearly of half an hour, and intense. The ship was thus put before the wind, and she made good way. The head was not exactly right within a point or two, but she was approximating the port, and certain, if she held on, of getting in the track of the Indiamen. Watkins intended always, when he had nothing else to do, to spend his leisure hours at the wheel—when he was not there, the ship, of course, must steer herself.

Having effected this little manœuvre, our party returned in much better spirits to the cabin. Don Julien had not accompanied them to play the sailor—the ladies not choosing to be left without male protection. After several ineffectual hints, Monsieur Montmorency was shamed into retirement, and then, just before the Silver Spoon was about to leave the party for the night, he requested my father to admit him again, that he might inform him how the ship was doing.

He soon returned in a very unsophisticated passion. The Spaniards not liking the proceedings of the cabin party, had so far roused themselves, as to haul up the foresail, haul down the jib, and lower the foretopsail again on the cap, and they finished all these vindictive proceedings by cutting the tiller ropes.

That night none of the gentlemen went to bed; assisted by the Spoon, they stored the cabin well with provision and water, and got all their arms in order, and completed their stores of ammunition.

The next day passed off as usual—Don Mantez keeping himself secluded, and the crew enjoying themselves in the sunshine.

In the evening, Watkins told my father, whatever might be the noise and confusion that he heard, on no account to disturb himself, or permit the ladies to be alarmed, but to rest assured that everything was safe. "Keep," said he, "your doors barricaded, and mistrust nothing."

About eleven o'clock that night, the Silver Spoon had the poop to himself, and he made a soliloquy. The moon, in all the majesty of stillness was shining upon him. He might have said, "oh, thou silver moon," but slapping his hand upon his much tarred canvass trousers, he exclaimed, "the varmint—and they von't vork—von't they! is there iver a costermonger in Tothill Fields? if there ben't, vy then, these insict-eaten, visker-vearing malleyfactories shan't vork—not them, bless their delicate little paws—ve're in a pretty mess—mihi! a cat in a vashing tub is a fool to us. Ah! Mary East, Mary East—this comes all along of you. I'll vork ye, my covies—so let us live vhile ve can—and I'll varrant ve shan't die before ve can help it—so here goes—I thinks they're all about comfortable now—so here's for spell the first."

Watkins descended to the main-deck, and there he met the mad old priest going his lugubrious rounds, and pouring forth his incessant maledictions. It was in vain that Watkins tried to persuade him to take rest—for his soothing request he got the bitterest curses in return—so he resolved to make him assist in his plans. He, having a fine pair of lungs, was a noble coadjutor.

"All hands pump ship—sprung a leak—five feet water in the hold—all hands, all hands! to the pump—leak—leak—leak!"

These awful cries in the dead of night were echoed loudly by the shrill voice of the father, who, and it was one of the concomitants of his madness, was afflicted with a perfect hydrophobia. Affrighted wretch after wretch crept up to hear that he was about to be drowned remorselessly. Men went below, and the well was sounded—the terrible annunciation was but too true—the leak was gaining upon them, the chain pump was rigged, and every man went to work, as those exert themselves who work for their lives.

At first, Watkins clapped on the winches and seemed to strain more at his toil than the rest—but he suddenly declared that he had sprained his arm, or dislocated his shoulder, and fell out of the ranks. They gained upon the leak a little—a very little—men were spared from the pumps to look for the leak—it could not be found. Don Mantez and the Montmorency, sharing in the general alarm, shared also eagerly in the labour. Watkins seeing them all so meritoriously employed, with a manner and grimace indicative of the pain he was suffering, went and turned in.

All night the wearied Spaniards laboured, and when day broke,

they found that they had reduced the water by one half. In order that the water might not gain upon them, they were compelled to divide themselves into two parties, the one to rest and catch what short intervals of sleep they could, whilst the other laboured. Hence forward the Santa Anna was a floating prison-house of agonizing toil. Watkins continued to wear his arm in a sling, and, it was observed, when anything happened to put him in an ill humour, the leak was sure to increase, and the consequent intolerable labour—as to the cabin passengers, they with the surgeon and barber declared unanimously, that they were tired of their lives, and would not prolong them a single hour by work—they were ready and willing to be drowned—so soon as it pleased God and the gentlemen at the pumps.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Santa Anna makes much lee way—needs must when wind and tide drive—the torch often burns the brightest when about to expire—our most melancholy reflections are often the healthiest.

What I have always admired is the wonderful ingenuity of man in one particular direction—that of creating misery to himself, and to the rest of his fellows. It matters little, whether those godlike creatures be crowded together in small courts and alleys in densely crowded cities, or a hunting ground larger than an European kingdom, be shared by some tribe consisting of forty or fifty scalping Indians, they will equally persecute, and do all they can to give each other a foretaste of that hell that they do, or they do not, believe in.

The heart of man is desperately wicked—he is naturally a liar, and the truth is not in him. Wonderful is it, and a proof grand and magnificent of the watchful care of a benevolent Providence, that this mean, domineering, and pugnacious animal is not extinct. That whole and numerous races of them have been extinguished by their own vices, I firmly believe, races, perhaps, physically and mentally, more noble than any that now exist. That we are, even such as we are, is, I think, one of the strongest arguments of a miraculous and a divine interposition. The very reality of the genus man, has strengthened me in faith.

Can I, could I entertain any other but opinions similar to these whilst I am narrating the horrors that the inmates of the Santa Anna had, voluntarily, pulled down upon their own heads.

Five more long, and, as far as the elements were concerned, bright months had passed, and the wretched vessel is still floating, the sport of every wind. She floats, but she floats a wreck, and is thinly tenanted by a group of idiotic, chattering, and feeble skeletons. The young among them have grown grey, and the old bald. Yet each among them deems himself wealthy, and, that every day that breaks upon their haggardness, is the one which is to bring them rescue, and with it health and happiness.

Three times as the old ship danced merrily with the spirits of the hurricane, her ancient ribs creaked, and unnatural noises burst forth from her ponderous body—she seemed to have received an animal life, and heeled and danced and sprang forward as if emulous of the speed of the mighty winds. The swiftness was terrible. and none dared to look out from her upon the mighty strife of waters; her decks were deserted—there was none to glory in her careering way—I have erred—there was one, and a despised one—it was the escaped convict; he had long since mended the tiller ropes, and, on these awful occasions, through the livelong night, solitary and proud, he mastered the helm and directed her furious course. "Forward, forward!" was his shout—steadily before the wind that isolated and by all abandoned man kept the groaning vessel. He sought fate—he fled from the starving stagnation of the calm latitudes. His bosom swelled as he alone guided the mighty mass, and all the wretched tremblers that it contained. Anything, everything was welcome to him—he would have driven the huge babel with equal sang froid, on the reeling rock, the low sand, or through the cauldron of the boiling surf. "Onward, onward!" was his cry—and in her years of decrepitude, in the days of her dotage, the old witch nobly obeyed—the storm made her a midnight revelry.

But the storms had passed away, and hundreds of miles had been scoured over with the fleetness of the angry north-east. Yet none in that ruin-devoted ship knew, or cared to know whither they had been borne. Much that was unholy the wretched inmates had committed. The hand of murder had been too often red with the blood of the companion, and the social board had been more than once deluged with the unexpected blow of the assassin.

Only seventeen of the ill-fated crew remained alive. Emaciated beings they crawled about in the sunshine, or feebly squabbled with each other over the putrid remains of provisions that were still left to them. Even in their state of decrepitude the bosom-cherished knife was continually brandished, and what the arm wanted in vigour, the hollow eye of a diabolical hate seemed, but only seemed, to supply!

But these were not a tittle of the horrors that hunted them like

emancipated demons by day, and crouched in a hundred hideous forms around them by night. Even William Watkins had taken a kind of disgusted pity upon them, and had long ceased to compel them to wear out their little remnant of strength at the toilsome pumps.

Not only had this huge vessel seemed heaven-abandoned, but all of earth, or of those who sojourn upon the waters that are upon the earth, by a singular fatality had appeared to shun this ark of misery, and the crime-steeped wretches that it contained.

I, even I, had been on board of her; and the curse of my late presence was upon her. But those within her had sought, assiduously sought, their own condemnation. They had sinned grievously, and grievously had they been afflicted—those who died early were, comparatively, blessed.

Shall we go a little—and but a little into the loathsome detail of misery? Providence had cloaked over the sufferings of the priest with a protecting insanity. He knew not his own misery, but roamed about prophecying. Truly, he took no heed of where he should lay his head, or of what he should eat. He takes for all food, a morsel here, and a morsel there; and though he always repaid the gift with a bitter assurance of everlasting damnation to the giver; and the morsels themselves were but too scarce, at last they refused him his pittance of food. He had died three months ago. The light before the shrine of his image had never been again lighted; yet, for a few hours before his dissolution, the lamp of his reason had been re-illumined.

But still, to the last, the dread of a grave in the unfathomable waters haunted him. Surrounded by my parents, Don Julien, Isidora, and the grim and abstracted Zurbano, in his last moments, he changed his curses into blessings, and really seemed, for the first time, the man of God. Even the stern countenance of Zurbano relaxed into tenderness, and the muscles about his mouth quivered when the dying man exhorted him with the affection of a brother, to renounce his infidelity, and to have recourse to some faith; he cared not what it was called, so long as it had the assurance of redemption for its foundation. This sudden and sincere liberality made a deep impression upon all, and had a wonderful effect upon my mother. Ever after she was a worse Catholic and a better Christian.

This unexpected loving-kindness and freedom from bigotry so much touched the Silver Spoon, that he said, "Please your reverence, if it will do your kind heart, any good, I'll have the candle before the little lady burning away again like blazes—and I know where to find a flask of excellent oil, if your reverence should wish to grease yourself, so that you may safely slip through the fingers of any little devil who might be wicked enough to try

to haul you into that little hell of yours—puggiatory I think you call it."

"No, my good friend, these seem to me now but idle vanities. When I stand before the Lord, and hold up my right hand as I plead at the judgment seat, I cannot think that the palm of it will be examined for the mark of a little oil; and, as to the candle, if there had been any virtue in the image, it would have kept it burning itself if it had so chosen. The unction now that will be of most use to me, will be that of pious thoughts, and the light must be the light of redemption, by whom all mankind must be saved. But do not think, my kind friend, that I die an apostate. In the bosom of my church, purified, I wish to repose. I have now only one wish unsatisfied, and come closer to me, Watkins, for I feel my voice grow feeble."

"I hears your reverence perfectly."

"Even through the mistiness that God in his mercy has been lately pleased to send over my mind, I have at times observed, that in you only, there seems still to exist the cunning of the serpent. My bones shudder at a watery grave—let them be laid on the land—I care not where—in consecrated ground if possible —'tis not, my friends, a prejudice of bigotry, but of decency— but upon the earth let it be—no sand, however arid, no rock, however sterile, but what would be to me a thousandfold preferable than to be suspended in the cold deep waters." And the idea of it only, made him tremble so much, that for a space all thought that his soul had departed from him.

Perceiving that he was still sensible—with a stuttering very unusual to the glib pronunciation of the cockney, he spoke thus —"Never fear, your reverence. Every man has his taste—I'll not repeat the proverb—no time for them ere at this blessed opportunity. Never fear, your reverence—if the barky touches dry land, and the Silver Spoon, as they call me, has breath enough in his body, and strength enough in his arm—never fear but that he'll make you a nice comfortable grave, and give you a blanketing too, and turn up four feet of warm earth to keep the cold from you—and, mayhap, a flower or so may one day be seen sprouting over your body."

"I thank you—and I bless you."

"Nivir you mind that, father—make your mind quite easy— the very moment your breath is out of your body, I'll sew you up in your hammock in a seaman-like manner, ship-shape and Bristol fashion—and I'll stow you away where the damp shan't get at you, nor the rats be able (confound their imperence) to nibble your great toe (confound their imperence says I, for they were at my shanks last night, a living individual!) so now your reverence may die easily and Christian like."

This strangely worded assurance, conveyed in a still more strange mixture of Spanish and English, seemed to have a soothing effect upon the dying man, for shortly after, without further speech, he peaceably breathed his last.

William Watkins kept his word. He carefully sewed up the corpse in a hammock, and, tricing it up into the main-top, he clapped it in the top chest for the present; and there it very quietly remained.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

This being a long chapter requires but a short preface—"there is many a slip between the cup and the lip."

We must now say a few words upon the situation of the original cause of all these miseries and horrors, the commander of the now uncommanded Santa Anna, Don Roderic Mantez. There is no greater difference in the attributes of man as an individual, than in those qualities by which he is enabled to feel afflictions. On some, the worst seem to come lightly—on others, the lightest seem to come heavier than do the heaviest on the others.

It has been said by an ancient philosopher, that "physical pain is the most intolerable of all evils." That man must be a great philosopher, and of an almost inconceivable purity of mind, who thinks so. The torture of an evil will always be less or more, according to the excitability of the medium through which it is administered.

The dull, and those prone to apathy, must always think with our philosopher, that aches of the body are ever the insupportable pains. The cowardly and the abject also belong to this class. They would sooner be reviled in the market-place, be spit upon by the common hangman, or have their parents branded with infamy, than take a round dozen from the cat-o'-nine-tails. To things like these, bodily pain is the worst of evils. So, also, as I have before said, it must be, but from a very different cause, to the very pure in soul. To them, extreme mental suffering can find no avenue. All inlets are blocked up. Religion, piety, a consciousness of rectitude, stand guard at every opening. They cannot even imagine the crimes that others commit, and thus remorse, and every feeling that carries with it a mortal sting, is unknown to them. They have nothing to dread but physical torture, and well may they affirm, from their impossibility of

knowing no other, "that pain is the most intolerable of evils." Thus extremes meet—and the very good and the very bad are in the same category of belief.

But let the proud, the passionate, and the revengeful, speak—Hearken to the awful words of the much guilty—Listen even to the ravings of the robbed miser. What could the most ingenious of tortures produce equal to their sufferings? Gladly, triumphantly, would the murderer fly to the rack—that his murder might never have been. Even the sordid old amassers of gold, would, nay, have suffered mutilation and amputation, rather than undergo the pang of parting with but a minute portion of this, to them, useless dross.

Knowing all this, I can—and the reader may—conceive some small portion of the anguish that was perpetually eating into Don Mantez's heart. Every avenue for mental torture was open there. He was proud, and an object of general and paraded contempt. Ambitious—and the scheme for which he had staked his immortal soul, and made himself a multiplied murderer, had brought him only shame and ignominy. He was avaricious, and he saw all that lucre, for which he had perilled every thing, in the hands of those whom he conceived the basest of the base. Even these now spurned him.

He had also been scorned in that in which men can least bear scorn and contempt, scorned in his love. Yet crushed as he was by this host of down-bearing sensations, his passion for revenge still lived. It was the sole support of his existence—all that was left to him to keep his craven soul still attached to his now wasted body.

He confined himself almost totally in his cabin under the poop. No one sought him in his lair—and he, like an obscene and cowardly beast of prey, stole out of it only at night, in search of food and water. This he did, at long intervals, stocking himself for many days. Yet, on these rare occasions, the few that met him either cursed or spurned him with their feet. They placed all the miseries that they suffered at his door. He was to them an eye-sore and an abomination.

I will not say much about my father at this period. A quiet and a comical despondency had seized him. He ate and he drank well, and grew most lugubriously jocular. He had grown aweary of examining his books—he had balanced up every page of his ledger, and on the debit side he had written in capital letters, "Dr. to awkward casualties on board the Santa Anna," which item just covered the immense balance on the creditor side, his whole fortune; and thus he made all things even.

He had, in the meantime, taken a prodigious liking to the Silver Spoon; so, he not only conversed with him, but he ate

with him, and he drank with him. He looked upon him as a rogue only in a very small way. Put a sixpence in his way that he might cheat you out of it, and triumph, and he would be scrupulously honest with untold thousands under his charge. I really believe, but for the fillip that this pleasant convict gave to my father's feelings, he would have sunk under his accumulated misfortunes.

To pass away the time, he made my good parent an adept at draughts, and initiated him into all the mysteries of the thimble-rig. He was not only amusing, but glowing in his descriptions of Croydon and West End fair, and spoke with a becoming contempt of that called after the holy St. Bartholomew, as low, vulgar, and cockneyfied. Then there was his passages of love, with Mary East—and Watkins was always most amusing when most sentimental.

Besides, he was a fellow of infinite service to the whole party. By some contrivance he kept himself in full vigor and muscle, and, as he always walked about with a brace of loaded pistols stuck rather ostentatiously in his belt, he was much feared, and a good deal obeyed among the now half-starved and jaded crew. He defied their knives, and had taken care to get all the serviceable gunpowder into his own possession. The whole strength of the ship could not now have forced the state cabins.

He had also taken a provident care of the victualling department. Even after six months of casting about upon the waves, the cabin was well found in provisions. He had long messed with my family, and was treated quite as an associate and an equal.

I have but little to say of my serene mother. Sustained, as she was, by her lofty religious enthusiasm, and believing in the safety of her son, she met every misfortune as cheerfully as she would a penance enjoined by a much-loved and respected confessor. A placid resignation for ever smiled upon her countenance; it was a relief to look upon her, and delightful to see her happy smile at her husband's jests—it was a rejoicing at his contentment—for not one word of them could she understand, even if they had not been generally fired off in English.

Don Julien had pined like the mewed up falcon. He could have been great in action, but could not be great in suffering. His wounds, that had been more severe than those either of my father or Watkins, had been slow to heal. He was fretful, and sometimes annoying to others as well as to himself. The caprice would repeatedly seize him of wishing to break in on the seclusion of Don Mantez, for no better object than to risk an operation that would have cost him his life—for Mantez was assassin to the back-bone. In this tone of mind, and under such circumstances, a love-suit is not apt to prosper. He and Isidora reasoned upon

their case, and, so far as passion was concerned, became very reasonable.

At first, the Lady Isidora had fearfully and rapidly sunk. However, towards the close of her detention in this ill-fated ship, she rallied surprisingly. Her person was no more shrunk and bent, even the rich colour returned, in some small degree, into her cheeks. She coquetted with the Silver Spoon, though that useful article never approached her lips, and quizzed and jeered Auguste Epaminondas. Besides doing all this, she nursed poor Julien, humoured him when he was peevish, and quarrelled with him whenever he was rational—conversed with my mother, and affected to understand my father's jokes.

But with Senor Zurbano she seemed to form a stricter alliance. She would rally him on his disgusts unmercifully, and defy him to take one against herself. In that defiance she was perfectly safe. In return for the happy hours that she caused him to enjoy, he would most willingly have taught her chemistry, and given her a deep insight into physiology. She would none of these. But eagerly she sought for knowledge in astrology—not that she believed a word of it—but it was so pleasant to feel safe in this dangerous predicament, from the assurance that Mantez would be hung and dissected by Zurbano. Now, as Zurbano had sworn three vast oaths, that he would cut up the miscreant's limbs only when safe on shore, there was a sweet assurance in the hang-dog countenance of the late commander, to which the lady clung with eagerness.

But this is the sunny spot—the only one—in the picture, all elsewhere was unmitigated misery in the ship. Two hordes of existences, the one real and the other imaginary, now began to overrun her, and cowered upon the wretched crew. Rats of a prodigious size and fierceness multiplied, in a manner all but miraculous, and tribes of ghosts began to haunt every spot after nightfall. Of these, the imaginary were the greatest annoyances. The rats, when the worst came to the worst, might be eaten—but what can one do with a spirit? A good priest might lay it—but you will never make a meal of it, and the only way that it will allay hunger, is by frightening folks to death.

Even that most sceptical of sceptics, who could be induced to believe in nothing but astrology, could not but deny that, in the dead of the night, he sometimes heard strange and unnatural noises. Insects, too, of a growth so enormous that they seemed entitled to a higher classification, disputed with man much of the territory of the lower deck. Indeed, they became so prolific, and appeared under shapes so strange, that Zurbano began to suspect new and spontaneous formations, and that the Santa Anna was about to become the arena of a fresh and hideous animal

world. The distempered imaginations of the few surviving seamen had other explanations for these phenomena—they firmly believed that they were the shapes that the souls of their murdered shipmates were compelled to adopt, and in which to do part of the penance of their purgatory.

Watkins laughed secretly at all this, whilst he did all in his power to encourage this preposterous belief. He hated the whole set with an enduring animosity, and an energy worthy the partisans of a religious war.

And still the huge trough rolled on, wallowing lazily on the waves. At length, a small brig hove in sight. The bustle and commotion of all hands was extreme. Signals of distress were immediately made and hung out wherever they could by any possibility be seen. Countenances became flushed—limbs trembled—once, for many a sultry and idle day, the Spaniards grew active. Every man was preparing his own tale, and securing about himself his illegally gotten treasure. Boxes were corded and double corded, and bags crammed to suffocation. Their halcyon days were coming—every man had his eye upon his favourite nook of land—his domestic reign was to commence—he was to go down in happiness, peace, and competence to the grave.

Don Mantez crept out of his lurking place, and looked the authority, that, as yet, he dared not assume. He fondly dreamed, in one little hour that the refractory spirits that had rebelled against him would be again reduced to obedience, each man forced to disgorge his plunder, and the whole wealth in the vessel, or nearly the whole of it, be again vested in himself.

He had his version of affairs to give. His passengers had suborned a portion of his crew, and with these traitors had risen up in mutiny against him. Assuredly there must be people in authority in the vessel so rapidly bearing down upon them, and his was the common cause of everybody in command. Proudly and conspicuously he stood upon the taffrail. Again he had decked himself out in all the outward and visible signs of a superior. His best uniform (I have before stated that he was an officer of the Spanish navy) was mounted; the epaulettes shone upon his shoulders, and his immense cocked hat he waved arrogantly in the wind.

None thought then of the injured, the robbed, the much-endangered, and the long-insulted. The passengers, the owners of the wealth and of the ship, all had made up their minds to desert, and, if they could not be left on board the crumbling Santa Anna, to disown them, or to charge them with the crimes they had themselves committed. At this peculiar juncture, even the gallant and elaborately dressed Auguste Epaminondas Montmorency deserted the party that could boast of enumerating the ladies

as belonging to it. All his attention was devoted to the securing with an excess of cordage three chests of very great strength and weight. Having effected this, he contrived to lug them to the gangway, ready for a start, and he there waited, covering in a recumbent posture the whole of them with his fantastically bedizened person.

But not of a class of men like that to which the Montmorency belonged was the Silver Spoon. He had touched none of the specie—he had not yet taken his hire—he looked forward for his reward. He still adhered to our family. They had no treasure to secure—they had nothing wherewith to bribe the coming stranger but the plain tale of their grievous wrongs. Hope, however, flushed their brows— the short prayers for the deliverance so near at hand was ejaculated, and they looked forward, confidently, for happier days.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, there are still three good hours of daylight, and the moment of redemption is at hand. She comes down gallantly, that small but compact vessel. There are not many to be saved—and how tumultuously all their hearts beat in their bosoms! They have climbed upon the rigging—and some, more bold and quite as anxious, have made their way into the fore and mizen tops. The main-top none approach—the body of the old priest there keeps his watch—they believe that, after all, he will still find a watery grave, for who will encumber himself with a few rotten bones?

The people of the brig have observed, and are still observing the Santa Anna. It is apparent that they do not like her looks—one sail is taken in after another—and, O God! the night is fast approaching! Are they all men with marble hearts?

Doubt and dismay are stealing upon the Spaniards—the brig is no longer bearing down upon them—she has hove to, and her officers can be distinctly seen watching the huge wreck through their glass. It is apparent that they do not know what to make of so grand and so forbidding a ruin. They perceive strange phenomena—weeds and creepers have run up and entwined themselves among the torn and ragged rigging, and patches of vegetation are to be seen about her sides.

And then her inmates!—such attenuated forms—such lurid countenances! It is evident that they intend to act with caution—the plague may be on board of her—their crew may be concealed and numerous—and all the exhibited tokens of distress but so many decoys. It behoves them to be wary.

Now, at this apparently heartless delay the expecting crew grow frantic—they toss their arms wildly in the air—they gesticulate like madmen—but, for all reply to these violent demonstrations,

the stop is broken, and the American ensign unfolds itself at the gaff-end majestically to the breeze.

This seems but little better than a mockery—What need of all this diplomacy by signs, are they not in distress, and fellow Christians and sailors?—have they not themselves both the English and Spanish ensign hoisted half-mast high; the English, as a sign of greater distress, with the union downwards?

Instead of hastening to them with open arms with food for the hungry, medicine for the sick, and deliverance for them all, they are actually arming themselves—the boarding pikes glitter on her decks, and the flashing blades of the cutlasses may be seen amidst her rigging, as the careful boarder is examining its edge.

Time steals on, as the red and thirsty-looking sun is touching the horizon—there will be no moon this night—and the twilights are but as minutes in these clear atmospheres. Does she intend to take farther counsel?—No—at last the generous feeling seems to prevail. They have distinctly made out that there are females—ladies on board—they have seen their graceful arms waving to them, and the white tokens of peace are shown. Who can resist female supplication? The brig no longer hesitates—she fills her maintopsail, and slowly edges down towards the massive and crumbling structure upon the waters.

Hasten, hasten—there is no time to waste—the wonders of the deep are manifold—they have delayed too long—for the first time since her departure from port, a dense fog-bank starts up, as if called into existence by magic, and appearing to leeward, seems moving against the wind and envelopes the Santa Anna as in a shroud. At the same moment the veil of night falls with a supernatural blackness, the wind has suddenly veered round to the opposite point of the compass, and increased to a gale, rushes along the surface of the rising seas.

Never before was darkness so instantaneous and so intense. The approaching brig must doubtlessly have been taken aback. The two vessels met no more. Many a strange tale had the seamen of that smart American to tell of the huge ship seen in the far away southern latitudes. They would descant for hours on her riven rigging—her moss-covered sides—her yards canted various ways, and her tattered old sails hanging in fantastic festoons, and dishevelled pendants. But the wonder was greatest when they came to speak of the haggard and ghastly crew. They were spirits—for had they not seen, among the rest, a Parisian dandy walking the decks in light green pantaloons and a sky-blue coat—to say nothing of the man in full dress of a new naval uniform? Then, there were about her beautiful ladies, with arms whiter than the whiteness of humanity, and old gentlemen with

powdered wigs and spectacles—what else could she be but a receptacle for damned spirits?

Is not the listener convinced? What then will he say when he hears the honest old mariner offer to swear upon his family bible —and, mark you, he is a religious man, and has well brought up a young family—that he saw her, with his own blessed eyes, disappear in a volume of black smoke—and, immediately she was gone, there blew ye such a storm!

Many converts were thus made in the belief of the Phantom Ship;—and good seamen no longer looked upon the Flying Dutchman as a fable.

Drear and long, and very pitiful was the howl of despair that arose in the Santa Anna, when the fog-bank shut them out from the view of all hope—they felt not the sudden gale—they shouted, and cursed, and wept—and then shouted again. Vain were their efforts; useless their wailings.

Mantez cast himself headlong down from the taffrail, and beat his forehead against the deck. He dared no longer hope—miracles were arrayed against him. At length, he gave over all hopes of temporizing with eternal justice. Never more should he regain civilized society—no opportunity would be offered him to convert much sin into penitence, and to bribe with his gold the omnipotent priest into absolution, and assurances of a short purgation. He was one of those who always relied upon outwitting Omniscience, and of living to himself till life became wearisome, and then devoting the worthless rest with his remaining wealth to the official who should be his proxy with the Almighty. On this fearful night, that false, but sustaining hope left him and for ever.

Auguste Epaminondas Montmorency bore his disappointment differently. Amid a volley of *sacre dieux*, he lugged his chests to their hiding places—swore it was all *la fortune de la guerre*—re-adjusted a curl that the heavy fog had straightened—and then humming *vive la bagatelle*, humbly begged permission to pay his respects to the ladies.

Most of the crew watched on deck all night. The next morning nothing was to be seen but the scowling heavens and the angry waters.

## CHAPTER L.

I retrace my steps—pass much of my time in the pleasing reverie of calculating my future revenue—return home and find my sister anything but homely—a short enjoyment of domestic felicity.

Let us leave the Santa Anna and her living cargo of misery, heaving on the long and solemn undulations of the billows of the southern seas, a fearful-looking and a grey wreck.

Return we now to Honoria Island—for island I was determined the place whereon I was located should be—my future fancied empire of Honoria. Already had I determined its form of government. I most piously determined to live to a good—indeed, to a very extreme old age; so long, indeed, as to see my fourth and my fifth generations doing homage, at once filial and subjective, round my chair of state. I would leave, as an invaluable legacy to my descendants, a constitution and a code of laws, that it should be little less than an actual impiety to think of infringing. I had determined that the government of Honoria should be, for some generations at least, strictly patriarchal—an absolute government; and then, when the empire had begun to be rather thickly populated, it should be a monarchy with privileged classes, communities with independent rights, and fixed laws that should protect the subject, and be binding upon the ruling power.

Farther than this, I was not inclined to go. Of one thing, I was fully resolved; that the lines of kings should for ever be fixed in the descendants of my own body; and that no merit, however transcendent, or wisdom, however godlike, should disturb the order of succession. But my eyes were so firmly fixed upon a magnificent futurity, that I totally forgot, that if the humblest scavenger of this imaginary kingdom had possessed himself of the throne, he would still be lineally descended from the royal stock. Surely, if Adam were now alive, he must look upon the sons of his sons, and the daughters of his daughters now existing, with nearly the same eye, as to dignity and the abstract right of the one to rule over the other.

Though I admit thus much, I am still an advocate for the rights of primogeniture. I, who was a despot myself, though the number of my subjects was but small, can very well perceive that this world, and all that it contains, is made only for the first-born of the first-born, for ever and ever; and I am very much surprised that nature has not attended sufficiently to this inscrutable

and all-wise fundamental principle, by making the eldest child the strongest, the noblest, and the best. If she will make cadets, she has not, in my opinion, any business to make them with aspiring minds, or endow them with extraordinary virtues, either of mind or body. As they were born to be subservient, they should be endowed with qualities only that fitted them for subserviency. I am sure of all this, from a habit of much thinking upon the subject; and because, humble though it be, I was the first-born of the house of Troughton and Co.

Well, full of reflections much in this strain, Bounder and I quietly and leisurely proceeded down the right bank of the river, which I had already named the Jug—for two reasons; the one, to honour the fidelity and high qualities of Jugurtha; the other, that the names of all great rivers, names that are destined to be much in the mouths of all people, should be short, and slip off neatly and merrily from the tongue.

From time to time, I made short excursions into the woods and prairies, looking after my subjects—but in vain. As yet, I could find none to exist. About nightfall, I observed the river to have assumed a different character. It expanded its bed greatly, so as to form what might almost be called a lake. The bed seemed to be extremely shallow, so as to render it, at that place, totally unfit for navigation of anything much larger than a washing tub. This was a great blow to me. I trembled to think how much these shallows would restrain the commerce of my future kingdom, and I had speculations at the low state of my treasure, from want of sufficient payment of the customs.

All across this wide extent, there appeared broken pieces of rock, so near to each other that they would very well answer for stepping-stones. Among these the current of the river crept lazily—but the water was of a transparent purity, and stole over the hard rock.

On the right bank of the Jug I was determined to pass the night, and to ford the river early in the morning, and then continue to journey down its left bank.

The morning broke, as it generally breaks in these climates, gloriously. Having bathed and breakfasted, with a light heart and a firm foot, I commenced passing this ford. It was, in truth, a wearisome job, alternately wading and scrambling over broken rocks. Bounder made the passage more easily—he cared nothing at all for the rocks, but when they presented themselves before him, he swam round them, keeping himself wholly in the water. At length, we found ourselves on the other bank, and in a country, if possible, more beautiful than that which we had left. Merrily we journeyed onward, I fancying, in my mind's eye, that I saw roads with neat cottages scattered along them—sheep-

crowded pastures here—well-ploughed lands there—and a few distant spires in the far-off towns. Really, we are most happy when we most delude ourselves.

Shortly after passing the ford the river narrowed itself greatly, and the current became swift, though unruffled. Its speed could only be ascertained by the drift wood, or any floating object hurrying on with it. The water appeared to slide off an inclined plane, and the banks, on each side, became high and precipitous.

As we proceeded, the stream grew lower and lower, beneath me, whilst the land on which I walked seemed perfectly level. The banks now no longer shelved, but were perpendicular; the bed of the river narrowed itself progressively, and its gliding current soon assumed the appearance of a rapid.

A few furlongs more, the sea—the open, the wide, the illimitable sea, burst upon my view. I came to the extreme point of the table land. It finished in a lofty precipice, the sea washing its base, at least two hundred feet beneath me. The narrowed river, now so far below me, converted almost into a fall, rushed through the narrow chasm between the rocks, foaming into the sea, and for far its whitish coloured waters were seen to avoid amalgamating with the deep blue of the ocean. Already had it thrown up several sand banks, that parted very prettily its outpouring waters.

Such was the Jug, from her little town to its embouchure. This river was but a young child of Nature. Ages would be necessary to her ere she would be able to wear for herself a smooth and navigable bed, and steal, like our own Thames evenly and majestically, into the bosom of her eternity, the ocean.

As I could not possibly expect, sanguine as I was, to live to see this river become navigable, with a sobered step I commenced retracing my way homewards.

As I proceeded, I reflected that it would be but labour lost, for Jugurtha and myself to hollow out with fire a canoe, or attempt to build a boat on this stream, except it might be for the purpose of making small excursions so far as the ford. We had already on the water a sort of lengthened tub, by the means of which we transported ourselves across the Jug, when we felt so inclined, and which was quite sufficient to the purpose of laying down the wicker fishing creels in the middle of the river.

So I was determined, for the present, to be content with the then state of my royal navy.

During my progress homewards, I kept on the left bank of the river, making excursions inland, but could not find the least vestige of any human inhabitant. I saw I had but little chance of bringing home with me a wife for Jugurtha.

Two hours before sunset, on the fourth day of my departure,

Bounder and I emerged from the thicket directly opposite our habitation,—I should rather say, the capital city of my empire. Both Honoria and Jugurtha had been looking for me down the other side of the river, Jugurtha placed upon one of the topmost branches of a lofty tree. The plunge of Bounder into the water first drew their attention to me: Jugurtha nearly tumbled from his watch-tower; indeed, his descent was so rapid, that it seemed very like a fall. Yet, in spite of all his haste, Honoria had unfastened the coracle, and had paddled it to the middle of the river, before my dark friend had reached the bank.

Rapturous was the moment when Honoria and I fell into each other's arms and embraced. If I there held her a little too long and too passionately for a brother's affection, considering the high motive that then was swelling my bosom, it is an error, I feel assured, that God has pardoned. Poor Honoria, she could not cry for laughter, and could not laugh for crying. We ferried ourselves over; I received the loving welcome of Jugurtha, and the meeting was one of the happiest that I ever enjoyed.

I thought Honoria had become more radiantly beautiful than ever. Surely none of the daughters of Eve ever surpassed her in excessive loveliness. I had seen her in a vast variety of costumes, even surrounded by the glories we fancy belong only to celestial natures; but methought no dress became her so well as that with which her own ingenuity and Jugurtha's provident care had furnished her, of rich furs and gorgeous feathers. She looked half-Amazon, half angel.

I love dress;—it has its poetry. Who can despise it but a ruffian or a savage? Honoria had the greatest invention, combined with the purest taste, in dress; she possessed, in her own mind, the mirror of truth, that reflected there all that was really beautiful; she could not place any of the commonest things upon a table, but there should be seen in their position, all of beauty of which they were capable. I never saw her in my life, under the greatest disadvantages, do any one thing that was ungraceful. You could not place her in an awkward or a ridiculous point of view.

Even Jugurtha felt the influence of her presence, and had caught something of her manner. He was naturally tall, gaunt, and bony, and displayed more of power than of grace. When he was serious, he used to be ungainly; when merry, grotesque; but now, somehow, a sort of dignity pervaded him in his graver moments, and a harmony of action in the extravagant demonstrations of his merrier ones.

With the nice perceptions of the sweet, the beautiful, and the just, Honoria would no longer have been herself, to have been otherwise than most perfect and pure in mind, thought, and deed.

## CHAPTER LI.

The expiation.

Nearly a blissful month I now spent at home; a giddy, yet a transcendent feeling of happiness possessed me. We laboured lightly—projected new improvements, and laughed and were merry the livelong day. I gave my sister an accurate and very minute detail of all that I had seen during my progress through my kingdom; in her turn, she felt inclined to make short journeys with me. To this proposition I was not then prepared to accede. I was too unresolved, and had too little reliance on myself, to be left alone with my sister and those vast, luxurious, and enervating solitudes.

I earnestly beg the reader to believe that no unchaste thought had ever entered my mind; at the worst, I only speculated upon futurity, and had advanced no farther in guilt than the regions of casuistry. I had made a solemn compact with my own soul never to place my views of our situation before Honoria's eyes, until she had attained her one-and-twentieth year.

What I feared in these vast solitudes, and being in them wholly alone with Honoria, was, that I should be tempted into argument—into needless and premature discussion—into the sin of undermining her judgment, in her then so early youth. At home we had our occupations and our amusements; Jugurtha was always near us; and with him, and his droll antics, it was not possible to remain long serious.

At length, the very fulness of my happiness made me restless, I had felicity, and I wished to perpetuate it; and thought to do so, by again leaving it behind me. I had determined on another, and a more extensive journey; the river that I had traced to the sea ran nearly due south; of course, like most other running waters, it had its occasional sinuosities; but, had a line been drawn from our huts to its mouth, I think that it would have been as nearly south as possible.

Now, directly to the westward, and in front of our dwelling, lay, in the blue mistiness of the distance, and eastward, a range of tolerably high mountains; immediately in a straight line before us there was a large cleft in these hills, that showed a vista, which terminated only in the horizon. I argued that, if there were any considerable stream tending to the westward, through that open-

ing only could it wend its way: thither, then, was I determined to journey.

Another announcement of my purpose, and another scene of sorrow ensued. This time I limited my stay to a whole week, and consequently loaded myself with a greater quantity of dried provisions. As my course would be due west, and the heavens would be in sight above me, I had but little doubt of keeping my right line, by observing the direction of the light. For even were the day overcast, I should see which sides of the clouds were most illuminated. Beside, I had learned other indications. There was a little blue flower, common enough in the high grass, that always drooped its pretty petals exactly to the south-west, and the bark of a small tree, that had a white line down it on the south; besides, I had become, in some measure, a woodsman.

I departed early in the morning, leaving this time the dog behind me. I would not suffer either Jugurtha or Honoria to accompany me any part of the way. Armed and accoutred as before, keeping, as well as I could, a straight course, I strode over savanahs, scrambled over hillocks, floundered through marshes, and breasted my way through thickets, having made about twenty miles' distance at nightfall, and got so far as the foot of the mountainous country.

Having selected a very respectable, old, and large tree, the branches of which spread themselves out very conveniently, like so many radii, from one point, I housed myself there for the night, and having supped heartily, and walked vigorously, I slept very soundly.

As I ascended up to higher land, I found the country much more open. At length I attained, but by a very gradual ascent, the crown of the eminence, and I soon discovered several brooks and rivulets running towards the left. I had passed the high range, and began to travel over vast plains studded with forest trees of a noble growth. This part of the country was extensive, and terminated, to the westward, in a rather open forest land; as I advanced, I found the trees more thickly placed, and the underwood more plentiful.

I had travelled so much over this country without finding any traces of inhabitants, that I ceased to look for them, having fully made up my mind that I and my little party were the sole occupiers of the territory. Making my way thus heedlessly through the bush, I felt a thrill of surprise, and I cannot say of satisfaction, at seeing a few twigs broken away from a coffeebush, about five feet from the ground. Some of the tender shoots had fallen to the earth, and others were bent back, but not wholly broken away from the parent shrub.

I had yet met with no animal sufficiently tall to do this; but

then it did not follow that none such were in the place. Deeply ruminating upon this indication, and having strung my bow, and looked to my arrows, and poising my shell-pointed spear, I pressed onwards more cautiously. My doubt whether I had been in the recent proximity of man or beast, was soon dispelled; I had not advanced two hundred yards before I came to a plundered bees' nest.

The vast vision of my future empire crumbled away before my eyes, at the sight of the hollow trunk of an old tree, thrown down and partially scorched. I really knew not then, nor do I know now, whether I was most pleased or sorrowed at this discovery.

According to the manner of the man, I began immediately to speculate; after all it might only be an incursive act of a few savages, who had landed from their canoes, pleased themselves with a ramble, and again departed; the intruders might not be inhabitants, and still the sovereignty and the fee simple of the island rest in myself. The more ground I passed over, the more ground this opinion gained with me, for I could find no further indications of the presence, either remote or recent, than those of small wild animals. No doubt but that an experienced Indian could have done so; but footstep or other vestige of human being, I could find none.

I had now, as the evening approached, nothing more to do than to look out for my lodging, and trust to nature for my hotel. I did not altogether like the apartment with which she had furnished me on the previous night. Commodious, safe, and airy, it certainly was; but the planking of the floor was terribly uneven, and, though I had slept soundly, I arose with cramped limbs in the morning. So I determined to find me a chamber and a bed from which I should have no fear of falling, by tossing about uneasily, should my slumbers be disturbed. Far I had not to seek; a mass of broken rocks gave me an elevated and very good platform, on which to spread my cloak. After supping heartily, and praying for the safety of those whom I had left behind, I stretched myself upon my back, and folding my hands over my bosom, I closed my eyes, and patiently awaited the coming of the soother—sleep.

She came, but tarried not. After whispering into my ear a few light and pleasant things, and showing me, in her dream-clouded speculum, many joyous and fantastic images, she finally left me, to be sensible to the cool night air that wantoned over my face, and the dews of night that fell upon my brow.

Considering the arduous journey that I next day intended to take, I wooed her as perversely as sleep seemed inclined to fly me. I thought of many simple expedients, of which I had heard; these I tried successively, and experienced nothing but failures.

At length, I determined to give myself a wearying task—that of endeavouring to count the myriads of stars that seemed looking down so brightly, and so benignly upon me. As the deep blue above me became more intensely dark, stranger after stranger stepped forth in small points of glory, and thus continually bewildered me in my occupation. This stepping forward into a luminous existence became so closely allied to my ideas of motion, that I began to marvel why the larger and the brighter stars did not exert the same privilege. Shortly after, that which I conceived they had a right to do, I began to perceive that they did, or that I was dreaming.

To ascertain the reality of the one or the other, I arose from my recumbent situation, and sitting up, I looked around me. Here I could see no deception; in the clear starlight everything was as before I lay down. I could perceive, though but faintly, the very banana tree from which, but a short time before, I had plucked and eaten. The lower world stood immoveable, fixed in its shadowy reality: the trees, the open spaces, and the outlines of the eternal hills, changed not; but above there was a harmonious motion in the heavens. With my soul all eagerness, and my body overpowered by a crushing sense of weariness, I again laid myself down upon my back, and watched the slow and mazy dance of the spheres.

Low, yet grandly deep, like the far off moanings of the subsiding seas, there came to my ear music, and the voices of countless harmonies. "This," said I to myself, "is but the mystical work of an old superstition, playing off its mockeries upon my mind, balanced, as it is, between sleeping and waking. I see, but I believe not; I hear, but will acknowledge the existence of no sound;—it is all a delusion. But if," I continued, as the hymning became more resonant, "if this be no dream, let me distinctly hear the words, and I shall have faith. I am no poet—I never could make a single verse in my life,—what is passing above me is awfully imposing, but it is all illusion.

No sooner had I thus communed with myself, than the grand choral symphony burst stunningly upon my ears; no longer rushing down in torrents of indistinct harmonies; but worded, and every intonation of each word perfect. Never had I before conceived of the sublimity of human language. The hymn, the triumphant hymn of the stars, will never be erased from my memory. I will not place them before the scoffer. Till the mental eye be purged from the mistiness of sin that is before it, it cannot understand that which it would be easy to mock. Have the holy words of the Divinity escaped this profanation?

When the hymn, and in which I had unconsciously joined, had ceased, a slow and mournful measure seemed to fill the universe,

and to say, "We shall pass away,—our lights shall be extinguished in oblivion; but the sons of man, and the heirs of God, shall live in the bliss that endureth for ever. Let man rejoice, for to him there is no death."

This was the sense of the deeply sounding *vale*. I give not the words, or the metre of the words, though they are burnt indelibly on my brain.

After this there was a time of dread stillness throughout heaven and earth, and from the centre of the vaulted dome above me, and where most the stars clustered, they were rolled asunder, like diamonds from a bushel, and the adamantine blue of the firmament was cleft, and bared to my view the outer courts of the angels. There was great light, but it was very mild; and though methought that it was exceedingly bright and pure, it dazzled not, nor did eyelash quail before it. And as I looked into this vista of beauty steadfastly, I saw three thrones, one on the right hand, and one on the left, both of which were lower than that on the centre; and at once I knew these thrones to be—the throne of good gifts on the left hand, and the throne of mercy on the right, whilst the throne at the middle, which was the throne of justice, was terrible to look upon, because of the darting lightnings that flashed out from behind its lofty canopy.

On these thrones not one sate, nor were either angels of knowledge or of love in the vast and splendid courts; and my heart yearned within me, even unto bursting, to go and prostrate myself before the throne of good gifts, and ask for my soul's desire. But I knew that I could not take to myself the wings of a seraph, and soar into the Invisible Presence, to prostrate myself and adore; and motionless, as I lay, I wept exceedingly. In the midst of my tears, I knew that a female form was standing near me, and in a sweet low voice it said, "Ardent, arise!" and I answered, "Is it Honoria?" and the voice said again, "Look up and see." And it was not Honoria who stood beside me, but the Donna Isidora.

And when I had gazed upon her for some time, I perceived that she was exceedingly beautiful, and from the mellow lustre of her eyes she rained down upon me kindness and soul-sustaining love. I marvelled much that I had looked upon her so often, and never before discovered that her loveliness seemed to me to have been created from eternity, as a companion to myself, when penitence and pardon should have cleansed me from all mortal stains.

"Whence come you, Isidora?—tell me, all beautiful, am I fooled by my senses, or are you in truth, in reality, near me?"

"I am."

"Whence come you?"

"From being cast to and fro on the waters, in the time and tempest-worn vessel; I am with you in the spirit only; my frail body lies unconscious of my separation, in a lethargic, yet disturbed forgetfulness. It is not as you see *me*—that body—but worn, and somewhat wasted."

"Good, good," said I emphatically,—"what of my father—what of my mother?"

"Forbear—I can only do my mission. I am here to conduct you to the feet of the eternal throne; arise, and come."

"I would that thou wert Honoria; together we might plead her cause."

"*Thy* cause! But come."

"Do you make of me a laughing-stock. Oh, Isidora! I cannot lift, even lift, my heavy right hand from my enfeebled side; my body is as a clod of clay kneaded to the earth."

"Leave it."

"But how, most angelic Isidora?"

"Will it, and have faith. Wings I have none, and see, I ascend. What will not faith achieve?"

How shall I describe the thrilling sensation with which I felt myself liberating from my mortal mansion. Not a nerve, not a sensation did I lose; everything seemed perfect for a loftier end, yet of the same nature. At length I stood upon the breast of my own still and cold earth, I contemplated it beneath me, as does the sculptor the chiselled marble, the work of his own hands.

"You think your mortal tabernacle something that deserves admiration," said the bland voice of my companion.

"Frankly I confess the earth-born vanity."

"Could you, Ardent, but see yourself as I behold you."

"My present state of existence is such a state of blissful excitement to me, that I would willingly never again leave it; yet still I have a strong attachment to that insensible mass below, that I should weep to see it moulder away, or dissolve into corruption."

"You have not done with it yet, for many years. Leave it, however, for a little while:—Rise."

I obeyed, and shot in an instant through almost boundless space. I fancied I heard the folding up of many wings, and the solemn tread of innumerable hosts; but angel, celestial prince, power, or domination, I met none. My heart and my veins seemed as full of active blood as when I grovelled upon the miry earth, yet was that blood suddenly chilled as I trod these immortal courts; yet I passed on swiftly, and came and knelt reverently down before the throne of gifts. At this moment Isidora looked at me with all affection, mingled with doubt and apprehension.

Tremblingly I asked for that which it was a crime to conceive. I shuddered when I had finished my unholy supplication. When

I turned to look upon my assistant spirit, I found her beauteous countenance agonized with dismay, and bathed in tears. A deep reproach fell from her eye, which gave bitterness to my heart. But long time was not permitted to me to contemplate her sorrow. Not knowing whether my impious requests were granted, I was involuntarily forced onwards before the throne of judgment, and then commenced the miseries of my vision; all that was most horrible to see and to hear assaulted me at once. Tongues of living fire, without hand to direct, came and burned into my brow the dreadful—that I will not write. My new body, a thousand times more susceptible than my mere earthly frame, seemed as torn into piecemeal, yet still united. Every quivering nerve was a separate and living agony. But these bodily tortures were as nothing to my mental sufferings. Fear, the most icy,—dread, the most absorbing, fell upon me; despair rang out his bitter anathema, which was to last for ever, and ever, and ever. Thunderstruck—appalled—shrieking, I attempted to fly, and to reach the throne of mercy; but envious and immeasurably deep gulfs opened between me and the radiant shrine I sought. Down these I tumbled, falling—falling—eternally falling; and, as I fell, now passing through heats more intolerably burning than the worst we can conceive of hell fire; now through a racking cold, that appeared to make every limb more brittle than the finest glass. Through these I hurried screaming, and then ensued a still more horrible descent through a suffocating vacuum. How agonizing were my attempts for one little—little breath; how I longed to burst and pass away as a bubble, and still I fell down—down—down!

Time seemed to have wiped off his last record, and everything was measured by eternity. A single pang of a human moment seemed to have then the power of comprising in it the duration of ages. Torture had no other admeasurement, save intensity; and still I fell. After, as far as my sufferings would permit me to calculate, after enduring this for ages, I said to myself—"I will exert my sovereign will—sovereign, at least, over myself. If it could lift me from earth to thrones of heaven, it may perhaps enable me to suspend this feeling, nor permit it to be for ever; my eyes shall be no longer directed downwards." Immediately I became stationary, and my upturned eyes surveyed the immensity of the abyss through which I had fallen.

To my unspeakable comfort, the throne of mercy still appeared in view, and prostrate at its feet lay the form of Isidora. I called upon her name,—she arose. I told her that, from the bottom of my heart, I had repented, and bade her plead for me. I saw her kneel in the act of prayer; I then pronounced the one holy and all-sustaining name, and immediately my tortures were less;

the enclosing sides of the vast gulf in which I was suspended gave way on every side, and rolled off into the distance, like the mists of the summer morning.

And Isidora was again near me, and once more my feet trod on the firm earth, and the fleecy clouds swept over my head across the blue vaults of heaven. Hand in hand we journeyed onwards, and our discourse was plaintive, touching, and sweet.

"And whither go we, my Isidora?"

"Ardent, beloved of my soul! to the shores of the sea."

And on we travelled, on a way that seemed interminably long, yet very pleasant, and my question still was, "whither go we?" and the answer was always, "to the sea-shore."

"But why, my Isidora?"

"To meet your father and mother, and myself."

"But are you not here, with me, blessing me?"

"I am with you only, Ardent, to hear you denounce, in the name of Him who sitteth on the throne of judgment and of mercy, the cherished, though unacted crime of your heart."

"My eyes are opened, my Isidora, I have seen goodness, and now I know it. In that dread name I renounce, and for ever, my guilty wish, and repent me bitterly. I cleave to you only, my Isidora, my affianced one."

"It is enough. When the cup of penitence shall have been drunk unto the dregs—when the expiation shall have been fully made, there is for you a much-enduring happiness."

"In you?"

And I looked up for an answer—and I was alone. Then I fell into a deep melancholy, and by-and-bye the air seemed bitterly cold, and pinched to my very bones my too sentient impersonation. My soul yearned after her grosser body. My will only, was no longer sufficient for locomotion. I had to labour onwards through the freezing air, till after many hours' journey, I knew that I was approaching the spot whence, with Isidora, I had departed. Then I began to tremble exceedingly, remembering how many years I had forsaken my perishable mansion, lest, on approaching where it once lay, I should discover no more than a putrid mass of corruption; or a heap of whitened bones. Great was my joy, and loud my thanksgiving, to find it lying there, in all its manly beauty, untouched by decay. I panted to enter it, as pants the chided infant to creep into its mother's bosom. For a few moments I feared that I should remain disembodied for ever, yet obnoxious to pain, to cold, to hunger, and to weariness; denied access to Heaven yet unacknowledged by man, the sport of the tempest—the plaything of the whirlwind—I knew that, though infinitely rarified, I was not a mere shadow, a quality, an abstraction. Yet, my changed state had given me no greater

knowledge—I was at a loss how again to amalgamate myself with myself; and the cold, all this while, growing the more intense.

The sun was setting, and I was still pondering upon my distressing state, when, to my infinite horror, and my almost ungovernable anger, I saw a huge vulture, the filthiest of its obscene race, come and perch itself upon the breast of my body, and stretching forth its raw and fleshy neck protrude its sharp and curved beak close to the right eye of my mortal self. Another division of an instant, and he would have dug it through the socket into my brain. I grasped the carnivorous epicure by his long and clammy throat, and twisting him by his neck until he was dead, I flung the foul carcase afar off.

"Come, Ardent," said I to myself, taking hold of my own right hand, "it is high time that you were up and be doing. Even at the best, what would Isidora say to a one-eyed wooer. Rise, man, or we shall have not only the brother and sister here of the gentleman with the naked throat, but also all his kith and kin to the hundredth remove, for I see a vast flock of black wings now passing over the disc of the setting sun."

So I made a violent jerk in order to pluck myself up from my recumbent position, and I, the poor veritable, skin-clad Ardent Troughton, found myself sitting up alone, with the rheumatism in my limbs, and a living vulture, with slowly-flapping wings, heavily and reluctantly flying from me.

The sun, however, was not setting; it was still ascending, having risen two hours. At first, I was very stiff, and in much pain; however, I aroused myself, and felt extremely hungry. Being well provided, I soon rid myself of this vulgar annoyance; but I was much surprised at the quantity of food, that I could not forbear to consume. However, to use a simple yet forcible phrase, I arose and took up my staff and walked, stiffly and lamely at first, but I gradually recovered my usual vigor and elasticity of limb.

But my mind was one chaos of distraction. My memory only was perfect. That had indelibly recorded every iota that I had witnessed in my sleeping vision, or my visionary sleep. I had slept, or been in a trance, for thirty-six hours; which fact, I afterwards ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is known that I had poisoned myself with a narcotic berry, called, by the natives of some of the South Sea islands, kircurru, which I had eaten and mistaken for wild grapes.

Then, the hymns that I believed I had heard, every word of them I remembered; but in repeating them in broad daylight, I found that they made but very indifferent verse. But the stars may be very good and bright stars indeed, without being poe-

tical; and it would be almost impiety to think that there should be a single poet among all the heavenly hosts—for if there were, there would be then among them, one querulous and unhappy being.

Certain it is, however, that, as my mind recovered its tone, I began to draw a deep moral from what I had seen, or fancied that I had seen. Purer and better thoughts gradually took firm hold of me. I began to think much and fondly of Isidora, and to view with less distaste the probability that I should no longer be able to found a mighty empire. But all these thoughts tended to give me a feeling of deep humiliation. I no longer held myself to be just and upright in my own eyes. Yet, I could not help imagining that I had expiated my fault by the immense sufferings that I had undergone. Had I been a catholic, I should have felt convinced of the fact, and have firmly believed that I had passed through ages of purgatory, concentrated in a few hours. What has man's method of reckoning time to do with Omnipotence? But I determined not to think myself discharged from the obligation of deep repentance, and a long expiatory life, not merely of lip-service, in praying of prayers, and chaunting loud hymns, but in sacrificing my own happiness to that of others, and doing, with humility before God, all the good that I could to my fellow-men.

## CHAPTER LII.

*Marks of civilisation—vision of sovereignty entirely dispelled—a hearty reception—the whole prospects of my future fortunes changed.*

On the fourth day, as, soon after the rising of the sun, I had commenced my westward peregrinations, I saw, in the extreme distance, a white column of wreathing smoke. As that smoke was dispersed and lost in the circumambient air, so faded away my last thoughts of being immortalised in history as the patriarch founder of a new and vast empire in the South. The punishment that I had lately endured, caused me to receive my disappointment very calmly. I looked upon this indication of inhabitants with feelings of pleasure—yet, at the time, did not remark the practical libel I was making on mankind, by looking scrupulously at the state of my arms, before I approached my brother men.

I did even more than this; I advanced, as much as I could, under cover, and actually stole like a thief upon their dwellings.

As I proceeded, I found something more than indications of savage life. Fruit trees inclosed, and patches of land under cultivation. I looked scrutinisingly on all sides, for that infallible test of advanced civilisation, a gibbet; but not being able to see any, I concluded that the people, whoever they might be, had not advanced beyond the pastoral state As I went forward cautiously, I observed several more of these smoking columns, and came at last to a herd of swine; consequently, I expected great things. I argued, that a community which relish pigs' fry, and could boast of a butcher, must not be in the lowest position on the scale of humanity. But, notwithstanding all these good auguries, I was most anxious to see before I should be seen. So, still keeping the smoke before me, I made small deviations as I approached, never appearing in the open country.

From mere tracks, I now came to several well-trodden paths, parallel with the principal, though not upon it. I determined to proceed, having notched my arrow in the string of my bended bow, whilst my formidable spear occupied the sling at my back. At length, joyful moment, the sounds of human voices met my ear. The speakers were advancing towards me. The tones of their voices rang merrily through the green glades, and they were soon near enough to enable me to make out that they spoke a mongrel Spanish. I crouched down in the bush until they were nearly abreast of me in the path. The party consisted of about half-a-dozen boys and girls—unarmed, of course. They were a beautiful specimen of the South Sea Indian race, and, as far as I observed, perfectly free from the hideous tattooing so common among them. Though rather short of stature, they were symetrically formed, and of a clear, though not a dark brown complexion. The eldest of them was a girl of about nineteen years of age.

Returning my arrow into my leathern pouch, and resuming my spear, I stood before them suddenly. A sharp cry of surprise, perhaps of alarm, saluted me; but I was pleased to see that they made no attempt to fly. Collecting all my disposable suavity into my countenance, I told them that I was a shipwrecked stranger, weary and travel-worn, and that in search of relief I had got thus far.

My humble speech had the desired effect. I gained their confidence at once, and they pressed around, lavishing on me every token of kindness. The swiftest of foot, a humorous-looking imp, was despatched to announce my arrival at the village, whilst two of the young ladies, each one taking a hand, led me forward in a kind of triumph.

May God forgive me for it, for, most assuredly, I told these brown beauties a great many fibs. Whilst they were asking me a

thousand wonder-born questions, I was very particularly inquisitive as to what they ate. Really, they must have thought me a very greedy and base-minded fellow. After they had enumerated beef, and kid, and fish, fowls, and fruit, and various esculent vegetables, I still pressed the point with great pertinacity.

"What, my sweet daughters, do you eat on your great feast days—no peculiar treat then?"

"No; excepting then that they had more meat, and more fish, and more fowls."

I found that I was obliged to come to a point in which I felt myself most deeply and personally concerned. With a great deal of hesitation and a burning blush at being obliged to push the question to such innocent-looking and pretty creatures, I, at last, faultered out, "did they not sometimes cook and eat men and women?"

At this question, each of my conductors flung my hand from her grasp with a grimace expressive of disgust and horror, which was more satisfactory to me than the blandest smile that they could have bestowed upon me; and, verily, prettily, I know, they could smile when they chose.

I began to imagine, from the extent of the land, that I was upon some part of New Zealand; and as the aborigines have an evil reputation for their taste in animal food, I thought the question so revolting to my new friends, not at all irrelevant. However, as by their unsophisticated surprise I was assured that they were new to these atrocities, I felt extremely happy in knowing that I had no chance of playing so important a part in a feast, as to furnish the principal dish of it.

I had some difficulty in recovering the good opinion of my companions, if I ever fully recovered it. Still the appearance of amity returned, and we proceeded towards the town.

Other persons joined us, and I had nothing to complain of on the score of my reception. I was much amused with the medley of Indian and Spanish that they all spoke; the younger being invariably the better linguists, whilst the elder were almost barbarous in their language. They were all not ungracefully dressed in a mixture of European and South Sea costume.

So much was I occupied in answering questions, that I had no opportunity of putting any. In this way, I was at last conducted into a very respectably looking village, extremely populous, and everything about it wearing the appearance of contentment, plenty, and happiness.

In the centre of the village there was an open space, at the farther end of which there was a spacious building, of considerable solidity, in the lower parts of its construction. This, I

afterwards found, was the court-house and the chapel. The symbol of christianity rose on its eastern gable.

By this time I had a crowd of respectful gazers around me. Many of them thrust out their hands that I might shake them. I was much pleased with all that I saw. During my interchange of simple courtesies with these good people, a gladsome shout arose, and, attended by the elders of the community, one of the most venerable figures that the mind can conceive, advanced to meet me. He was not only an European, but a pallid one. His hair and his beard, both of which were long, were of a snowy whiteness. Mildness and benevolence were the characteristics of his features. He bore with him no symbols of rule, his appearance was a sufficient warrant for authority.

"Welcome to our homes of innocence and hospitality, stranger, whoever you may be," were the words with which he addressed me. The accentuation was pure, and the phraseology that of a Spanish gentleman.

I answered, in the best manner I could; the purport of which speech was a claim on his protection and good offices, a desire of a private interview, and the name of the place, and of the people over whom he appeared to rule.

"By the repentance of my sins, pure Castilian! My son, you are welcome to me as the fertilizing shower to the parched-up earth, were it only that you have once more blessed my ears with the genuine accents of my native country. I embrace a Spaniard, doubtlessly." And he enfolded me, for a moment, like a father, in his arms.

"Paternally and maternally a Spaniard, born on Spanish soil, but English bred."

I did not think it requisite to tell him that Mr. Troughton, senior, was only an Iberian by naturalization.

"Oh, then, I hold you as a true Spaniard," was his reply. "The accident of your English breeding is an advantage to you. The English are a noble race. Truly, it is a brave nation. But come, we have prepared for you a homely feast. Time enough hereafter for private interviews."

"But my stay must be short, very short."

"I understood that you had been shipwrecked, and sought a home."

"True, reverend senor, to the very letter. I will explain all."

"But first enter and eat. You ask me for the name of the place. I have lived here nearly eighteen years, but know not how it is called by the geographers, or those to whom it may be known. I am even ignorant of its extent, or whether it be an island or a portion of some vast continent. I have never jour-

neyed beyond twenty miles from this spot. However, I have called it Mantezuma, and the simple, yet good inhabitants that you see are Mantezumians. But enter and eat."

"It is a pleasant sounding name," said I, laconically, as I followed into the large hall. The kingdom of Honoria, and a manly nation of Honorians, my fancy and my vanity whispered to me, would have been as magniloquent in the mouth; but thinking of my expiation, I entertained no more the traitorous idea.

The feast was ample, and, though evidently hastily prepared, not wanting in good taste in its arrangement. I was received by much cordiality by all, yet there was a respect paid to me, and I was looked upon with much awe. This was owing, I afterwards discovered, to my martial appearance. I have described it, when I narrated my first excursion. It will not be possible, in this late stage of the narrative of my adventures, so accurately to describe this repast, as might satisfy a *bon vivant*. I can only shortly say, that there was the profusion of a genial climate, aided by the best of Spanish cookery—not altogether rejecting the culinary arts of the Indian. There were three or four sorts of fermented liquors, all very pleasant to the taste, but not wholly impotent upon the brain. The filthy juice of the *cava* found no place there.

When I had sufficiently refreshed myself, and made myself as agreeable as I could to every one of the guests, the venerable chief dismissed them with a kindly speech; and leaving the remnants of the repast to whomever chose to walk in and to partake of them, he led me to his private dwelling, and there introduced me to his own wife and family. The lady, I found to be a good-looking, middle-aged Indian woman, having more of the *embonpoint* than any person I had yet met in the place. With deference to her majesty, she was almost as plump as any royal personage—*de facto* or *de jure*, can be supposed to be—and everybody knew, that they cannot be more than gracefully so. There was about the court—I love etiquette—a numerous and very beautiful race. A vast superabundance of all the good things of this life were spread around.

I was much pleased with all I saw, and my vanity leads me to believe that I equally pleased. Telling me, that, after my long journey, he recommended an hour's repose, he conducted me into a sleeping apartment and showed me a bed that made me think too meanly of that which I had recently so much valued, the manufacture of Jugurtha—the embellishments by Honoria. I slept nearly three hours, and should have prolonged the enjoyment far into the night, perhaps through it, had not my venerable host come to awake me.

A hot supper awaited me, and the company of all the belles and beaux of the place. The more that I saw, the more I was

satisfied with everything. I longed to transfer my sister and Jugurtha from their solitudes into this social circle.

Without appearing mysterious, I refrained giving a public account of my exact situation and adventures. These I reserved for my host's private ear. I had much also to ask of him. At a reasonable early hour the company dispersed, and family prayer being after the ritual of the Catholic church, his own family retired, and we were left alone.

Conceiving, that in all honour, the first disclosures should come from me, and judging that as concealment, or even reserve, would neither be politic or generous, I commenced a narrative, very much abridged, of everything that had occurred to myself and family since we had sailed from Barcelona, and described, as I finished, the exact position of Honoria and the negro. I did not, of course, tell him of my trance, or of my vision of expiation.

## CHAPTER LIII.

I set off ambassador to my own city—I abdicate my throne for ever, and evacuate my dominions—a pleasant march and triumphant reception.

When I had finished, and during my recital I felt proud of my powers of oratory. My long-bearded listener never once interrupted me by any attempt at speech, but, from almost the very first, he exhibited signs of the greatest agitation, and wept unrestrainedly. I was gratified with these unequivocal signs of my rhetorical force. Tears from a man, who must undoubtedly have so much suffered, was a tribute as unexpected as it was welcome.

When I had finished, and paused much pleased with myself, for it is pleasant to be listened to, it was some time before he could recover sufficient composure to reply. When, however, he did make answer, it was as kind and as paternal as my heart could desire. He promised me, the next day, an escort of as many stout men as I should choose, who might take with them a litter on which to bear my sister when fatigue might overcome her. Any arrangement I could suggest, and which was in his power to effect, should be made.

He then, in return, voluntarily told me his history. The reader already surmises, though I then did not at all suppose, who was my host. He had been treacherously landed, and deserted near the spot. He had escaped by a miracle from assassination—had

found means to shelter and subsist himself—and, strange as it may appear, when thus removed from all human aid and unassisted by medical advice, had firmly re-established his health.

After having been nearly a year upon the island, a large party of Indians, with several of their women and children, landed. By some accident they were detained, and meeting with the Spaniard, were so much struck by his appearance that they, lately having lost their chief in some silly skirmish, elected him to supply his place.

It is totally beside my purpose to relate by what gentle yet forceful means he had increased their happiness, and by improving their civilisation, elevated them on the scale of humanity. He was loved and obeyed—obeyed so scrupulously because he was so devotedly loved. They had much real wealth among them, but no contentions—no suits—for their governor had not yet introduced the use of money. Seeing that his little colony possessed no lawyers, I no longer wondered that I could find no gibbet.

I need not state that this revered person was no other than Diego Mantez, the elder brother of Captain Roderic Mantez. The manner of entrapping Diego on shore has been previously described by the Silver Spoon. Diego united, in his own person, the heads both of the state and church. He was at once priest and king over his community. He had christianized his people. He called them Catholics—but there was but little of the mummery of that religion in his church. He married, baptized, and buried. I know not whether he deserved excommunication for doing all these things without the imposing of papist hands, or any other sacerdotal imposition.

I must hurry forward. Accompanied by eight stout and very cheerful-looking young men, and the eldest son of Diego, as a sort of honour to the convoy, and well furnished with provision, we commenced, about ten o'clock the next morning, our journey eastwards. We travelled with much expedition, and very amusing I found my simple-hearted companions.

As I had been very careful to notice my landmarks, we proceeded without any interruptions excepting those that were needful for rest and refection. Without accident or any adventure worth recording, we reached the river, which we soon crossed, and Honoria and myself were, once more, in each other's arms. In this embrace I lingered without compunction. She was again to me my dear, my protected sister. I now no longer looked upon her as selected by destiny, and the evil that had been in me, to become the future mistress of a kingdom, and the mother of a race of demigods.

The astonishment of my worthy Mantezumians was extreme at beholding, to them, the superhuman beauty of my sister. Had

she not prevented them, they would have fallen down and worshipped. The joy was universal throughout the party. Jugurtha capered and grinned and sent forth his discordant sounds of mirth to the wonder of my companions, who complained to me seriously, that he spoke such bad Spanish. They also much marvelled at his ugliness, he being as singular in the one extreme, as was my sister in the other.

However, being well provided, we feasted them, and, for the first time, their hearts were made glad with some moderate cups of palm wine. That evening, after my suite had found resting-places, in and about our dwellings, and the heir apparent of Mantezuma had been accommodated with a cloak of skins spread upon our dining table, I retired, with my sister, to our inner apartment, and there related all that I had seen and heard.

The expressions of her gratitude for all the labour and fatigue that I had endured for her sake, were overflowing with tenderness, and melted my very heart with pleasure. How I loved that child! But the idea of an instant removal did not give her all the pleasure that I had anticipated. She had made up her mind to live and die with me in that blissful solitude. She knew that it was right and fitting for her to leave, yet the summons came too suddenly. She already had her pets. Two dwarf monkeys and a white squirrel seemed to have placed their happiness in her hands. She had formed, also, an attachment to her bed of flowers—and she had allured several birds of glorious plumage into a state of shy confidence with her. Besides, she had many embryo plans, all of which she longed to bring to maturity, seeking for herself no other reward than my wonder and approbation.

These regrets soon passed away when I spoke to her of her parents. I also became a little scrupulous about religion. I told her, that there was a chapel, in which she might again hear the word—and seeing that I wished her to depart on the morrow—every wish to remain longer disappeared.

Next morning everything was bustle and preparation for departure. The young son of Diego, a graceful youth of about sixteen, was assiduous in his services upon Honoria. Indeed, when he could be no longer employed in doing her behests he seemed very sorrowful. Jugurtha was now the only person who did not participate in the general alacrity and joy. When he understood that we were determined to depart, and immediately, he, at first, wished to take everything with him. One thing after the other he was forced to relinquish, and, with all his love and respect for Honoria and myself, he could not help permitting his reproachful looks to say to us—"Why trust to strangers whilst Jugurtha lives; why leave this quiet retreat, and place your happiness, by leaving it, under the control of others?" Three times, I feared

a feud between him and the young Diego; for the pagelike attentions of the latter were anything but pleasing to my dark friend.

Taking nothing with us but our various suits of raiment, (and the princely shoulders of young Mantez bent under the load of Honoria's finery,) and a good supply of provisions, we cheerfully commenced our journey. In order the more fully to ensure all respect for Jugurtha, I conversed with him continually, asking his advice often—his part of the dialogue being expressed by manual signs. Honoria, also, showed him great attention; but all these soothing appliances were hardly sufficient to restore to the good negro his accustomed equanimity and bonhomie.

By far the heaviest laden among us, was the heir apparent. Indeed, the burthen was too much for the lad—or even for one man; still, he was extremely loth to permit any one to carry Honoria's treasures but himself. But his devotion was greater than his strength; and the excess of his load made his companions heavier and happier.

When we halted for the night, a temporary bower was erected for Honoria, and despite of all my entreaties to the contrary, a watch was placed near the doorway during the night. The silly Mantez bribed his companions to give him the troublesome privilege of keeping his eyes open, whilst nature and a hard day's march called almost imperatively for their closing.

We proceeded without any material interruption until we had reached within a few miles of the town. Not once would Honoria permit herself to be borne on the litter, consequently, at her earnest request, it was thrown aside very early in the journey. Indeed, she proved as good a walker as the best of us. The progress was almost a continual festival. The laugh and the joke went round—the rude song was sung, and, even when we stopped to take refreshment, as if invulnerable to fatigue, some one youth, more ambitious than the others, would distinguish himself by favouring us with a dance.

After we had approached within five miles of our destination, a large party, both of males and females, came out to meet us, bringing with them fresh fruits and newly cooked provisions. The rest of our progress was a triumph. Group after group joined us as we advanced, and, before we entered among the houses, the whole of the population, with the exception of what might be called the court, entered with us. Here resistance was in vain—Honoria, in a sort of car, was mounted on the shoulders of four stately youths; and, moving in this manner, we were met by Don Diego, his wife, family, and the few that were called the elders of this small nation.

Need I dwell upon the rejoicings that ensued? For days nothing was thought of but gratulation, song, and dance. The best house, with its courts and enclosures, that the town could boast of, was assigned to us. The building exceeded the royal palace in elegance and compactness if not in extent. Talk to me no more of a public sensation. The avatar of Honoria was one. Truly, it was a long time before they fully believed that she was of a mortal race. The innocent folks had conceived nothing resembling her hitherto. As we were treated as if the good people all belonged to our family, she was cherished as much as she was adored. In the kingdom of Mantezuma she incontinently led the fashion. Half the female population watched her first appearance in the morning, and then ran and told the other half in what manner she was habited, and then the two halves combined to dress themselves into one imitative whole. These imitations were grotesque enough, but seldom wholly inelegant. Great was the power of Honoria in distracting the minds of that infant population.

The strictest intimacy subsisted between Diego, his family, and ourselves. His eldest son would have been too happy to have been our slave, for a glance of the blue eyes that had made him at once so elevated and unhappy. Regal connections went begging for us, to use a very vulgar phrase. Jugurtha did not, however, as I expected, incline himself to the taking of a wife. The only reason that I can assign for it was, that he was discreet, and a few months past forty-five—at a very reasonable guess. Bounder was in good quarters, and in much too good condition—he was growing, not only inordinately fat, but asthmatic. With these little drawbacks, he was at the summit of canine happiness. His good temper was imperturbable, and the little half-naked Mantezumians found him the most forbearing playmate that they could select. Indeed, they were not so forbearing to each other when they quarelled for his caresses.

For myself, as yet, I hardly knew the exact nature of my feelings; but, altogether, I was much happier than when I was struggling with what I thought my destiny. I had now passed the Rubicon. I had announced Honoria as my sister. How virtuous we are inclined to be when we have the eyes of hundreds upon us. Remorse too would at times apply her cankering tooth to my heart—but these attacks were few, and each less severe than the preceding.

I employed all my time in winning the confidence of the men and the goodwill of the ladies. I succeeded wonderfully with both, which is a miracle; for it seldom happens but that too much favour with the one sex injures us materially in the eyes of the other. In this enviable employment, and searching for a fit-

ting spot for a dry dock, I passed all my time not spent at Don Diego's, or devoted to my own family.

We attended church, were present at a marriage, and Honoria and I stood sponsors at two christenings. We began to grow naturalized, and ardently did Don Diego wish to preserve us to himself and to his for ever. A very pretty episodical story might be related of the gallantries and love-passages that Honoria gave rise to. My mind was far away often in the midst of these busy scenes so momentous to the actors, whilst Honoria seemed to enjoy, to the utmost, the oddities of the present moment.

We had been in this hospitable place nearly a month, when the first tempest that had visited the place, for a long period, took upon itself to warn us to build a little more securely. Several houses were unroofed, and a few structures, more aspiring than stable, were overturned, like an ill-regulated ambition that has towered too high without a sufficient foundation. No lives were lost, nor bones fractured.

Being curious to see the ravages that the storm had made during the night upon this very beautiful garden of nature, I arose so soon as it was well light, and having surveyed our town and the adjacent gardens, I slowly walked down to the sea-beach.

## CHAPTER LIV.

The winding up of affairs is seldom satisfactory—the reality of our best blessings never equal to our anticipations—the conclusion.

I stood alone upon the sands, and looked seawards. The morning was calm, yet there was still a heavy swell beyond the small bay round which many of the houses were built. The canoes, double and single, had been drawn up beyond the reach of wave or tide, and were consequently unscathed by the tempest. I had not stood long contemplating this scene, before the most welcome yet strangest sight broke upon my eyes that I had ever looked upon.

Closely hugging the headland, and almost within the spray that repercussed from the rocks, drifted slowly with the long-heaving swell, the huge but not dismasted hull of a high-pooped two-decked ship. I felt rooted to the spot—I trembled to the very verge of dissolution—I wished to cry out but found no voice—I knew her at once to be the Santa Anna—yet, how changed! She was but seven months before, when I had left her, a gal-

lant-looking vessel—she had now the appearance of a huge spectral ship. There was something dreadfully unnatural in the greenness upon her. In a few minutes I discovered that there were human beings crawling about her.

Then, with an effort, I flung off my lethargy—I flew up to the house, and whispering one word to Honoria and to Diego, and then taking with me Jugurtha, and the élite of the people, well armed after their fashion, I sprang into the largest of the double canoes, and rapidly paddled off to the drifting wreck. We were a powerful party, being more than fifty strong, though our arms would not have enabled us to compete with an European resistance from half our numbers.

With what tumultuous feelings I approached. Speak I could not, but I, with the most impassioned gestures, urged the strong men with their paddles to their utmost speed. As we approached I grew sick with apprehension, and I cursed, mentally, a thousand times the unfortunate position of the vessel. Her head was towards the shore. What would I not have sacrificed to have looked into the cabin windows.

But soon a ray of joy, like electricity, flashed through my whole frame—huddled together with a few more faces that were looking anxiously towards us, I discovered what I knew could be nothing else but the white wig of my father. I thanked God that he had been spared. Immediately after, that figure took off his spectacles and wiped their glasses. The manner of doing this action was peculiar to himself. No other man could have done it like him. It would have marked him out among millions.

"Give way—give way, my brothers—give way," I shouted forth, "Honoria and I shall be again blessed by our father."

The men responded to my cry with renewed exertions, and, in a few minutes more, foaming along the waters, the boat flew up alongside of the ponderous vessel. Regardless of consequences, I and Jugurtha were upon her deck in one moment, and I in my father's arms in the next. Long was that endeared embrace, and many the tears that we could not help shedding.

"Ardent, your mother."

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, breaking from his arms, and looking round in the hopes of seeing her.

No sooner had I disengaged myself from my father's arms, than I perceived Jugurtha was hugging an old acquaintance, but not content with bestowing upon him his sinewy embrace, he had grasped the object of his cares vigorously by the throat. This object was none other than the captain, in his full-blown uniform.

"Bind the miscreant hand and foot—but, Jugurtha, harm him not—not yet, my brother—our time will come, leave that to me,—old and dear friends are waiting for us." Mantez was

bound in a moment, and flung upon the deck with as little compunction as Sinbad showed to his bundle of old age and infirmities when he pitched him off his shoulders.

With a short and hearty greeting from my father, Jugurtha accompanied us into the state-cabin, from which the ladies, being so much overcome by the blessed intelligence that had already reached them, were unable to remove. What shall I say! Will it not be sufficient to understand the scene when I relate only, that I received my mother's blessing, Don Julien's heartful gratulations, and that Isidora flung herself into my arms and blissfully swooned.

She remained not long insensible—the gushing tears came to her relief, and she sobbed out upon my shoulder, "Ardent, night and day I have been thinking about you."

Then there was an instant pause; a silence of deep anxiety. "Where is our Honoria?" was the half uttered exclamation.

"She is safe, well, and more beautiful than ever."

God was fervently thanked, and my mother put up the oblation of her heart from her bended knees.

"Mother—father—in less than an hour she shall be in your arms."

"Come then at once," said he, and my mother arose immediately.

"Nay," said I, "there is very much to do, and the winds and the waves await for no men—not even for loving and virtuous parents."

During this, the Silver Spoon and the negro had fraternized, and hands being joined, they had capered together once round the cabin with frantic delight; and then, with a dexterity and despatch only to be equalled on board, the cockney had knocked off the neck of a bottle of rum, and pouring the contents in a bowl, added water to it for appearance' sake—showed such a modicum of it, as the tories would have given the nation of reform, "as little as needs be,"—the two quaffed it together lovingly.

Watkins was then introduced to me formally by my father, as one of his best friends, by the style and title of Mr. William Watkins. We shook hands heartily. During all these hasty recognitions, a grinning scarecrow, in torn light blue coat and green pantaloons, amused himself by showing his very ugly countenance at the door of the cabin and hastily withdrawing it. The visage expressed a strange mixture of familiarity and fear. I had always disliked the man; but could not, on that account, be uncivil to him, if, in the disastrous situation in which my family had been placed, he had shown them attention or civility.

"What does that mountebank deserve, my friend?" said I, placing my hand upon the Spoon's shoulder.

"To be tossed in a blanket, and afterwards smothered to death with pomatum."

"Bind him, Jug, and lay him alongside of the captain." Notwithstanding the longitudinally-formed legs of Auguste Epaminondas Montmorency, the chase was a short one; he was trust in the twinkling of a dead eye, and—a little supplemental attention not contemplated by myself—gagged by Watkins, and laid down near Mantez. This last proceeding saved this second mate from the sin of much swearing—though, it must be confessed, that his "*sacres*" nearly cut his own throat, by their endeavours to explode upwards.

We all now, with Zurbano and the barber, repaired to the deck. We found all the Spaniards of the crew now remaining, both sick and well, if such skeletons could be called well who were only dying with starvation. Each man was dressed in his best, with his bag and his chest beside him, ready to go in the boat.

By this time other canoes had come alongside, but the behaviour of the natives in all of them was orderly. Those whom I admitted on the deck made no attempt to thieve, but seemed entirely engrossed in the eagerness to obey any order that I might give them.

"Gentlemen," said I to the crew, "we are not going on shore yet; of this, however, be assured, that just as you entered this vessel at Barcelona, so shall you leave it—and the second man that murmurs shall swing at the yardarm, and the first man that grumbles shall trice him up." I heard neither grumblers nor murmurers, yet, notwithstanding his gag, a very audible groan escaped from the love-professing lips of the last of his line of Montmorencies.

"Now, Mr. Watkins," said I, touching my hat to him, as in duty bound, "I constitute you harbour-master to all the ports of this kingdom of Mantezuma. You will therefore take all necessary measures to tow this ship into the centre of that bay with all possible expedition, and ground her as near to the shore as she will lie."

"Ay, ay, sir," said he, but pointing anxiously to the boats.

"Oh, they are all good and hearty souls, and understand Spanish enough to obey you. I'll look to the towing-lines on board. I think they will purchase best from the jib-boom end."

Then hailing all the canoes, now amounting to about fourteen, double as well as single, in order to secure their co-operation with a proper combination, Watkins jumped into one of them,

and they were all soon under the bows in three lines of nearly equal strength.

I asked the crew to assist me in getting the towing-lines overboard. Some of them began to make stipulations. I would listen to none of them. All that I would grant them amounted to this: —To those that now obeyed me cheerfully, oblivion to the past; to the contumelious, imprisonment on shore, and a fair trial for robbery. With many melancholy glances at their cherished chests, they went forward and sullenly enough got the necessary ropes over the bows.

So vigorously did the Mantezumians ply their paddles, that the huge old craft went ahead cheerfully, until she grounded about two hundred feet from the shore. Under the direction of Watkins, the men in the canoes, then leaped on shore, and taking the hawsers in their hands, all of the population of the place tailing on that could find room, whenever the ground-swell rose, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, they plucked the ship nearer and nearer to the beach; and then hauling taut the hawsers, by sundry contrivances of the cockney seaman, they were well fastened—secured, I should have said—on shore.

Don Diego, his family, and the whole strength of his civil government, were drawn up on shore to receive us. As yet, the dynasty had not been of sufficient antiquity either to demand, or its subjects to furnish forth, a military parade. In the midst of this circle, all doing homage around her, stood Honoria; already had her parents descried her from the vessel.

The Santa Anna being now firmly set in the sand, I waved the canoes on board, and clearing out a large one completely, I ordered her alongside. By this time, the active Watkins had rejoined us, and then we called each man to the gangway. Having procured two strong, large, and empty chests, the one for the silver, and the other for the gold, we ordered the first man upon the file to identify his bag, and box, and everything that he called his. When this was done, with very little ceremony, we turned the bags inside out, and breaking the iron-rivetted chests, and cutting their intricate lashings away, all the coin we found, either of gold or silver, we started into our two receptacles for recovered property.

What was strictly and indubitably the man's property, we returned to him, and then tumbled him over the side into the canoe, first of all making a strict personal search. Many a bandage of doubloons did we recover by this last process, at which Mr. Watkins proved himself a first class adept.

By these means we retrieved an immense sum in specie. When all the foremast men had been got rid of in this manner, the unfortunate Montmorency was then brought to the gangway. I

was a little vexed at finding him gagged; I would not have permitted it, had not my attention been otherwise employed. When I caused the gag to be removed, and politely begged his pardon for having unintentionally permitted his speech to be husbanded, he broke forth thunderwise. There was no stopping the vehemence of his indignation at the ungentlemanly outrage to which he had been subjected, until I began to play with the marlingspike in a very significant manner.

I asked him quietly, when I had thus allayed the storm, if he had any luggage that he wished to take on shore with him, as I informed him, that everything left on board would be considered the property of my father and myself.

"Truly, yes," was the reply, with an air half submissive, half impudent.

"Mr. Watkins and Jugurtha, attend the gentleman, and assist him with his traps to the gangway." Shortly after, the unconscionable rogue emerged with four large iron-bound chests, from under the break of the poop; these chests being so heavily laden, that it was with difficulty that they could be dragged along the deck, each by one person.

"What do these weighty chests contain, Monsieur?"

"*Sacré* what do I know?—the one with the bearskin over it, my wardrobe, and the *materiel* of my toilette; the others, a sacred trust confided to me by a venerable priest, for the benefit of a poor convent at New Orleans."

"Nevertheless, we will make free to examine their contents. Mr. Watkins!—Jugurtha!"

They were speedily forced open: three of them, as I supposed, contained nothing but mingled doubloons and dollars: the fourth, a beggarly catalogue of filthy finery, and the remnants of some lewd books.

With all the fury of one deeply wronged, he protested, and he threatened, at this act of barefaced piracy, as my companions were judiciously separating the silver from the gold, "he was a son of a great captain, a scion of young France—his nation would avenge him—all Europe should ring with it."

His exaggerations only produced, on our parts, shouts of laughter. When my myrmidons proceeded to search his person, I really thought his passion would have been fatal to him. Never before, jewellery excepted, was a man so expensively dressed. The high and flashy-looking collar of his coat was quilted with jos. Being extremely thin, tall, and gaunt, at first I expected to find him actually cased in coins; this was not precisely the fact; he had attended to appearances; he had only padded his hips and his calves with them; at least this was all that we could discover. In my own mind, I verily believed that he was too cunning, even

for Mr. Watkins, and that he finally escaped with a great deal of gold on his person, entirely useless to him.

He was then handed into the canoe appropriated to the crew, yet his magnanimity deserted him not, for he placed himself haughtily in the stern of the craft, and imperatively ordered every one to go to hell who presumed to look at him.

And last of all, without ceremony, bound as he was, we lowered Mantez into the canoe, by whipping him over the side. This mode of conveyance I permitted, for the satisfaction of a whim of the Spoon; for he said he should never die easy until he had seen him, in some shape or another, hanging at the yard-arm. It was but a little revenge, and I take shame to myself for having given in to it. He bore all these indignities in sullen silence.

The good folks in the cabin had made the best use of this time; the ladies and their female attendants had dressed themselves as for a ball; my respectable father had mounted upon his honoured head that particular best wig that he had reserved for putting on the day that he should first make his appearance at New Orleans; and his large gold-headed cane was called into requisition. Even Julien had made himself very presentable. Surely there must be a great pleasure in exciting the astonishment of the ignorant.

All my choice wardrobe was precisely as I left it, and I might have made myself as fine as the others; but, perhaps with more vanity than they, I declaimed against the vanity of appearances, and contented myself only with a good supply of linen. I had caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror on the rudder case, and was by no means dissatisfied with the dark and manly-bearded person that I saw there, so picturesque in his barbarian attire.

Both my mother and Isidora said, that my contempt of the effeminacies of the toilette was so like myself; so grand, so philosophical, and so self-denying; with a soul so much above trifles. Zurbano and his attendant barber now joined us; they were very desirous to be searched. Of course, we would not put the indignity upon them. We then all descended into Diego's state canoe, and pulled for the shore, followed by another, that had a third in tow, containing Don Mantez, his second mate, and the wretched remains of his crew, Jugurtha acting over them as a guard, and Watkins, with a humorous malice, beating most energetically the rogue's march, on the ship's drum. Thus the procession reached the shore.

It was well for all parties that the first meeting of Honoria with her parents was so public. Even with hundreds of eyes gazing upon them, their emotions were so vividly expressed, few of those eyes remained unmoistened. Don Diego looked upon his brother with stern sorrow, but did not make himself known to him.

Much—very much, devolved upon me. The first question was to secure everything valuable belonging to the ship; the next, to dispose of the recreant and perfidious Mantez. The author of so many murders must not be suffered to live. We confined him, guarded, in a deserted mansion for two days, but, in other respects, treated him well. On the third day I was resolved to put him on a public trial: the elders were assembled, and Diego, still unknown to his brother, presided; his fleecy beard, his unique dress, and many years, had more than sufficiently disguised him.

Roderic Mantez was brought in in the same sullen state of mind that had marked him since his capture. I was his public accuser; I charged him with piracy and murder; I denounced him as one unfit to live; I asked for his death at the hands of his judges. He quailed before the vehemence of my declamation; but when I had finished, and a silence had ensued, he gathered himself up like one preparing for battle, and spoke. He retorted the charge of murder on myself, particularly, and on his passengers, generally; solemnly affirming that we had drawn the first blood, in committing an overt act of mutiny. He dared me to prove that he had confederated with his chief officers, in order to rob, and silently get rid of his sacred trust—his passengers. Here he was rather unfortunate; for Auguste Epaminondas Montmorency reminded him that he had been guilty of that peccadillo, and produced a deed, with a copy of which each member of the conspiracy was furnished, signed by all the parties, and showed Mantez his signature: this he pronounced to be an impudent forgery. Whilst he was stammering forth this in some confusion, William Watkins stepped forward, and asked the accused if he remembered him, when he sailed with him some twenty years ago. Mantez replied boldly, that he did not. The indignant seaman then branded him as the most tremendous liar, and charged him with having abandoned his brother on an uninhabited place to starve, not forgetting especially to refer to the slight attempt at his own life.

From this charge he sought to purge himself by the most solemn and blasphemous perjuries, his brother weeping before him like a woman. Here the good Diego could no longer tolerate his oaths; but, stretching forth his hand, mildly said, "Forbear—enough."

This, the deceived criminal construed into an admission that the judge was satisfied with his innocence, and he proceeded with more vigour and audacity; but was again interrupted, by Watkins charging him with mutilating his black slaves, by cutting out their tongues, in order that they might not bear witness against him of the very deed of which he was charged; and when Jugurtha

sprung forward and exposed his tenantless jaws, a howl of execration followed, and he was condemned to be stoned.

Still the courage of this bad man did not forsake him. He made a fervent and solemn appeal to the judge, urging that the court had no jurisdiction over him, and demanding his instant release.

To this, his brother made the following reply. "Since I have been the father of this colony, and given it laws, we have never yet been compelled to inflict a greater punishment than that of interdicting speech with the offender. Yet is there a capital punishment inscribed for great crimes. This, I am unwilling to inflict upon a stranger—you deny our jurisdiction. We admit the plea in its fullest extent. You are, therefore, no longer protected by our laws. Depart, therefore, from our town, and all places that by cultivation have been made ours. We take, henceforward, no account of you living or dead—give the wretched man a loaf of bread and a gourd full of water—and may you perish far from our habitations."

The court broke up, and, without betraying himself to his brother, Diego went to his inner chamber to weep and to pray.

Dashing from him the pittance offered him, Mantez turned his face from the crowd, and departed. But there was one who spoke not, yet lost no word of all that had passed. There was a concentrated triumph in his eyes, as he watched the departing criminal.

As, a short time after this, I was standing absorbed in melancholy thought upon the beach, Jugurtha came to me, and, by signs well understood, asked for permission to be absent. I dared not look on his countenance, but whispered him, "Go, and be as merciful as you can." Was I conniving at murder?—may God forgive me! but mine, and my poor friend's wrongs were great.

The next morning Mantez was discovered, at daylight, hanging at his own foreyardarm—and Jugurtha looking as placid and happy as was possible, for his distorted features. By what agency his catastrophe was brought about I never inquired. Zurbano went on board and dissected his body, and afterwards it was privately buried in the ground that his brother had consecrated. Ever after the most unbroken silence was preserved respecting him.

Watkins also took this opportunity of interring the priest, whose remains he had preserved in the maintop.

Refraining one day from all occupation, in deference to the grief of Don Diego, the cause of which was never suffered to transpire, the next saw us all activity. The Spaniards seeing the uselessness of resistance, made up their minds to work. The Santa Anna was rapidly lightened of all her stores—and, as she

drew less water, was gradually drawn nearer the land. Sheds were erected—storehouses built—sawpits hollowed out, and, finally, the lines of a schooner, to be called "The Honoria," laid down. Healthful activity was the order of the day. Diego's subjects profited incalculably by our operations. They repaid us by skilful and willing labour. The old Santa Anna was at length drawn with her bow almost touching the shore—all her upper works were taken to pieces and landed. We had enough of well-seasoned timber to have built three schooners from the wreck.

All day, I not only superintended, but assisted manually at the labour. At night, I rejoiced in the bosom of my family, or spoke mysteriously to Isidora of expiation—double existence—and the folly, if not crime, of intermarrying with relations. With respect to Honoria, a bye play was going on, that would have furnished plots for two Spanish comedies. However, the manly virtues, and the enthusiastic character of Julien, gained ground in the little lady's estimation.

But, notwithstanding the generally healthy tone of my mind, deep melancholy and grieving remorse would often seize me, the best antidote to which was the delightful society of Isidora. Every day I found something fresh and more angelic in her style of beauty. I will not go so far as to say, that I preferred it to Honoria's, but it seemed allying itself more and more to my spirit. Indeed, she hourly grew more like the being that I saw in my expiatory dream.

By all manner of circumlocution I endeavoured to elicit from her exactly the state of her mind, and what occupied her time during the two nights and days that I lay dreaming. At length I was satisfied, that they passed by her unmarked by any particular event, on days when events were so continually occurring. I elicited enough from her, however, to assure myself I was almost constantly in her thoughts.

One beautiful evening we stole away from the haunts of my companions, and I occupied many hours of the night in recounting to her the history of my vision. It was nearly midnight before we returned, and we returned plighted lovers.

That this was the case was soon fully understood, though no communication was ever made upon the subject. The joy of Don Julien afforded me much pleasure—the joy of Honoria was, perhaps, greater—which afforded me much matter for thought. For the first time in my life, I felt myself as if I were one walking in the calm sunshine. Everything about me wore the hue of peace and joy. I had no more moments of excessive exaltation—and, for a very long while I suffered no recurrence of the horrors of my vision.

In the meanwhile, the building of the Honoria went on merrily.

As we proceeded, I had a little difference of opinion with my father. I wished her constructed entirely as a yacht—he thought she ought to have stowage enough to take in a cargo of sandal wood, which was found to abound in Mantezuma. However, I gained the point, for Don Diego very simply asked Mr. Troughton, how he would pay for it—he answered, unwittingly, in doubloons and dollars, at a fair market price. The chief was horror-struck at the proposal—determined that the use of money should be dispensed with in his kingdom as long as possible. He was infatuated with that clumsy expedient, so dreaded by political economists, actual barter; rather than take a quarter dollar, he would have loaded the Santa Anna with the odoriferous wood.

So a yacht the Honoria was made—and a very handsome one she was. William Watkins, I beg his pardon, Mr. Watkins, was the greatest man in the place. He talked the loudest, laughed the longest, and directed everything.

At length, the bulky Santa Anna had totally disappeared from the face of the waters. Every sheet of copper and bolt of her had been saved. But instead of her, stood on the margin of the waves as smart a little coppered clipper as the eye could delight in. She was broad on the beam, of a fine clear run, and sharpish bows. We prophecied that she would be a galloper. Being nearly all cabin fore and aft, her accommodations were of the most superior description. Though we permitted Mr. Watkins to claim the principal merit. it might be truly said, that we all built her. What one did not remember, another did. Out of three suggestions we might find one good, and upon that we acted.

Grand was the fête on the day that she was launched. She walked into her natural element with the graceful dignity of a sea nymph. She was rapidly masted and rigged; and the day at last arrived on which we were to bid farewell, and for ever, to the hospitable and unsophisticated Mantezumians. It was a day of sorrow to us all, of despair to some. But the history of the latter I am not writing. May the miseries of their youth be remembered only as a contrast to the happiness of their riper age.

We are all embarked. Our ship's company was not numerous. We entered six of the best intentioned of the former crew. The rest gladly remained on shore. We gave the command of the craft to Mr. Watkins. I was his first mate, and kept watch and watch with him. Jugurtha was boatswain and everything else. Don Julien became to be of use. We stretched northwards, and, in a few days, spoke a vessel, which gave us our correct latitude and longitude. Afterwards, we made St. Helena, and took in fresh stores and provisions. I had already had my heart's desire of the sea. At length, at my earnest intercession, we made for Eng-

land; and my father once more found himself in London, not a much poorer man than when he sailed from Barcelona. Most of his specie he recovered, and all his securities were untouched.

Honoria being yet too young to marry, with a sad heart, Julien went again to South America, and was more fortunate than he expected, in recovering some portion of his wealth. My father was occupied nearly a year in realizing his securities, and collecting his dispersed wealth. After all, we are an affluent family, but it is not true, as has been maliciously reported, that we have cut the Falcks, though we have busine entirely. Both Don Julien and myself have been married some years, he to my sister, I to his cousin. We have always much to talk about. Bounder has been dead a long time. He died full of years, and of fat.

William Watkins thrives, and is honest. We made him a present of the Honoria, and he is content. Jugurtha is still with me —a little peevish or so—especially when he is kept long from my children. With all these means of happiness around me, I have my fits of remorse, which last always until my Isidora appears.

We have since well ascertained the precise spot that Don Diego and his Mantezumians inhabit; but we are under a solemn covenant never to acquaint the world with it. He fears too much civilisation; and was, I believe, in his heart, glad when we left him. I provided for James Gavel's mother—and now conclude with this moral—so well exemplified in my story—"*That it is a heinous sin to wish to set aside the divine laws to meet human contingencies.*"

THE END.

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